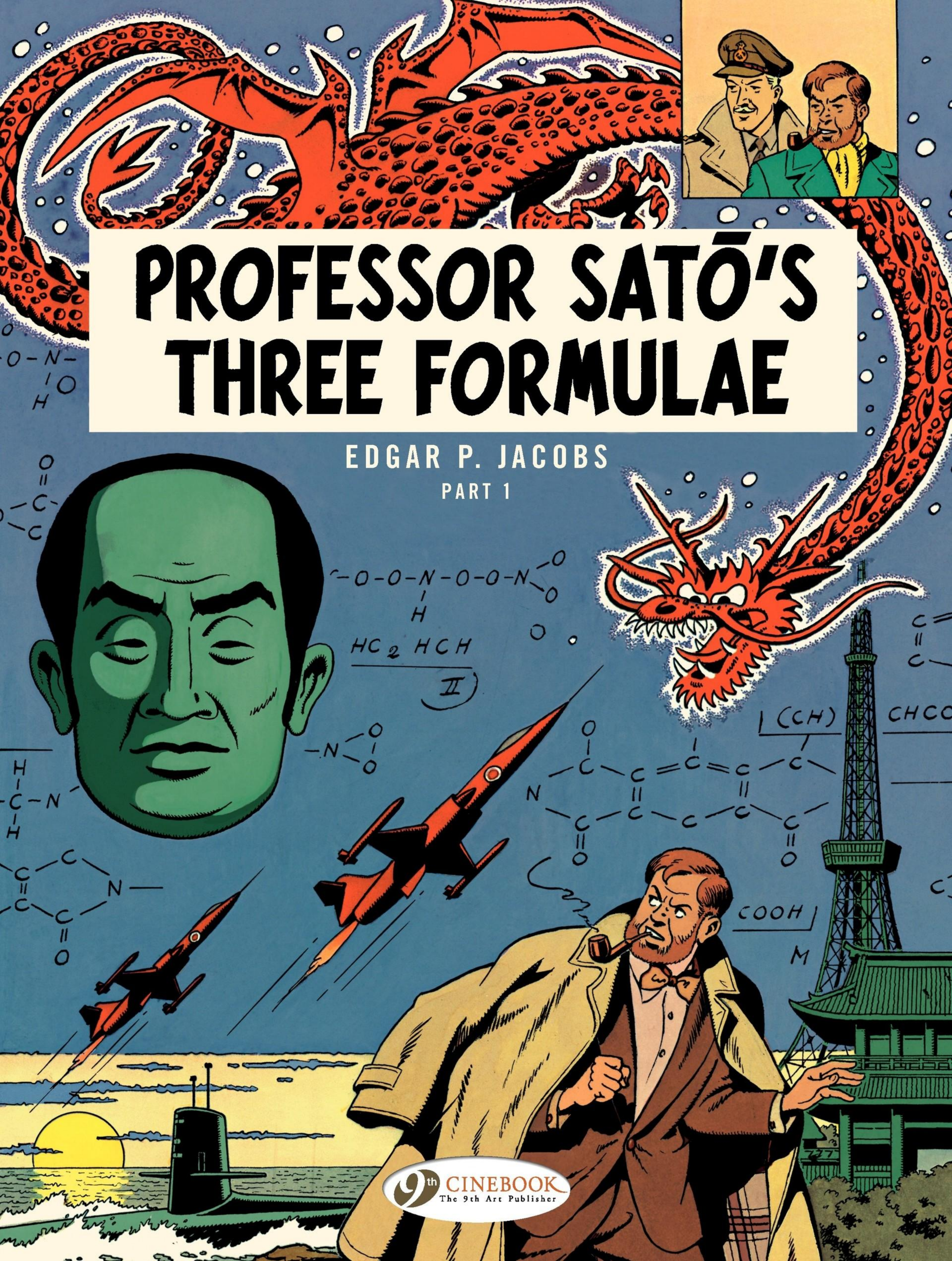




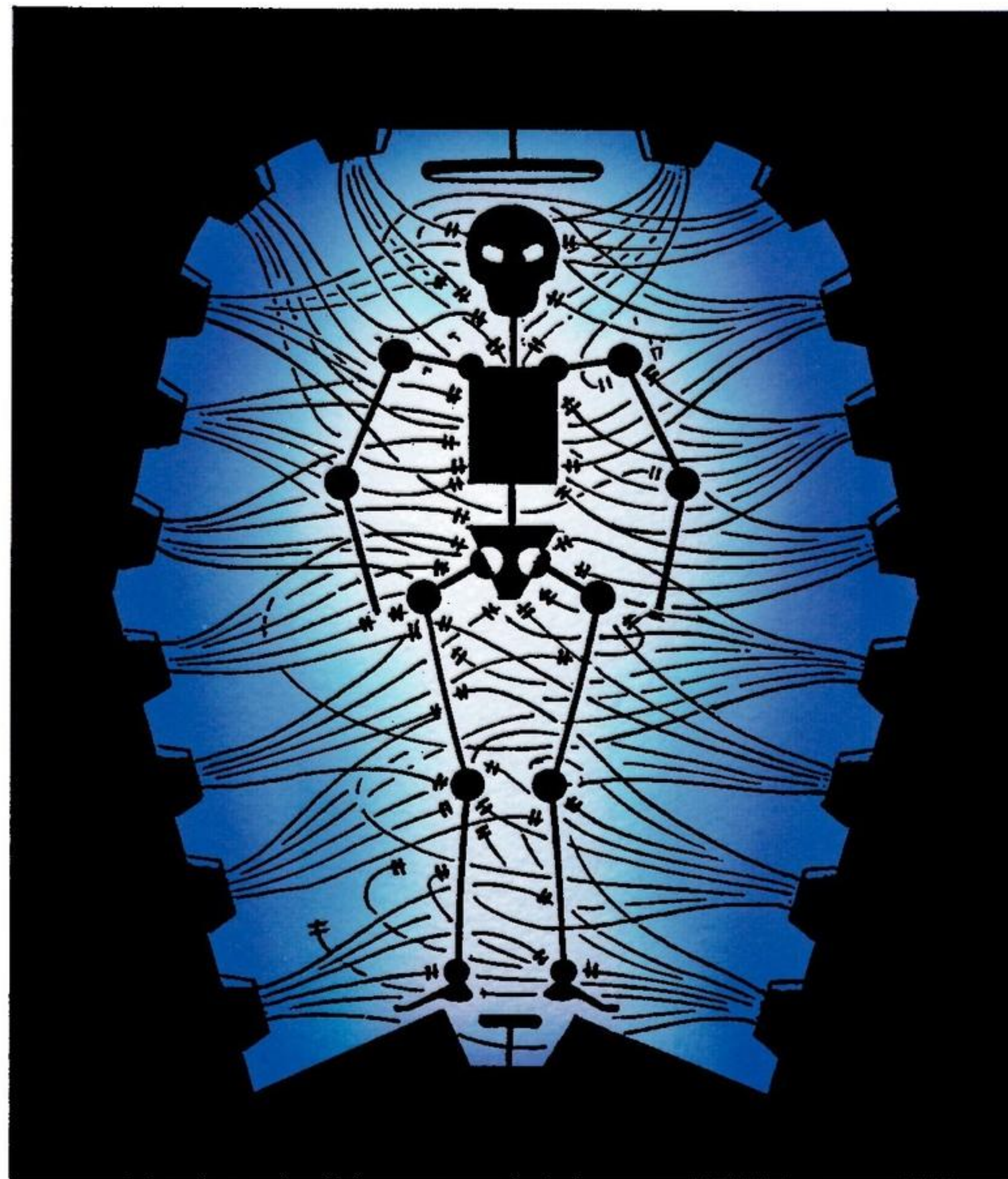
PROFESSOR SATŌ'S THREE FORMULAE

EDGAR P. JACOBS
PART 1

E. P. JACOBS

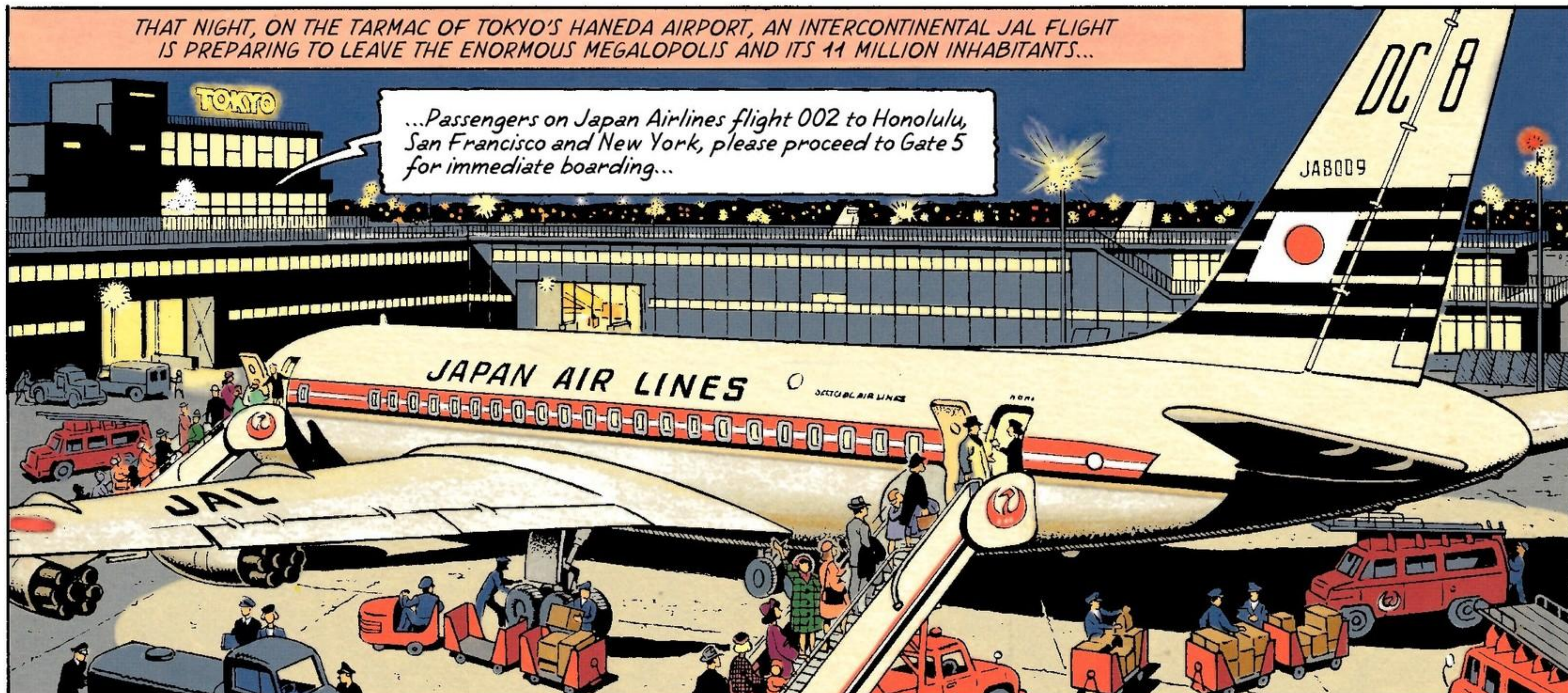
PROFESSOR SATŌ'S THREE FORMULAE

MORTIMER IN TOKYO



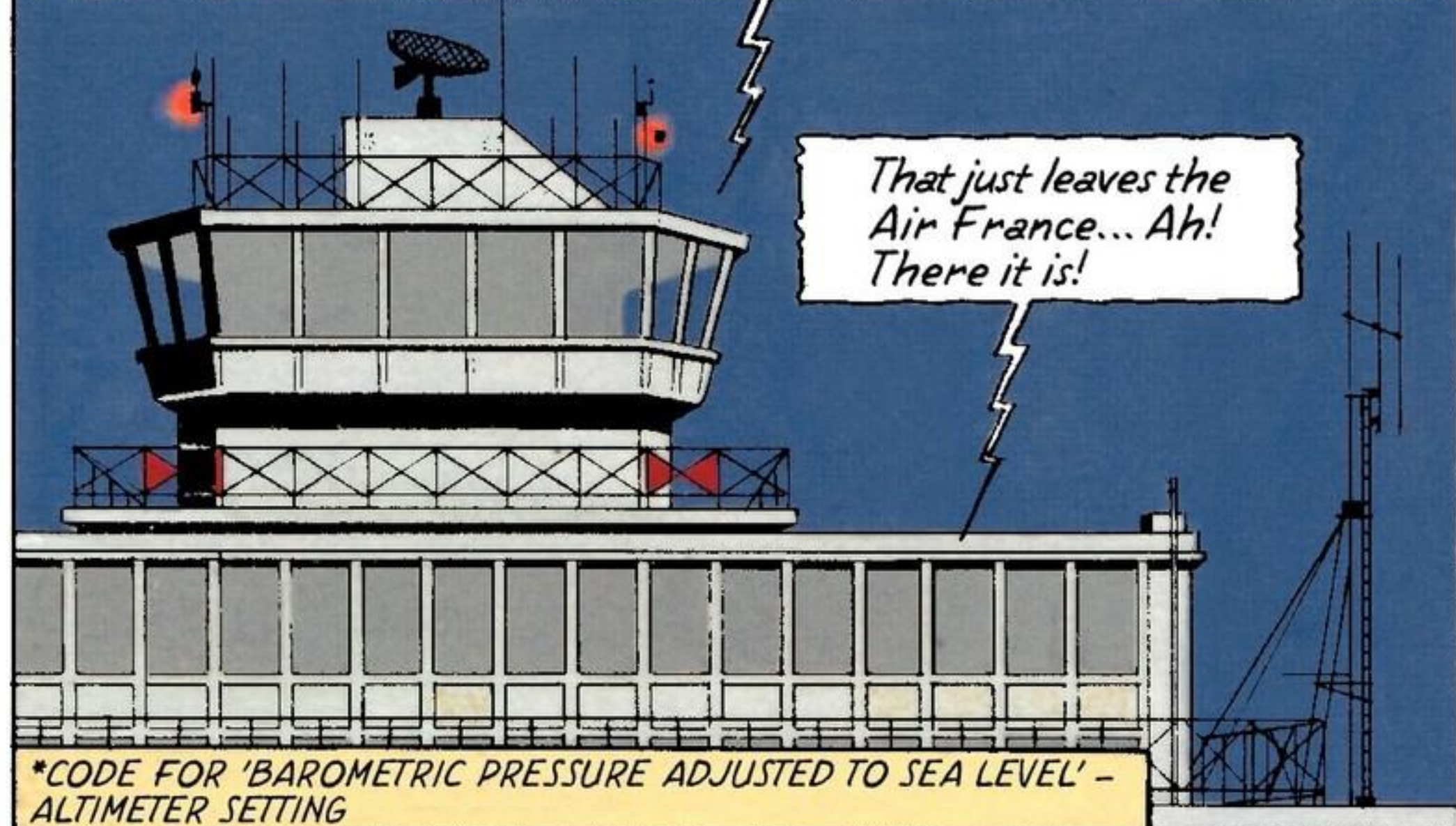
Colours: Paul-Serge Marssignac

THAT NIGHT, ON THE TARMAC OF TOKYO'S HANEDA AIRPORT, AN INTERCONTINENTAL JAL FLIGHT IS PREPARING TO LEAVE THE ENORMOUS MEGALOPOLIS AND ITS 11 MILLION INHABITANTS...



...Passengers on Japan Airlines flight 002 to Honolulu, San Francisco and New York, please proceed to Gate 5 for immediate boarding...

JAL 002, this is control tower... You are cleared to taxi to runway 33... QNH* 1020 millibars... wind 300 degrees, 13 knots. Out!

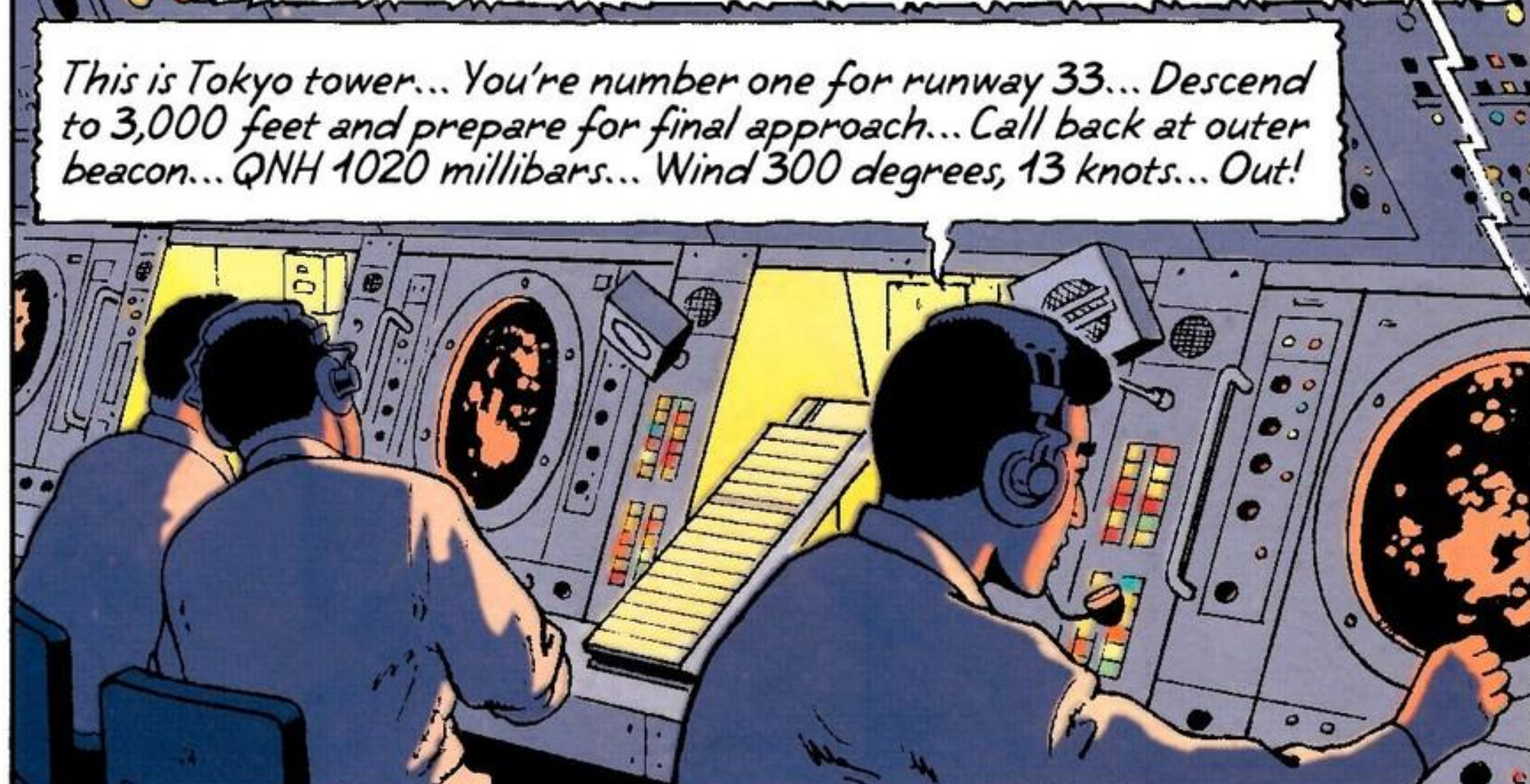


That just leaves the Air France... Ah! There it is!

*CODE FOR 'BAROMETRIC PRESSURE ADJUSTED TO SEA LEVEL' - ALTIMETER SETTING

Tokyo tower, this is AF 117 from Paris... Passing Oshima at 10,000 feet... Heading 058... Requesting instructions... Over!

This is Tokyo tower... You're number one for runway 33... Descend to 3,000 feet and prepare for final approach... Call back at outer beacon... QNH 1020 millibars... Wind 300 degrees, 13 knots... Out!



Phew! Ten more minutes and we're done for the night!



A CURIOUS BLIP HAS JUST APPEARED ON THE RADAR SCREEN...

Another plane?... We weren't expecting any arrivals on that bearing!



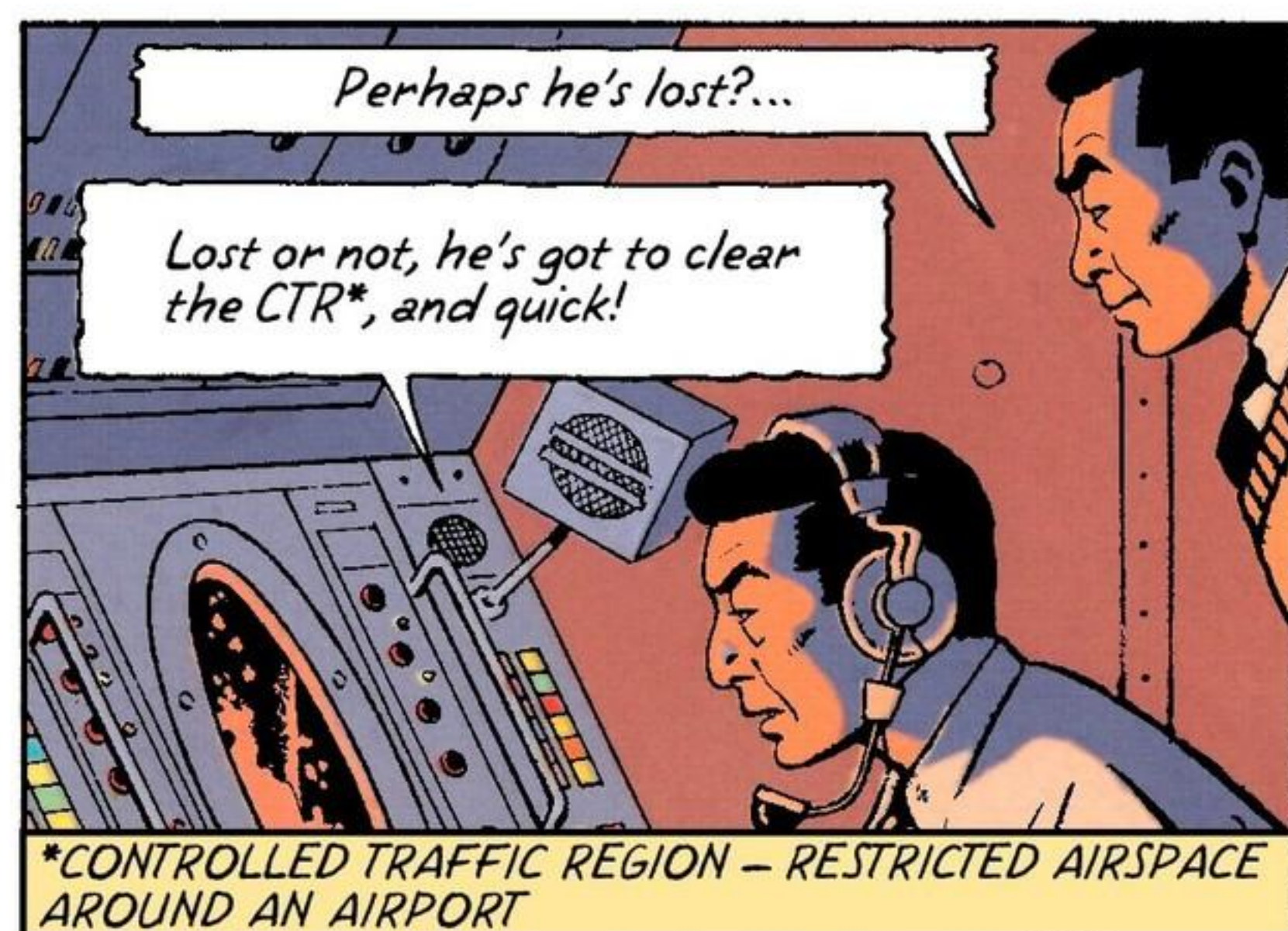
BUT SUDDENLY...

Look!... What is that?



Perhaps he's lost?...

Lost or not, he's got to clear the CTR*, and quick!



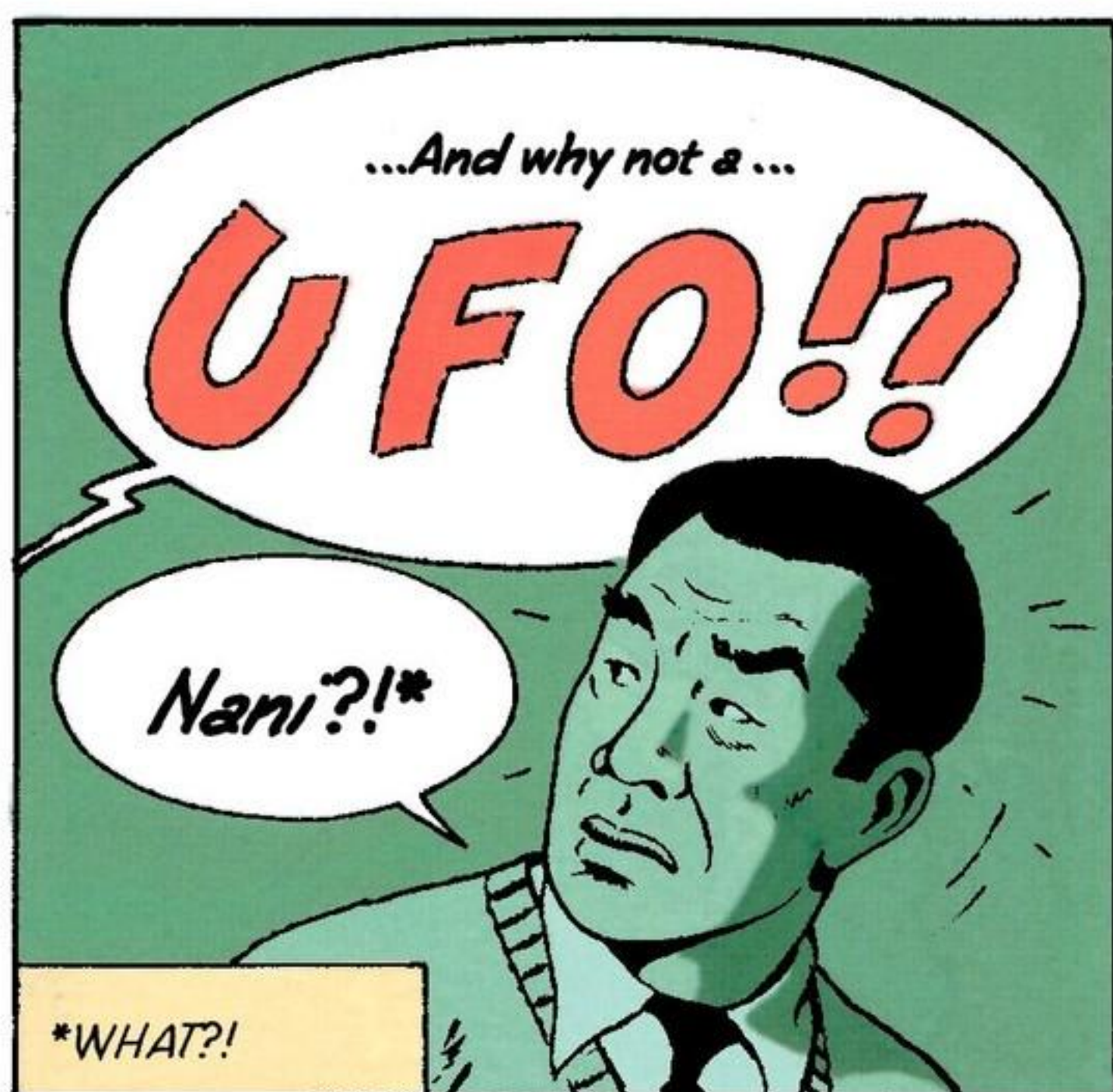
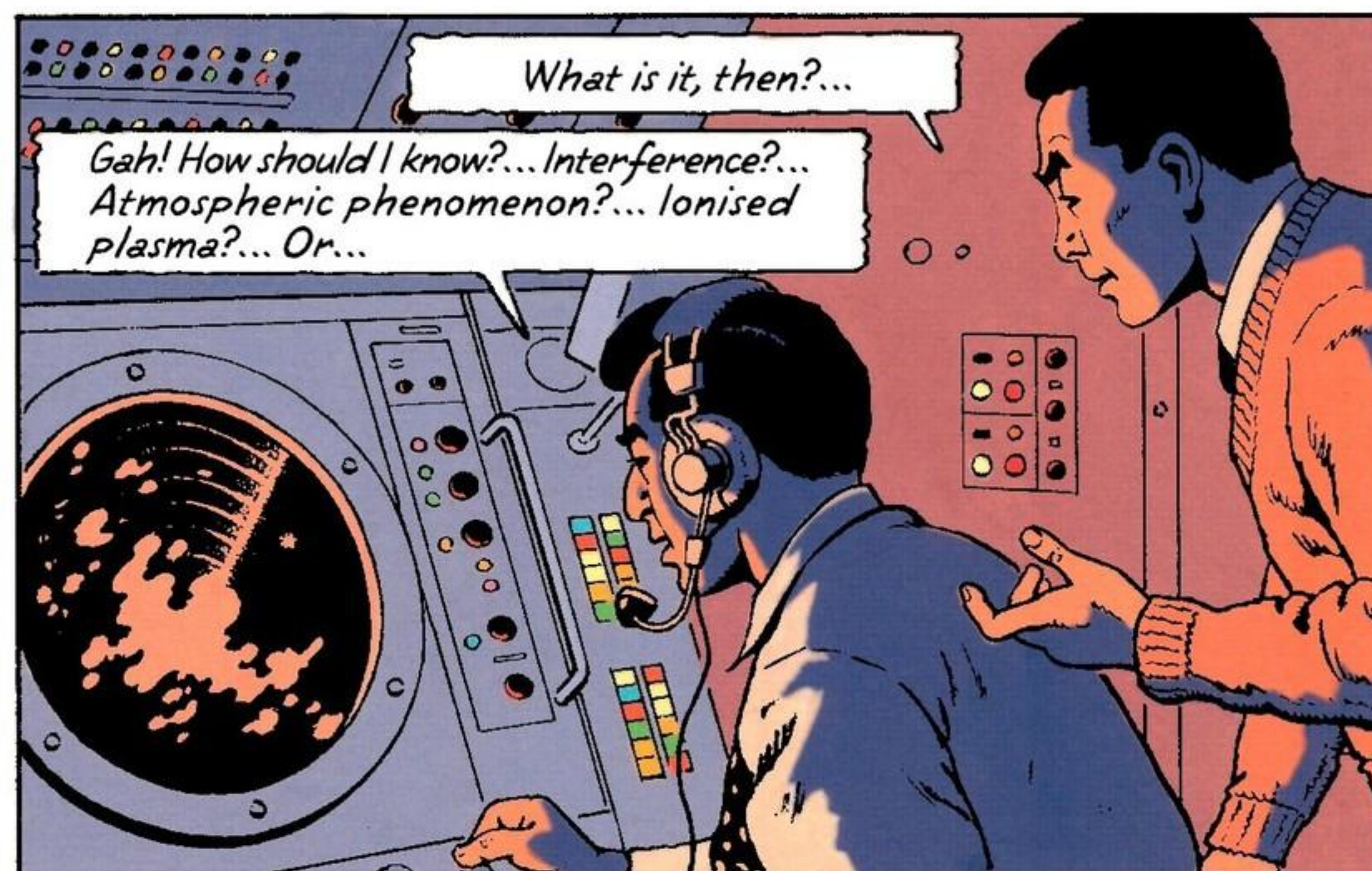
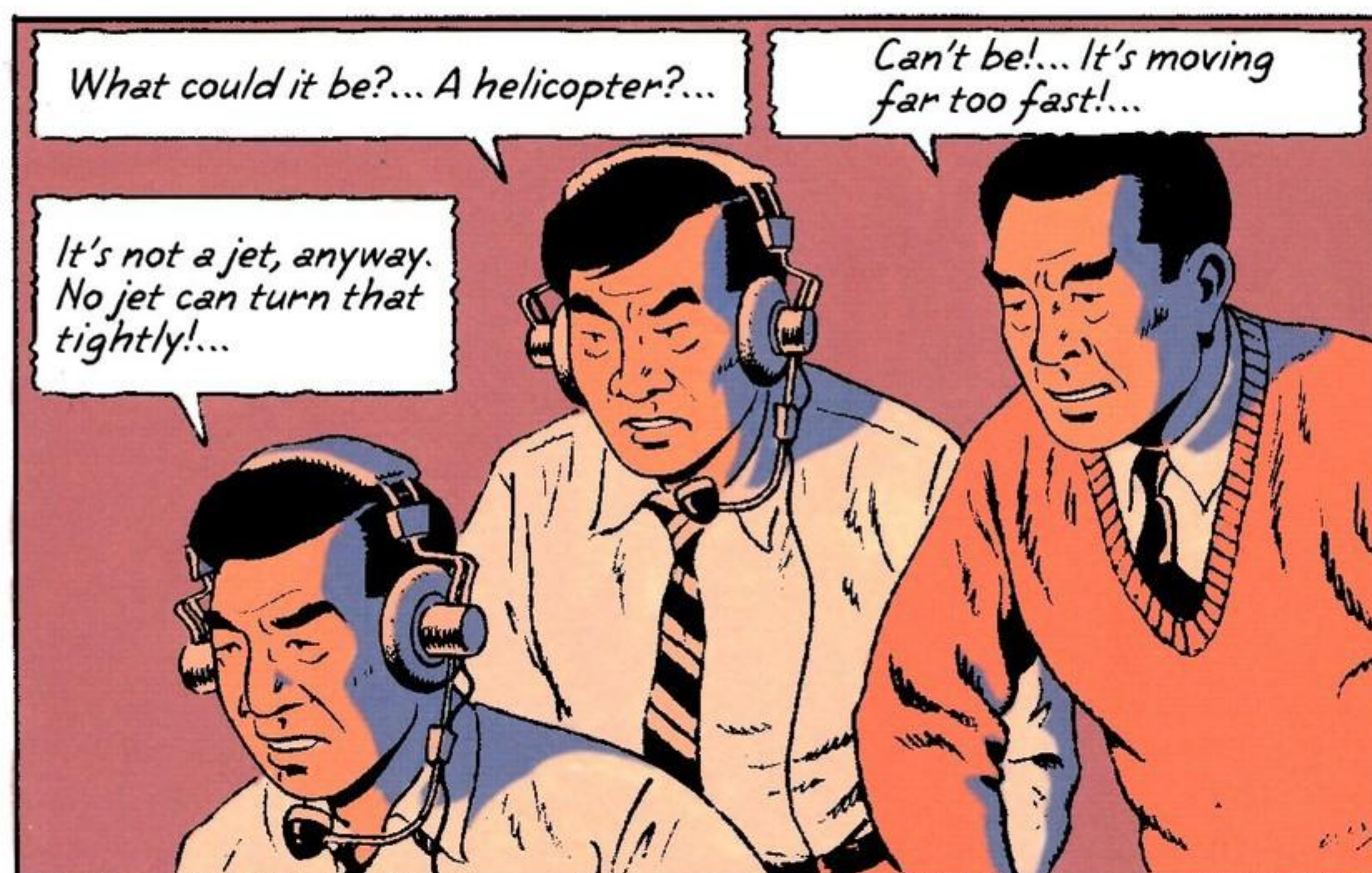
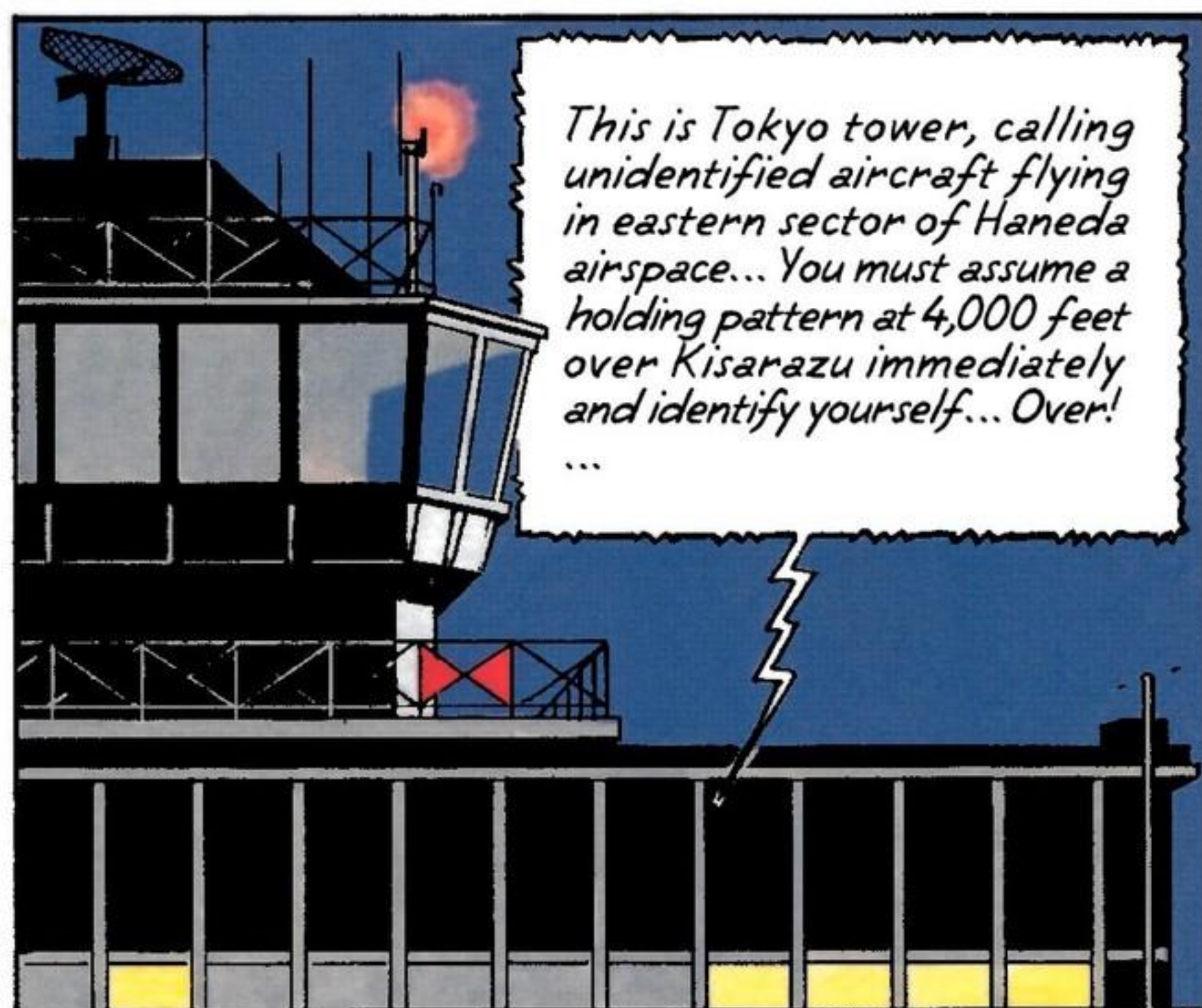
*CONTROLLED TRAFFIC REGION - RESTRICTED AIRSPACE AROUND AN AIRPORT

Koji, stop 002 from taking off. I'll try to contact that fool...

Har!*



*YES, SIR!



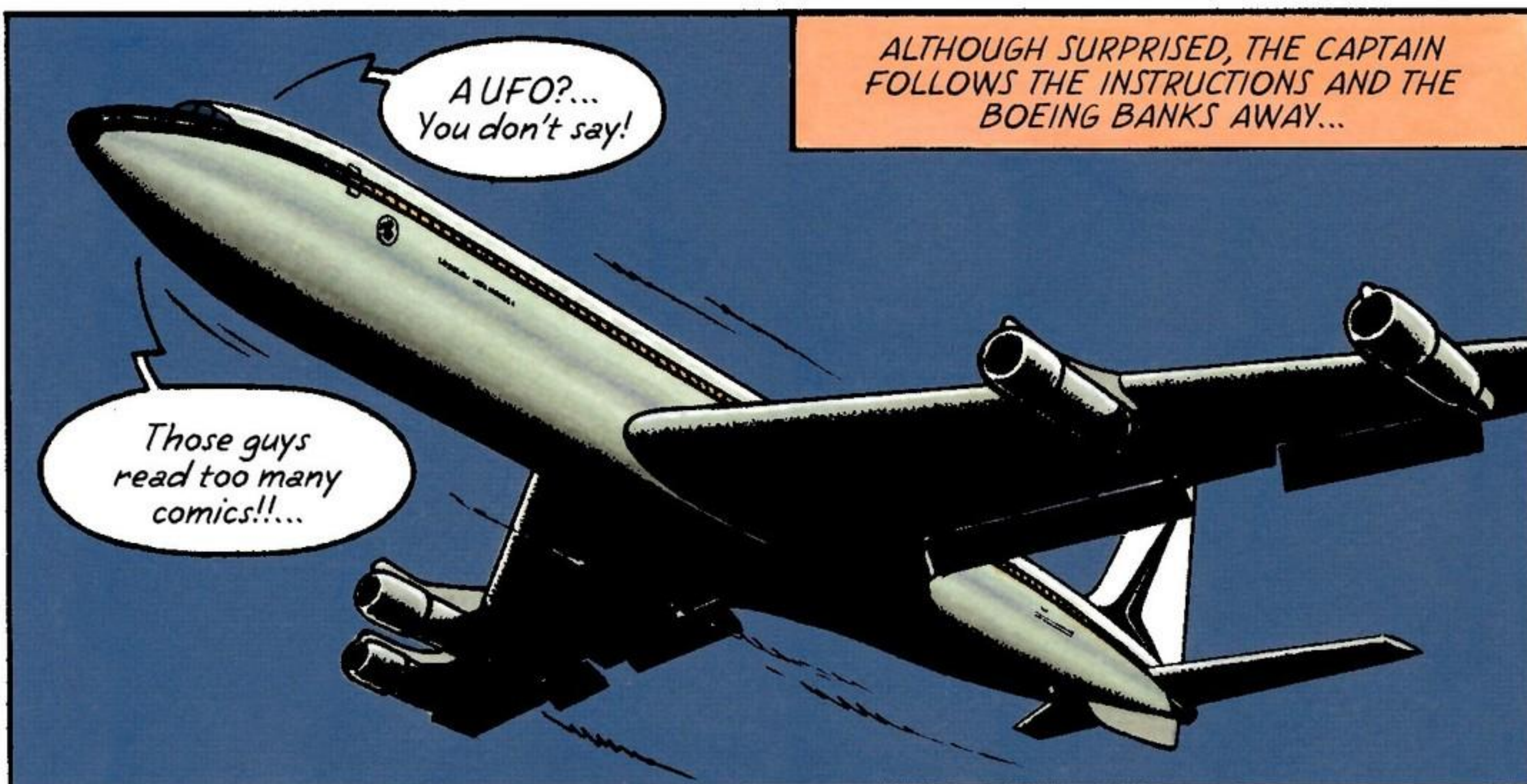
Tokyo tower to AF 117... Maintain 2,500 feet and assume a holding pattern!... There's ... something... er... a UFO is in the approach sector... Out!



A UFO?... You don't say!

Those guys read too many comics!!...

ALTHOUGH SURPRISED, THE CAPTAIN FOLLOWS THE INSTRUCTIONS AND THE BOEING BANKS AWAY...

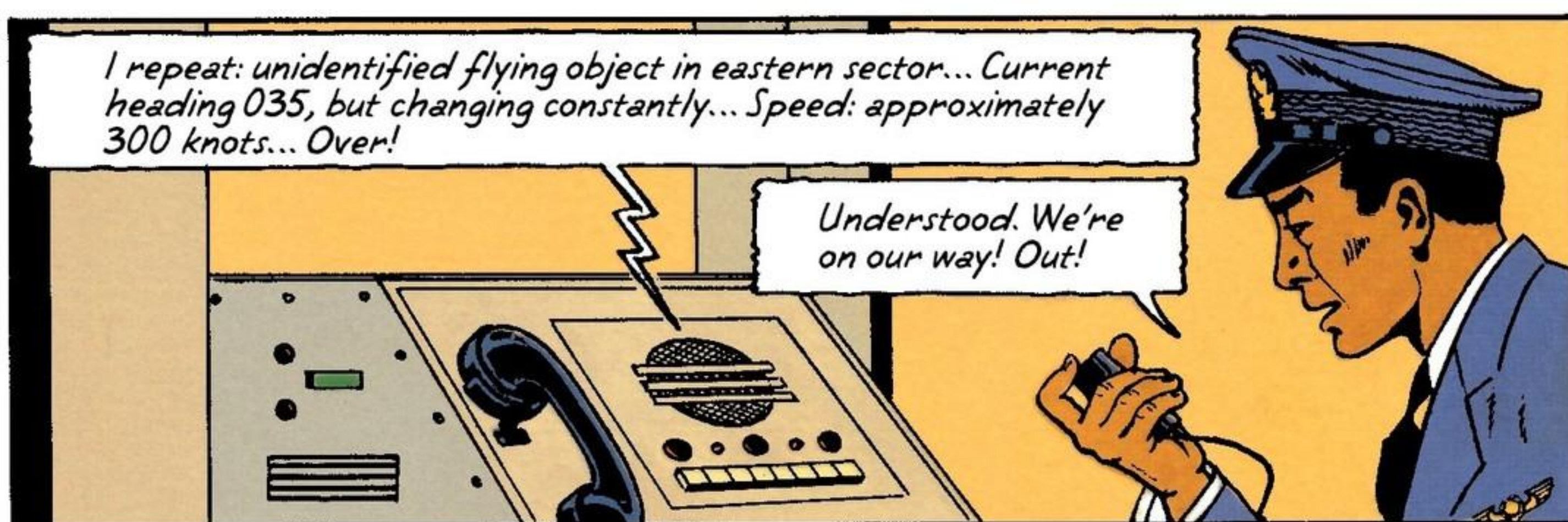


Better call the JASDF* now - quick!



I repeat: unidentified flying object in eastern sector... Current heading 035, but changing constantly... Speed: approximately 300 knots... Over!

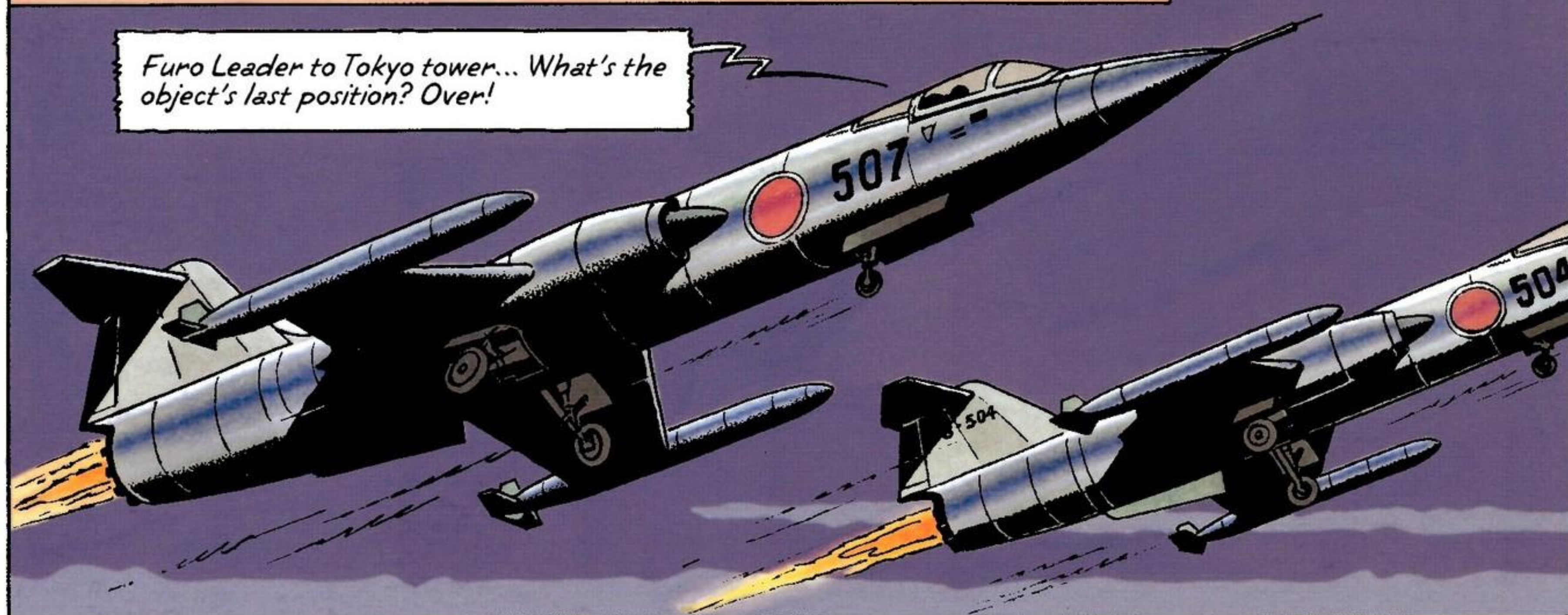
Understood. We're on our way! Out!



*JAPANESE AIR SELF-DEFENCE FORCES

MOMENTS LATER, THE TWO STARFIGHTERS ON ALERT TAKE OFF WITH A DEAFENING HOWL...

Furo Leader to Tokyo tower... What's the object's last position? Over!



This is Tokyo tower... The UFO is currently six miles to our north-west... Make your heading 140... Ganbatte!* Out!



*GOOD LUCK!

Furo Leader to Furo 2... First one to see the flying saucer wins a bottle of sake!



You're on!

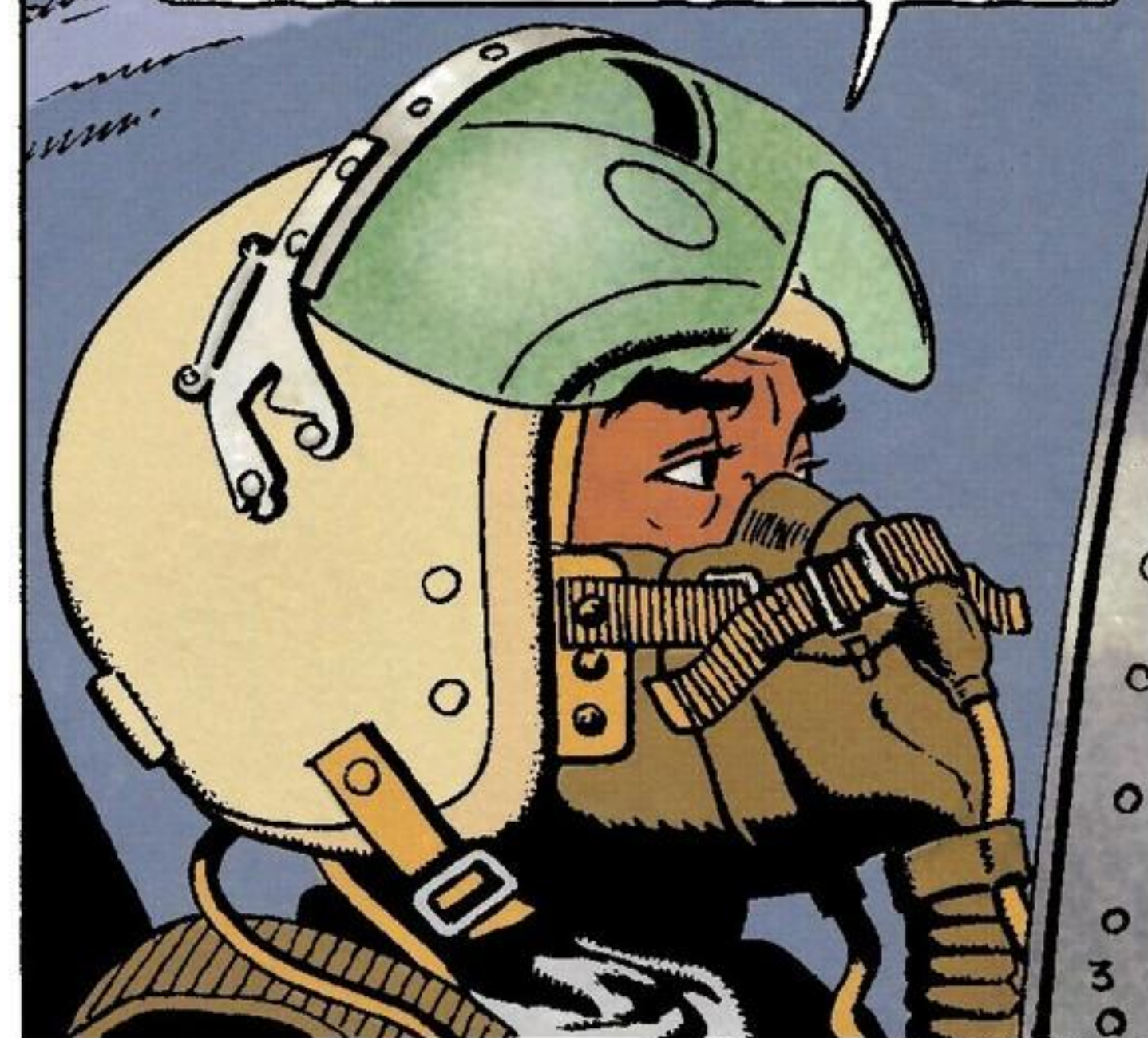
WHILE THE INTERCEPTORS RUSH FORWARD, THE AIR CONTROLLERS FOLLOW THE MANOEUVRES OF THEIR STRANGE QUARRY ON THE SCREENS...

Look at him zigzag!... 160... 90... 120... Ah! They're getting near!



AT THAT MOMENT...

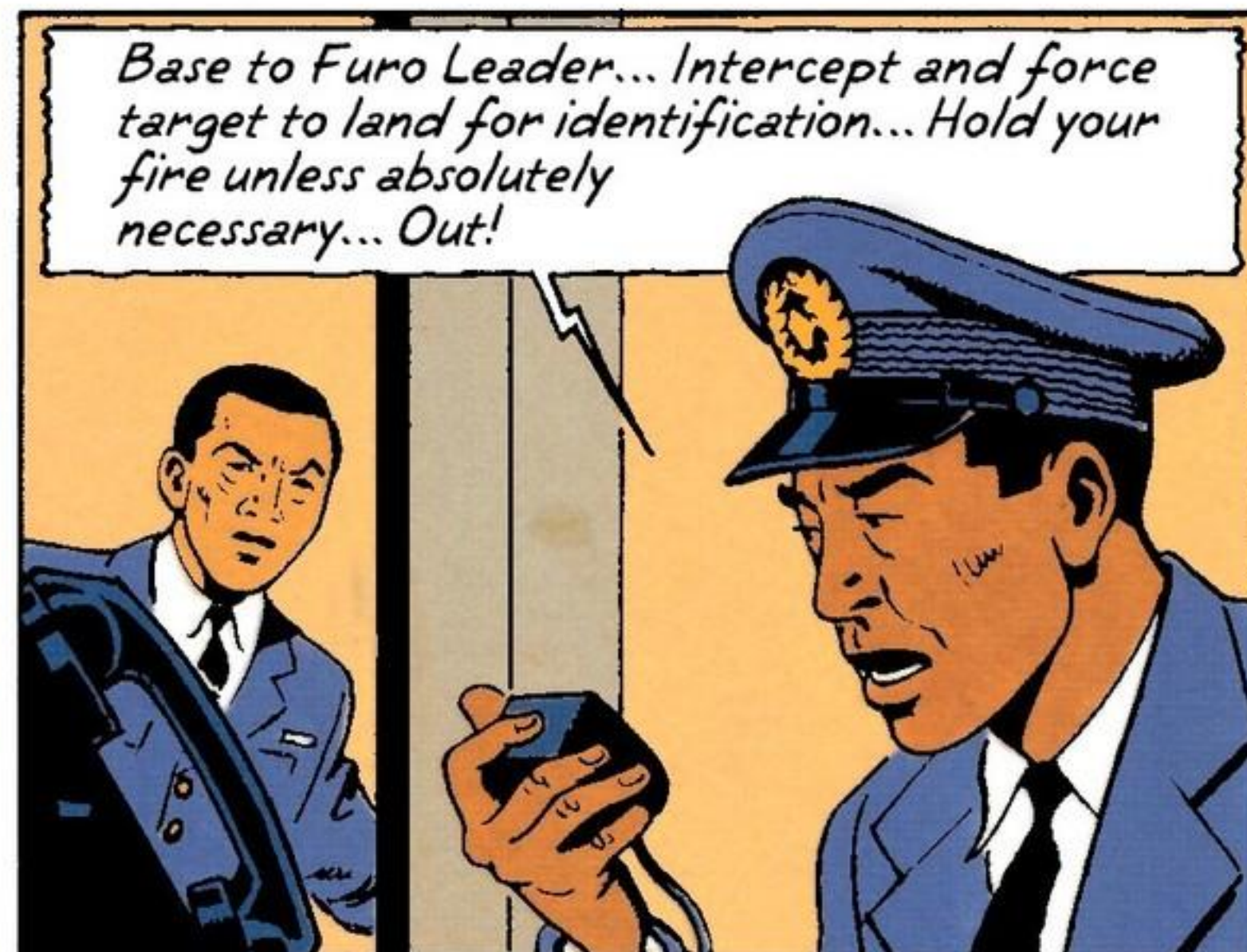
This is Furo Leader... I have the target in sight at 12 o'clock!*



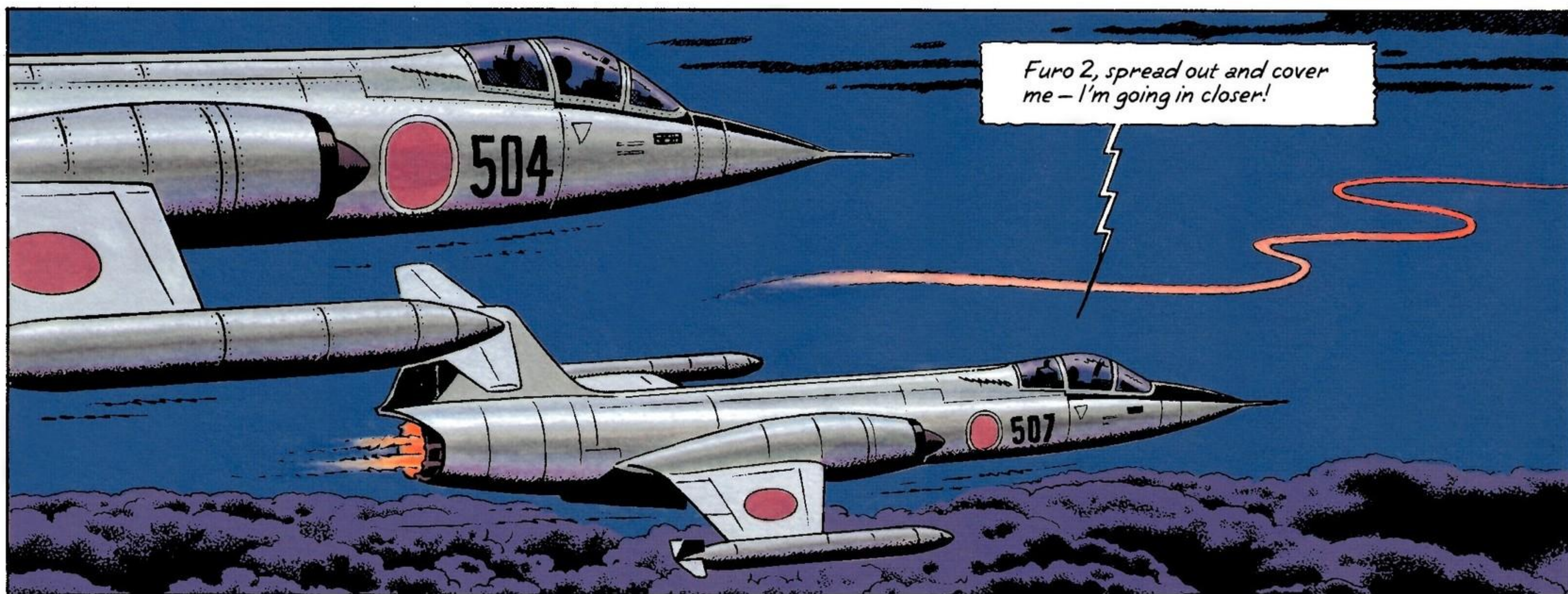
*STRAIGHT AHEAD



It's glowing and leaving a trail of red light...
Can't see its shape... Requesting orders... Over!



Base to Furo Leader... Intercept and force
target to land for identification... Hold your
fire unless absolutely necessary... Out!



Furo 2, spread out and cover
me - I'm going in closer!



BUT JUST THEN...

Che!... It went into
a chandelle!



...it's making
a tight turn...



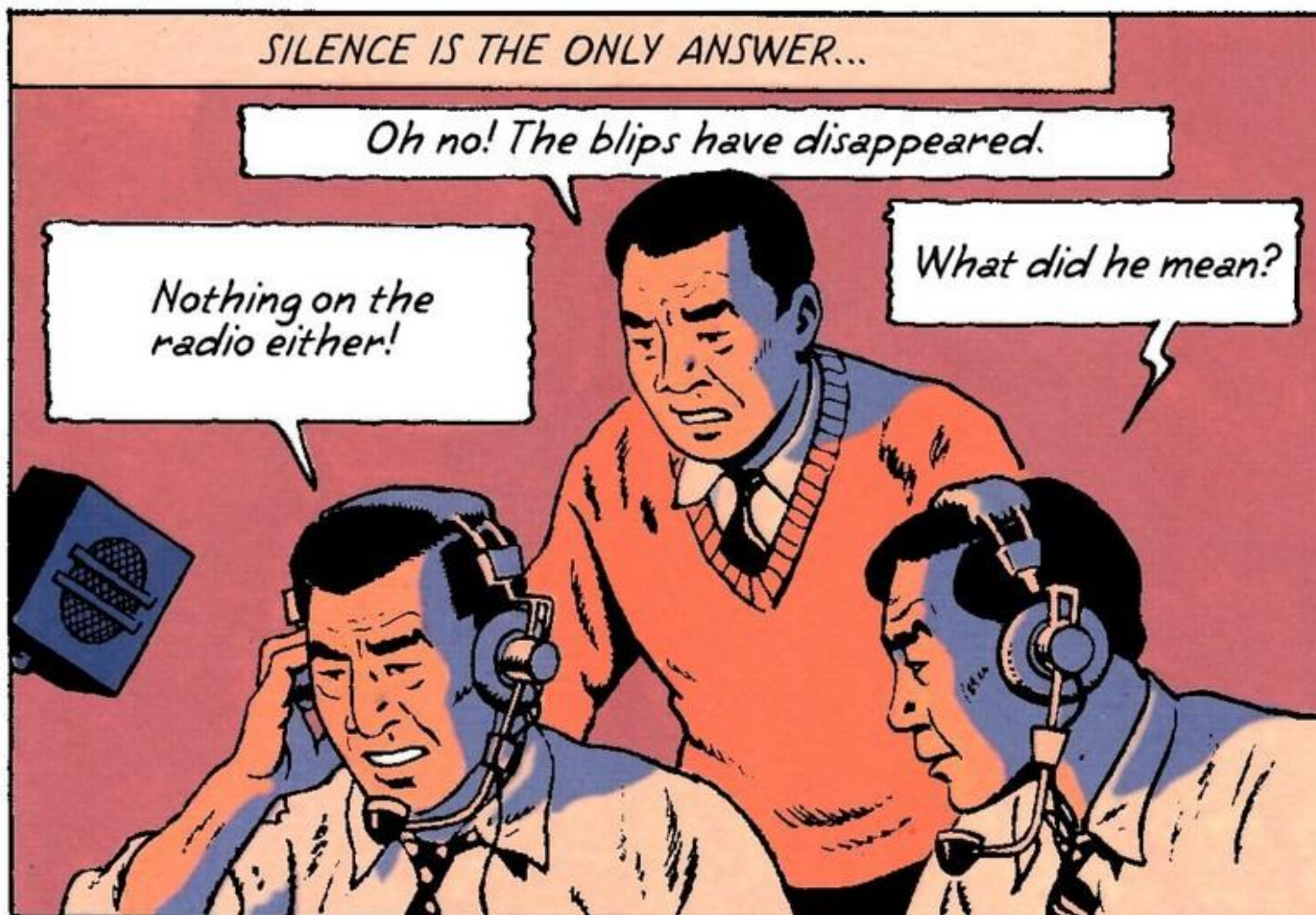
...and it's diving!
Straight at us!!!
**What!?!... This is
no saucer!!**



What is it, then!?
Come in!! Come in!!!



RYU!!



A FEW HOURS LATER...

Newsflash!... Last night at 13 minutes past midnight, two interceptors of the JASDF were destroyed by ... a dragon!!!

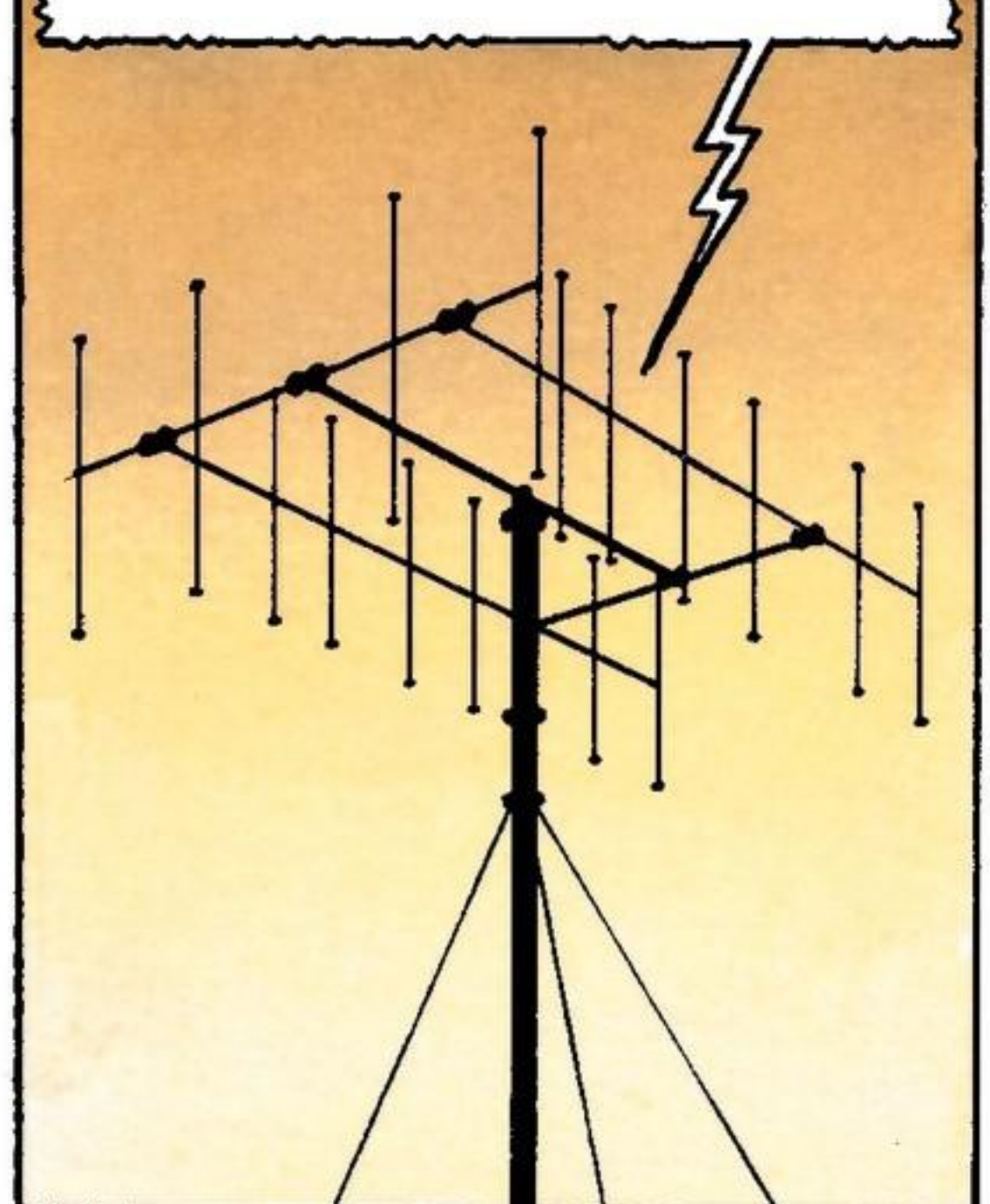


...ACROSS A DAZED TOKYO THE PREPOSTEROUS NEWS SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE...

Will this as yet utterly unexplained tragedy once again rekindle the annoying debate over 'flying saucers' and other unidentified flying objects?...



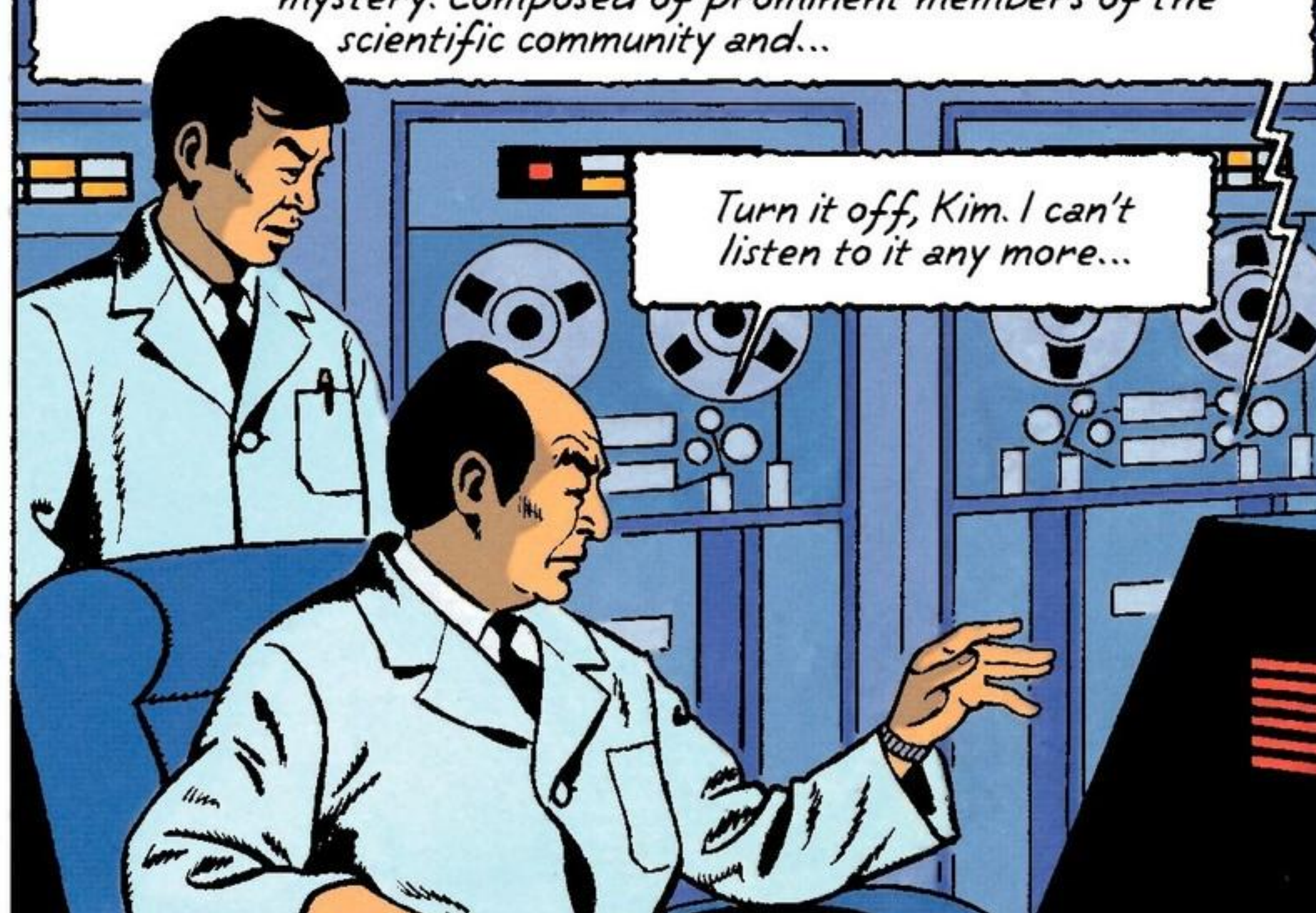
...Regardless, the authorities have remained silent so far...



...apart from announcing that an emergency investigation committee has been convened...

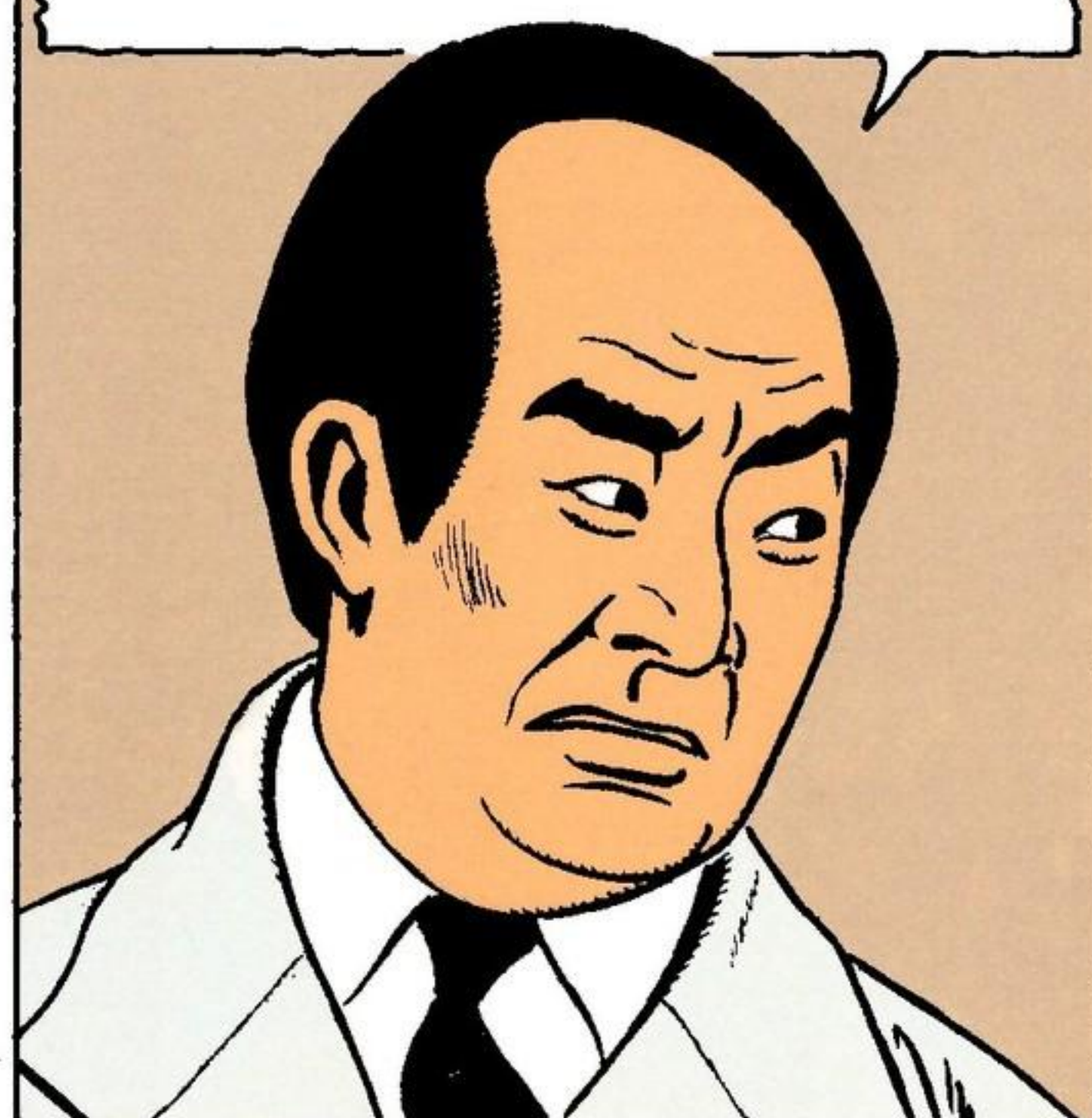


...and that everything will be done to elucidate this shocking mystery. Composed of prominent members of the scientific community and...



Turn it off, Kim. I can't listen to it any more...

This is the result of my stupid professional conceit... I wanted to pursue my plans for a **flying robot** alone ... and now I am dishonoured!



THE STRICKEN MAN WHO JUST SPOKE IS THE HONOURABLE PROFESSOR AKIRA SATO, CELEBRATED CYBERNETICIST AND DIRECTOR OF THE INSTITUTE OF SPACE AND AERONAUTICAL SCIENCE...

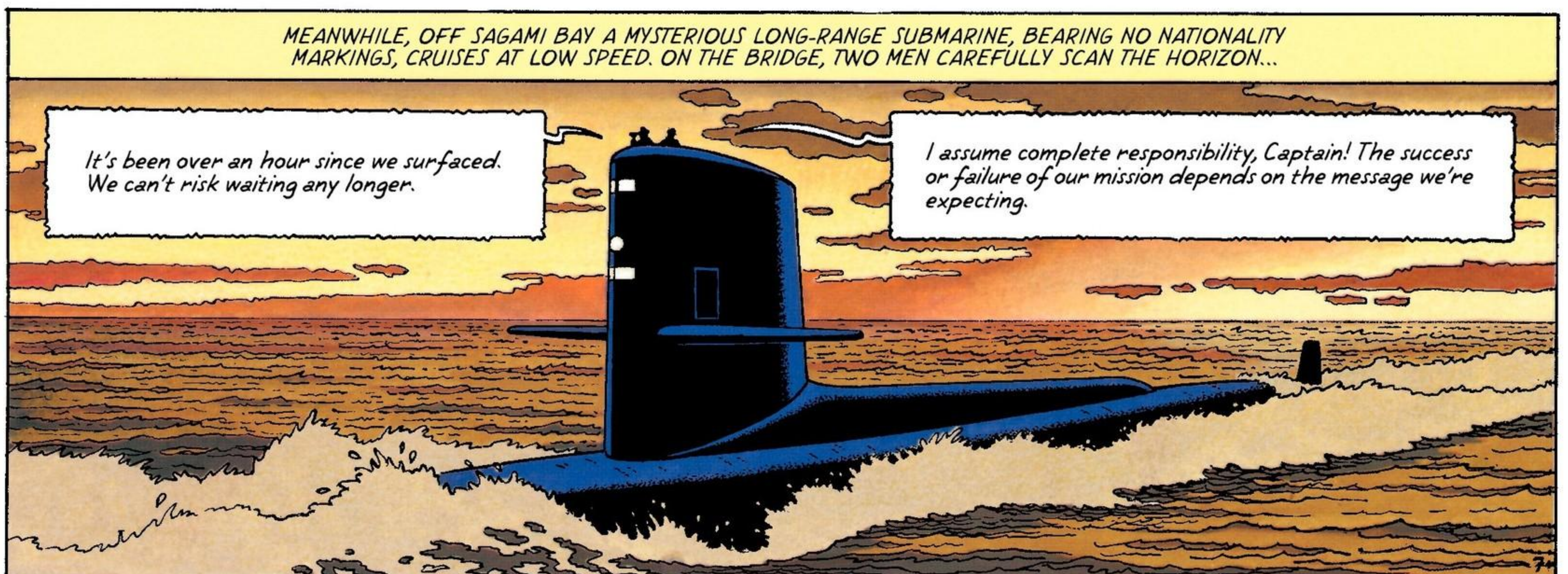
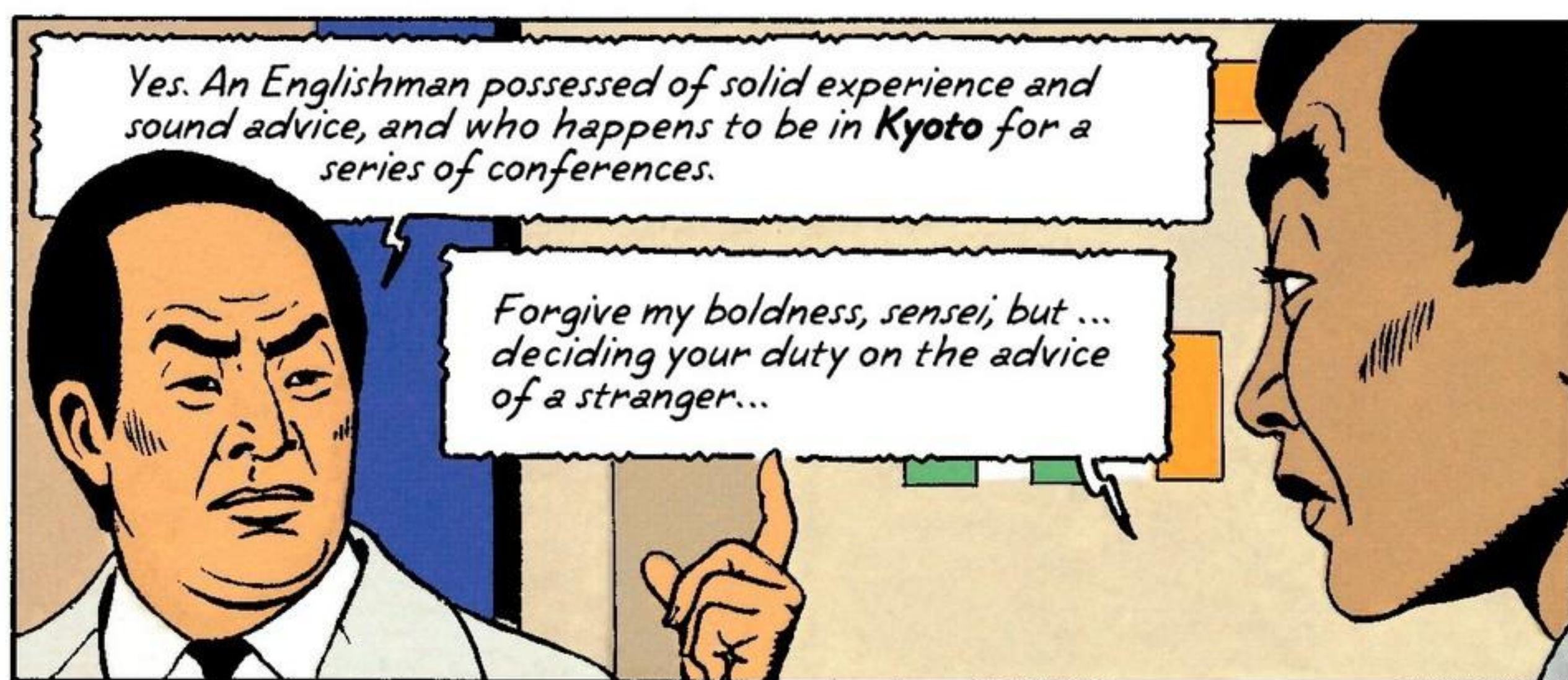
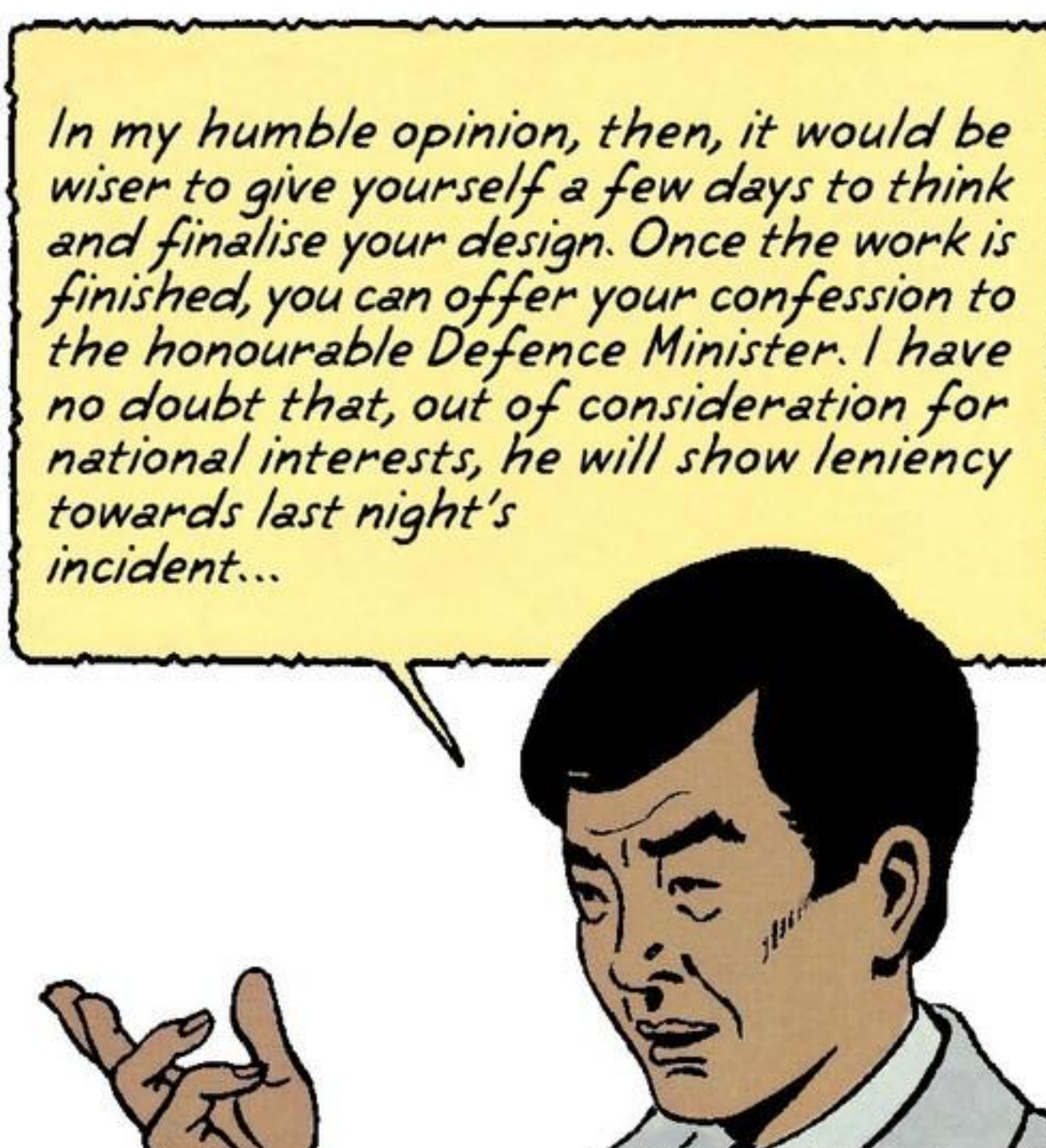
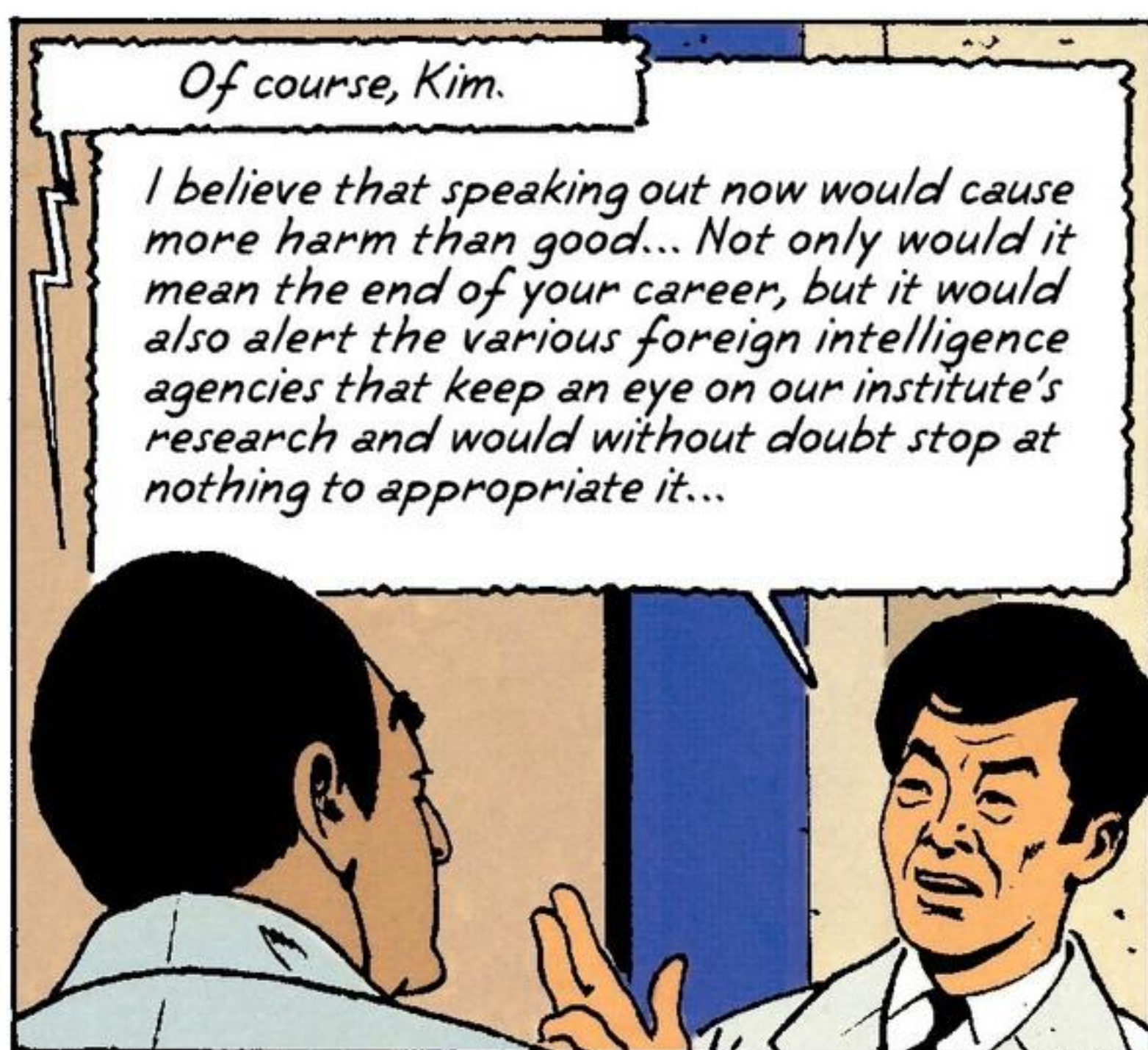
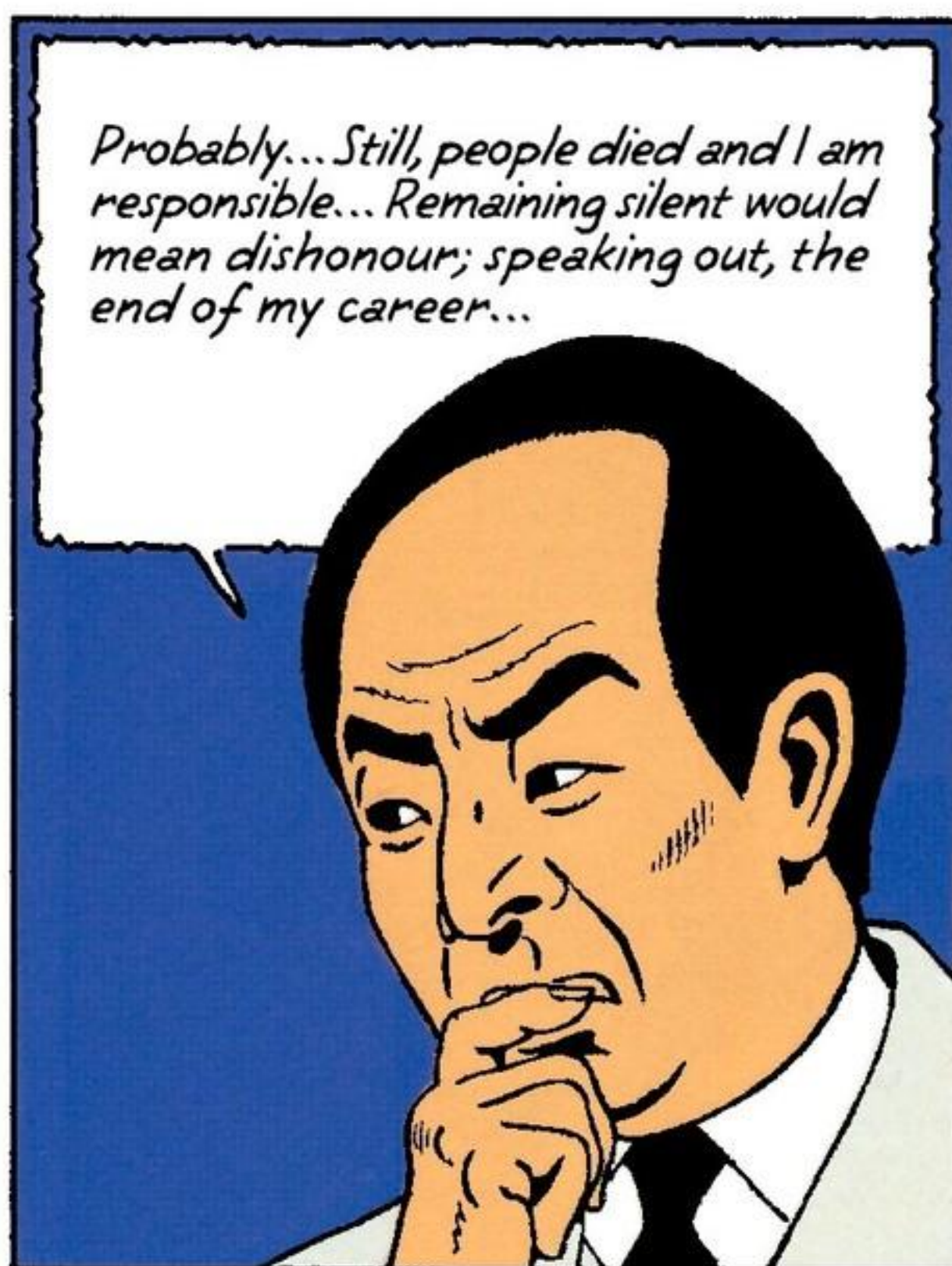
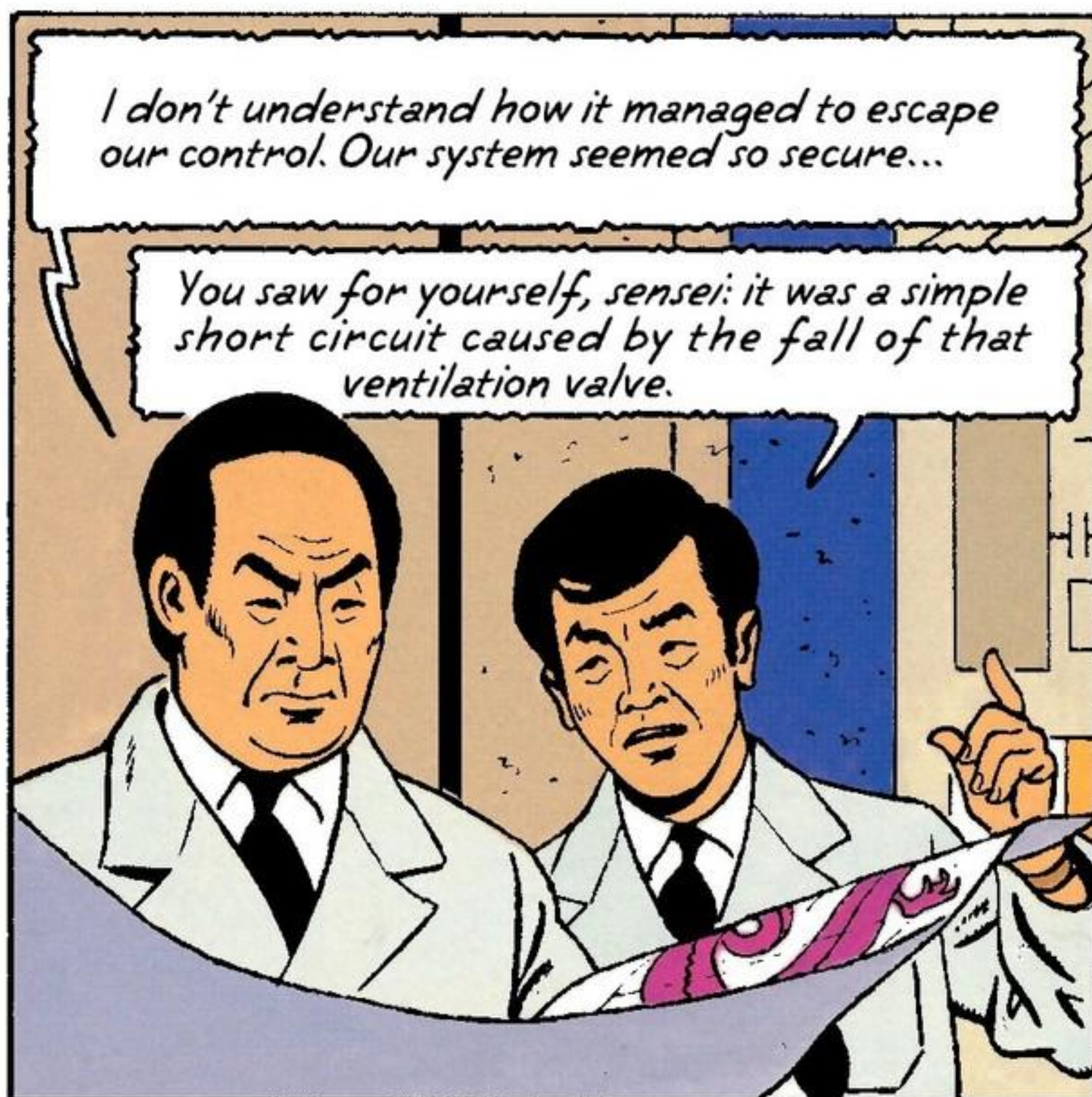
And what a childish idea this was, giving the robot the appearance of a ryū!



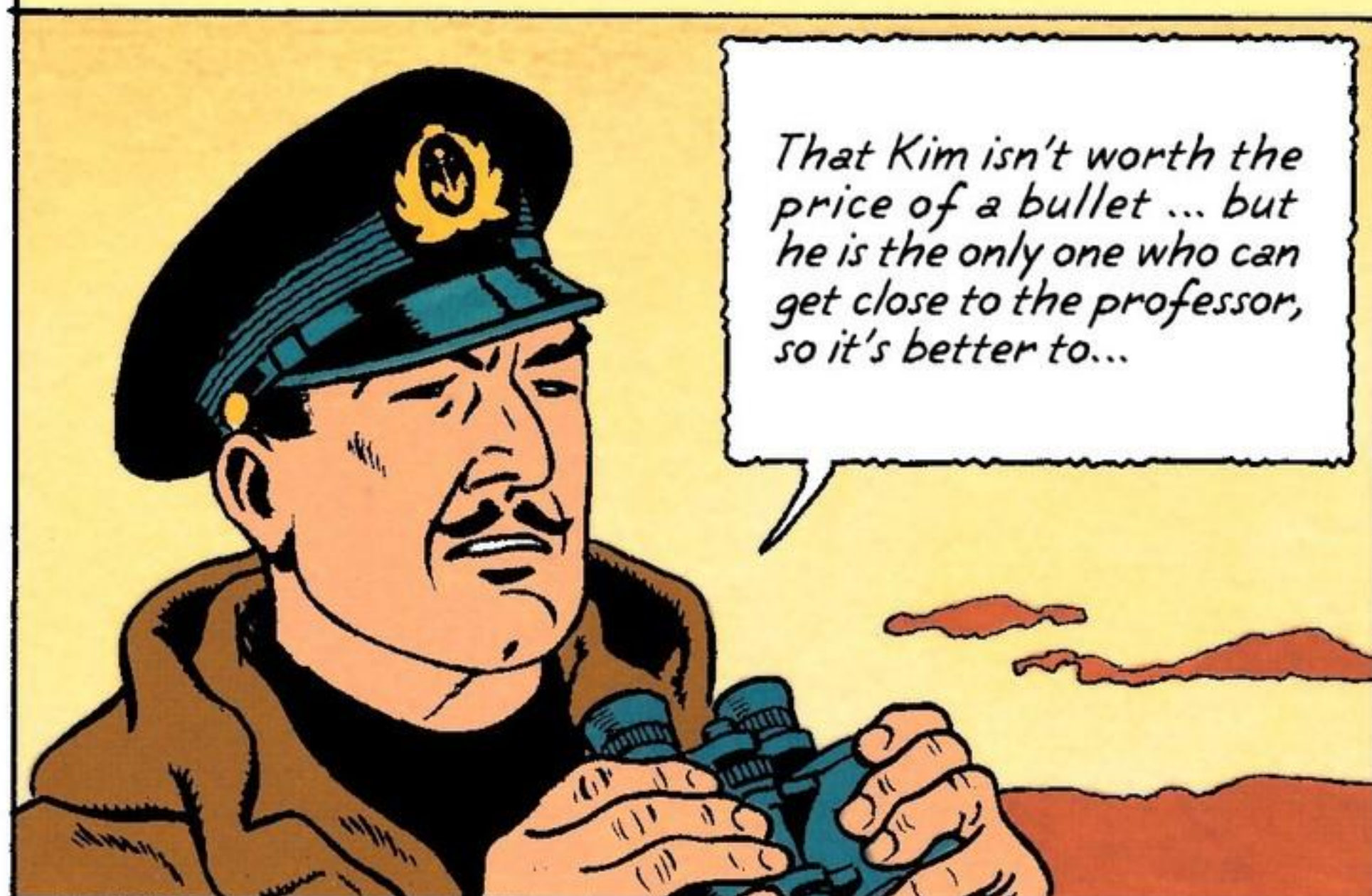
A scientist's fancy, sensei*, nothing more...



TEACHER - A HONORIFIC USED TO ADDRESS A FIGURE OF AUTHORITY, PARTICULARLY A PROFESSOR OR A MASTER



THE MAN WHO JUST COUNTERED THE CAPTAIN IS NONE OTHER THAN **COLONEL OLRİK**, THE INFAMOUS FUGITIVE WANTED BY EVERY POLICE AND INTELLIGENCE SERVICE IN THE WORLD...



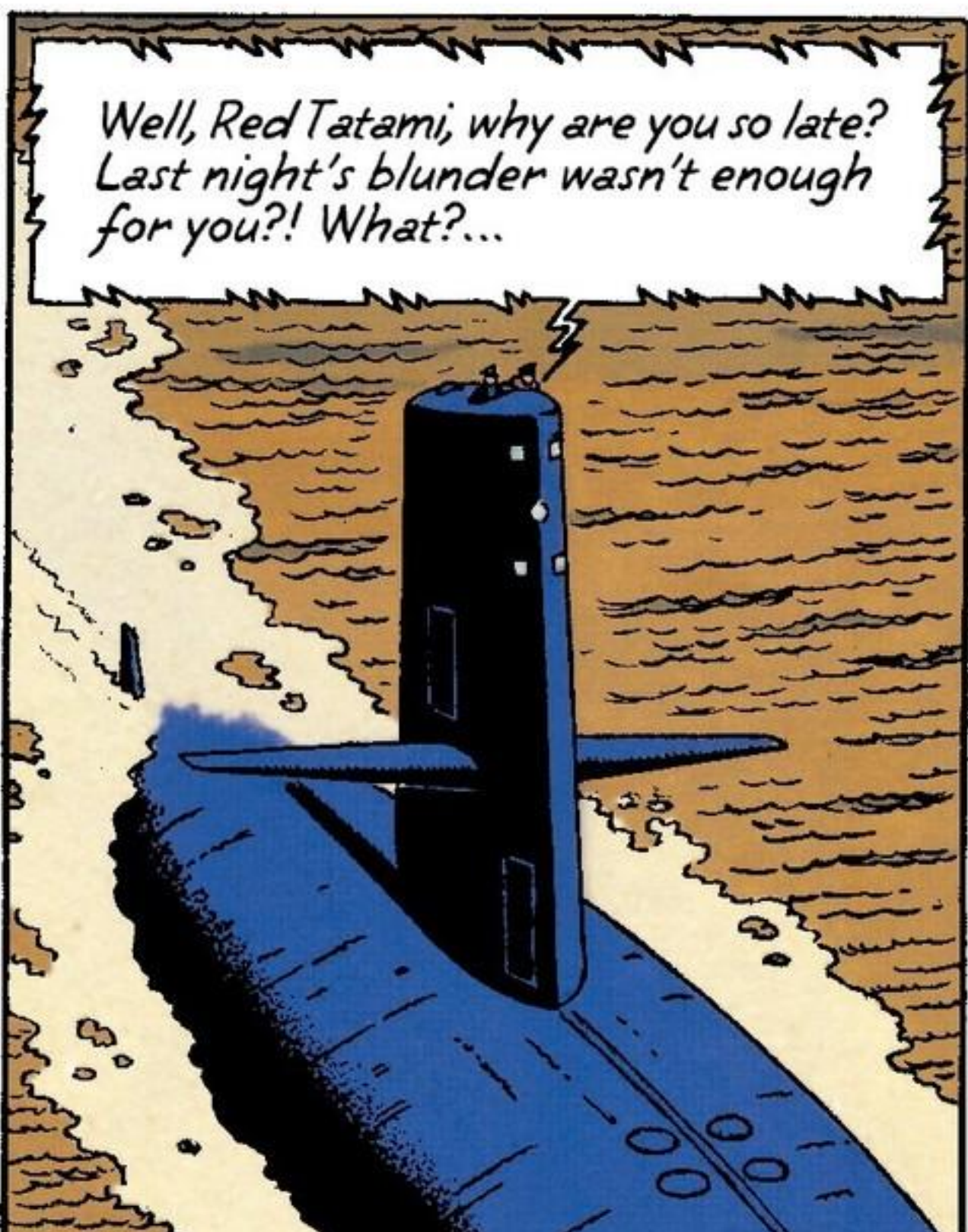
That Kim isn't worth the price of a bullet ... but he is the only one who can get close to the professor, so it's better to...

AT THAT MOMENT...



Captain? We have an urgent message from Red Tatami!

Good. Patch it through.



Well, Red Tatami, why are you so late? Last night's blunder wasn't enough for you?! What?...

...A serious setback, Colonel. He just invited an Englishman friend of his, who's in Kyoto for some conference. He's due in Tokyo tomorrow morning. His name is Professor **Philip Mortimer**...

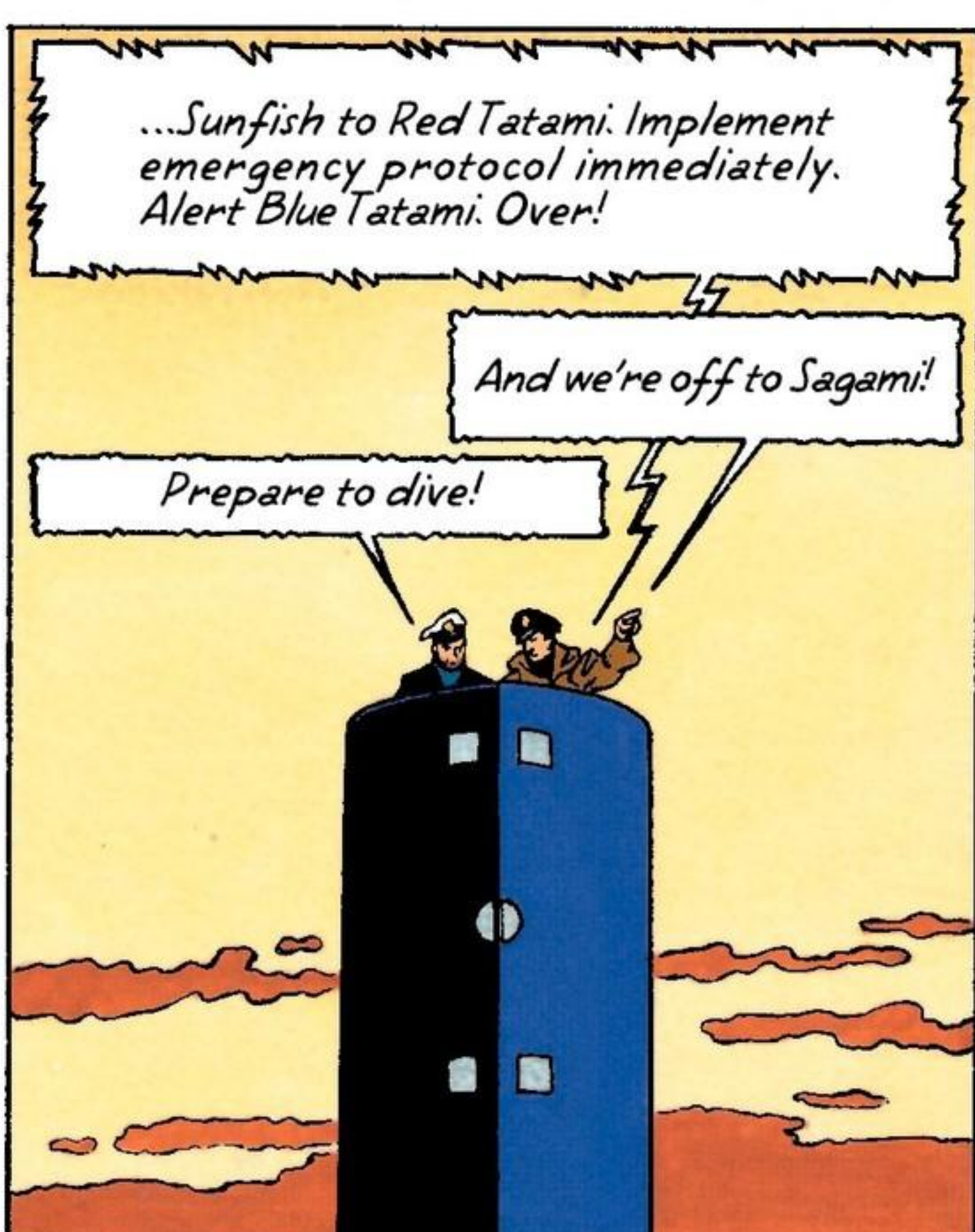


Mortimer!?
Him again!



Who is he?

A devil of a man ... with close ties to M15*. If he sticks his nose in our business, we'll have no end of trouble! So...

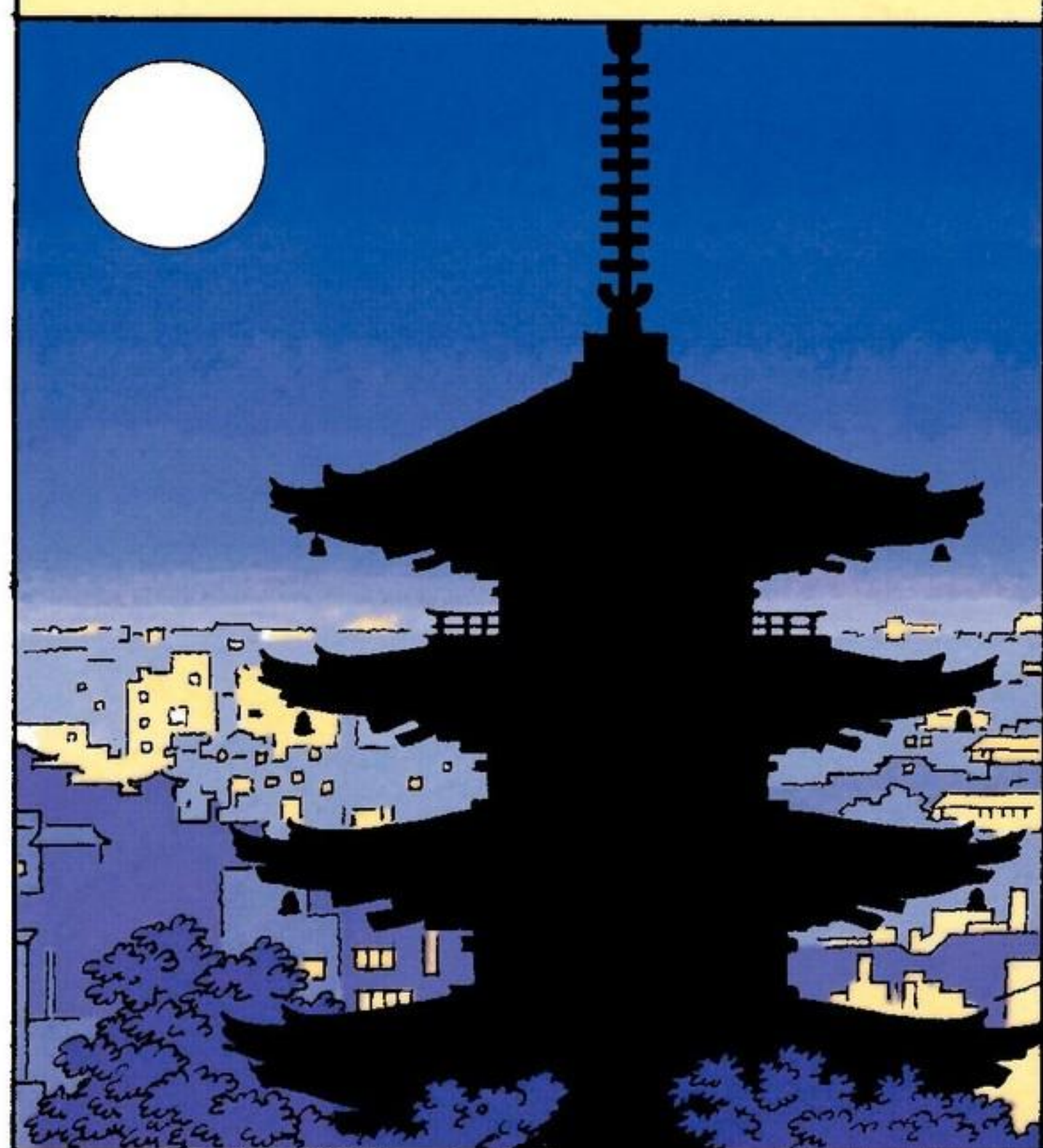


...Sunfish to Red Tatami. Implement emergency protocol immediately. Alert Blue Tatami. Over!

And we're off to Sagami!

Prepare to dive!

THAT SAME EVENING IN KYOTO, CAPITAL CITY OF THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN...



AT THE MINAMI-ZA THEATRE, A TRADITIONAL AND MAGNIFICENT KABUKI** PERFORMANCE COMES TO A CLOSE...



*MILITARY INTELLIGENCE 5 - THE UK'S NATIONAL SECURITY INTELLIGENCE SERVICE RESPONSIBLE FOR COUNTERING THREATS TO NATIONAL SECURITY
**A FORM OF JAPANESE THEATRE THAT ORIGINATED IN THE 17TH CENTURY. SOMETIMES TRANSLATED AS 'THE ART OF SINGING AND DANCING'.

ALREADY THE ACTORS BID THE AUDIENCE GOODBYE, FOLLOWING THE CEREMONIAL RITUAL...



AMONG THE SPECTATORS, ONE IS ESPECIALLY ENCHANTED – AND WELL KNOWN TO OUR READERS: PROFESSOR PHILIP MORTIMER...



Look! He's leaving...



STILL ENRAPTURED, MORTIMER LETS HIMSELF BE CARRIED ALONG BY THE CROWD TOWARDS THE EXIT. BUT...

A perfect performance...

It was marvellous!...

Yes, wonderful.

Mitsugorō* is a master...



...HE DOESN'T REALISE THAT A GROUP OF MEN HAVE FURTIVELY SURROUNDED HIM AND ARE STEALTHILY PUSHING HIM IN A SPECIFIC DIRECTION...

THE MANOEUVRE, HOWEVER, TRIGGERS A STRONG REACTION FROM HIM AS IT BECOMES CLEAR...

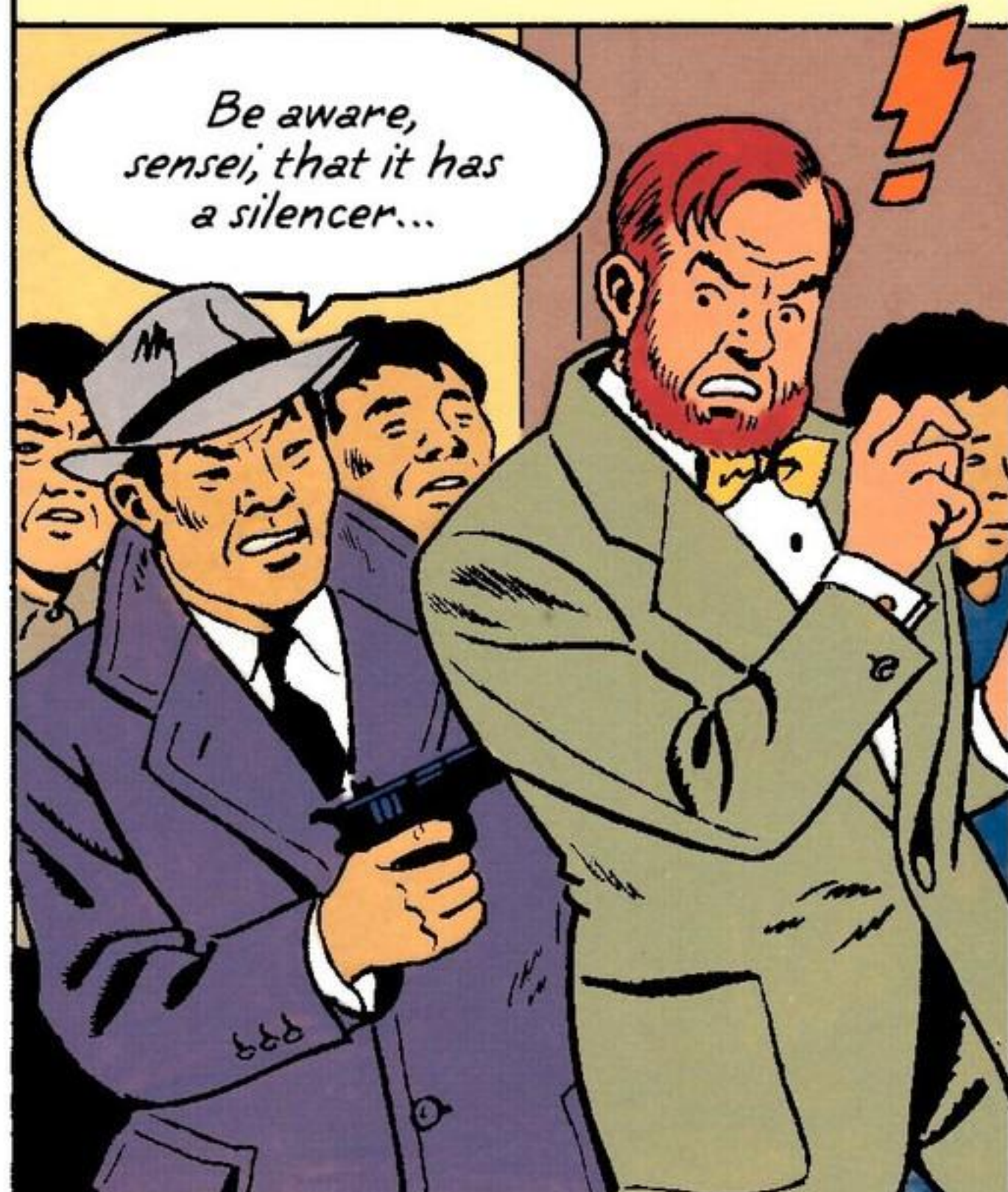
Gentlemen, what is the meaning of...?

Silence! Keep moving!



SUDDENLY, MORTIMER FEELS THE HARD NOSE OF A PISTOL PRESSING INTO HIS BACK, JUST AS A VOICE WHISPERS...

Be aware, sensei, that it has a silencer...



UNABLE TO OFFER THE SLIGHTEST RESISTANCE, HE IS PUSHED FORWARD TOWARDS A SMALL DOOR...

Get in there!



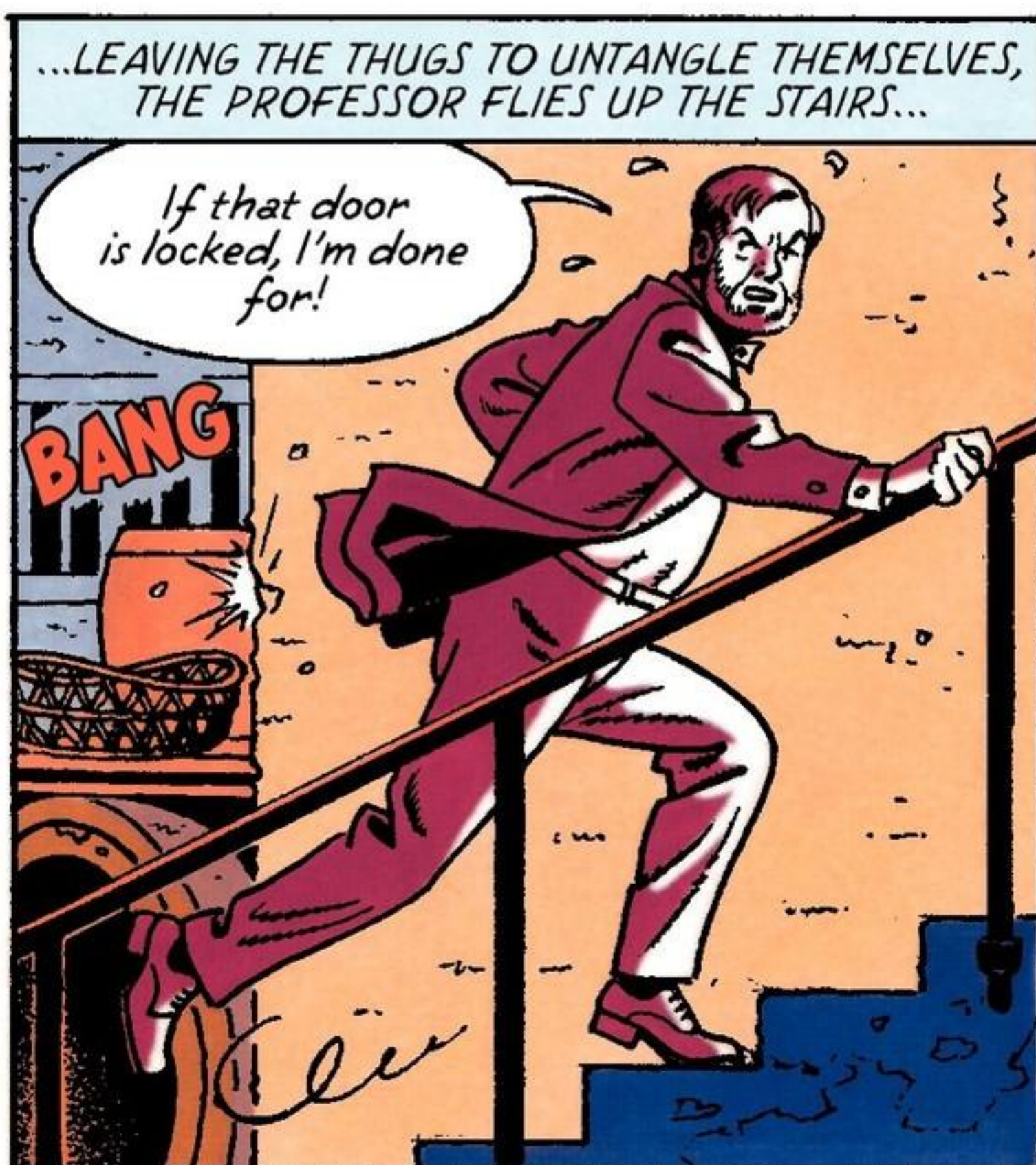
...AND FINDS HIMSELF IN A NARROW, DIMLY LIT CORRIDOR...

Faster! And don't turn round!



*PROBABLY BANDO MITSUGORŌ VIII, A KABUKI ACTOR CONSIDERED A NATIONAL TREASURE IN JAPAN, WHO DIED IN 1975 OF FUGU LIVER POISONING AFTER BOASTING HE COULD HANDLE THE FISH'S POISON.

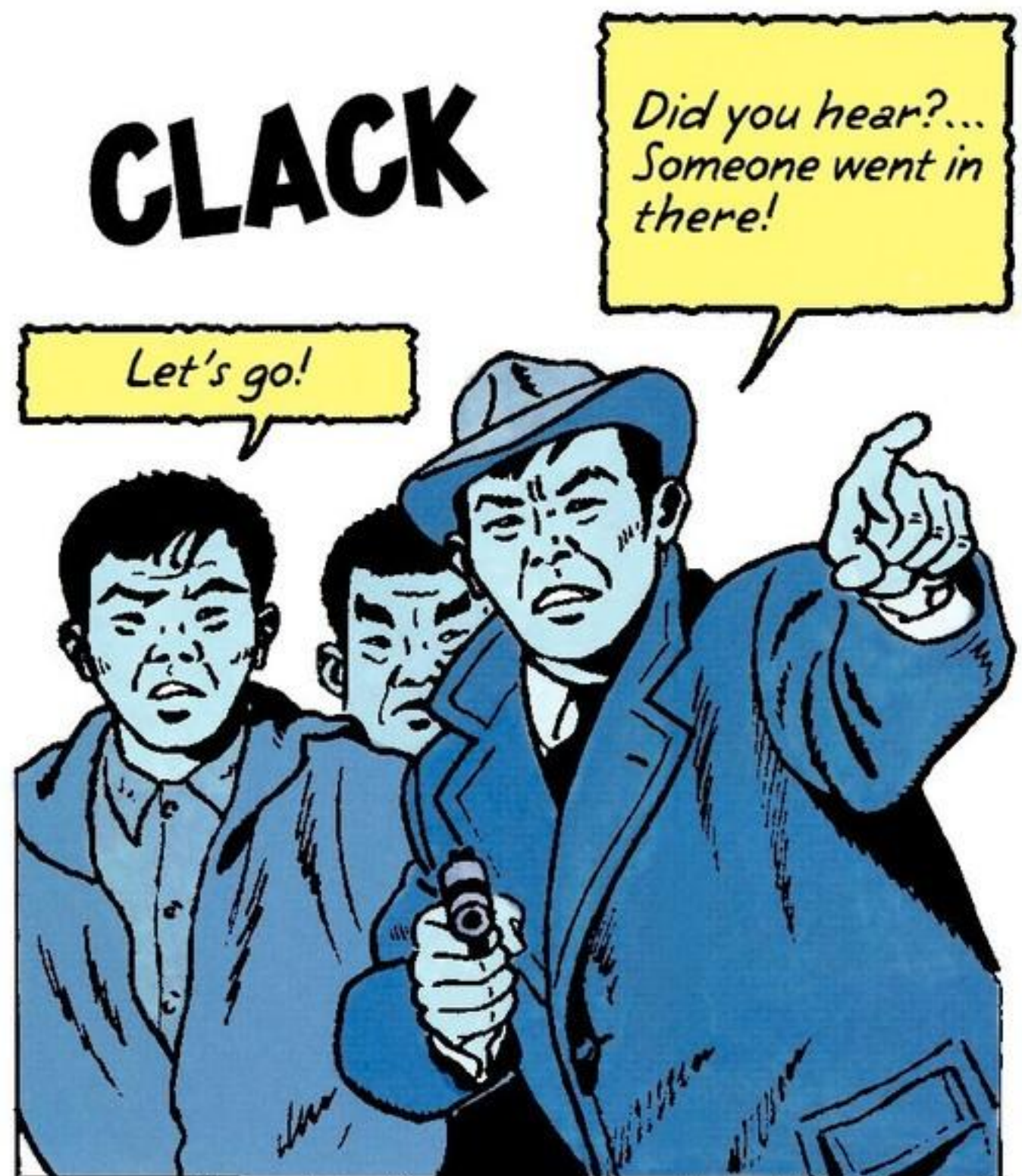




*I BEG YOUR PARDON!



*A LONG, RAISED PLATFORM THAT CONNECTS THE BACK OF THE THEATRE TO THE MAIN STAGE THROUGH THE AUDIENCE



WHILE THE BANDITS ARE GETTING TROUNCED BY MITSUGORŌ, MORTIMER PUTS THE PROVIDENTIAL DIVERSION TO GOOD USE AND FINDS AN EXIT AT LAST...



...AND BY THE TIME HIS PURSUERS EMERGE FROM THE THEATRE, OUR FRIEND IS LONG GONE.



HALF AN HOUR LATER, MORTIMER IS BACK AT HIS HOTEL...



'Please come Tokyo urgently. Your presence deeply needed. Room booked New Otani hotel. Assistant Kim will wait for you there. Humble apologies. Akira Satō.'



By Jove! That dear old Satō. Hmm. Such urgency is unusual for him. Could tonight's attack have anything to do with his curious invitation?... One way to find out!



Excuse me, what time is the next Hikari* for Tokyo?



That's unfortunate... Aren't there any other trains before then?



*HIGH-SPEED TRAIN SERVICE TRAVELLING BETWEEN TOKYO AND OSAKA AT 130 MPH

If I may be so bold... Tetsurō Tomihira, public relations for the Mainichi Daily News and an admirer of your conferences, Mortimer-sensei...

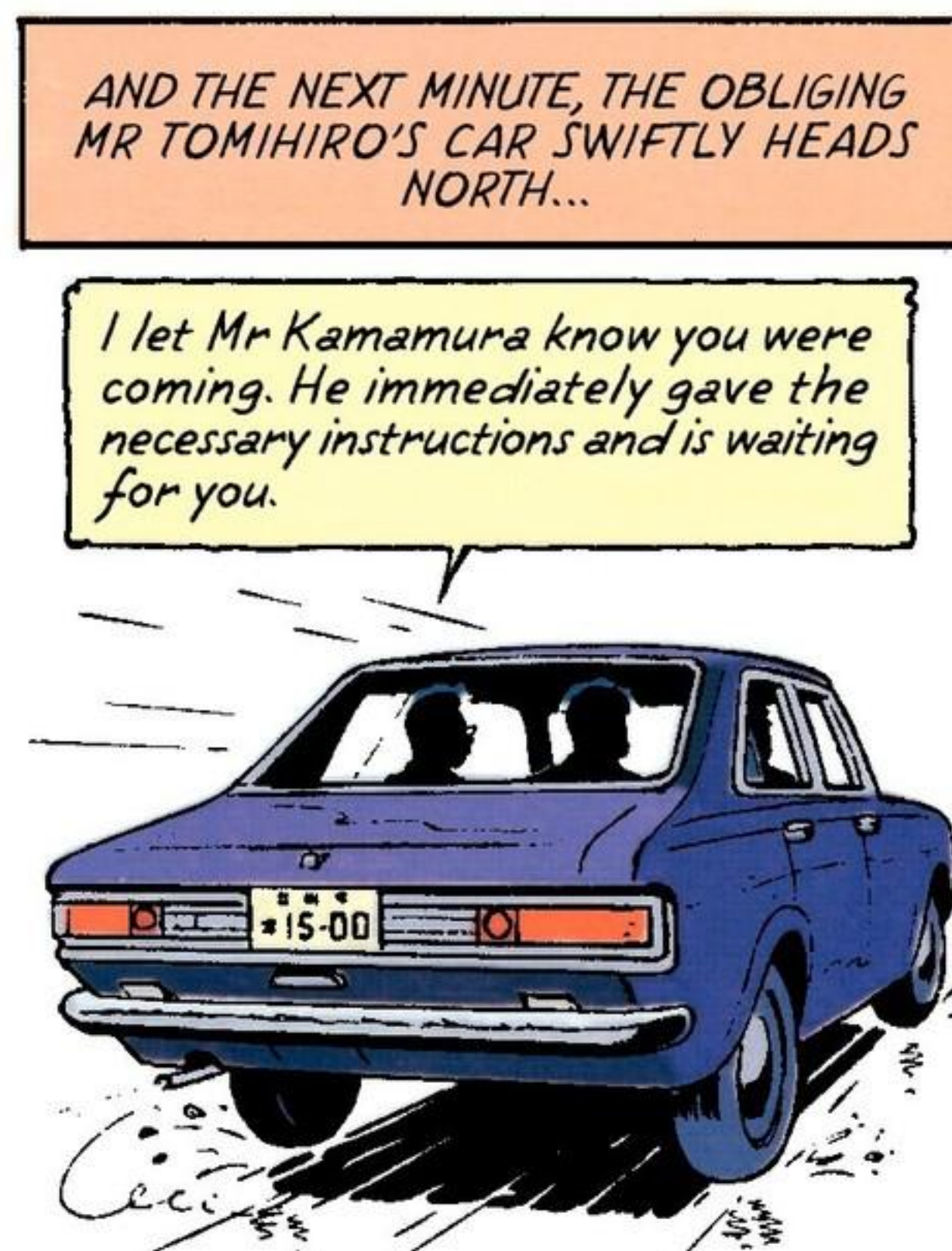
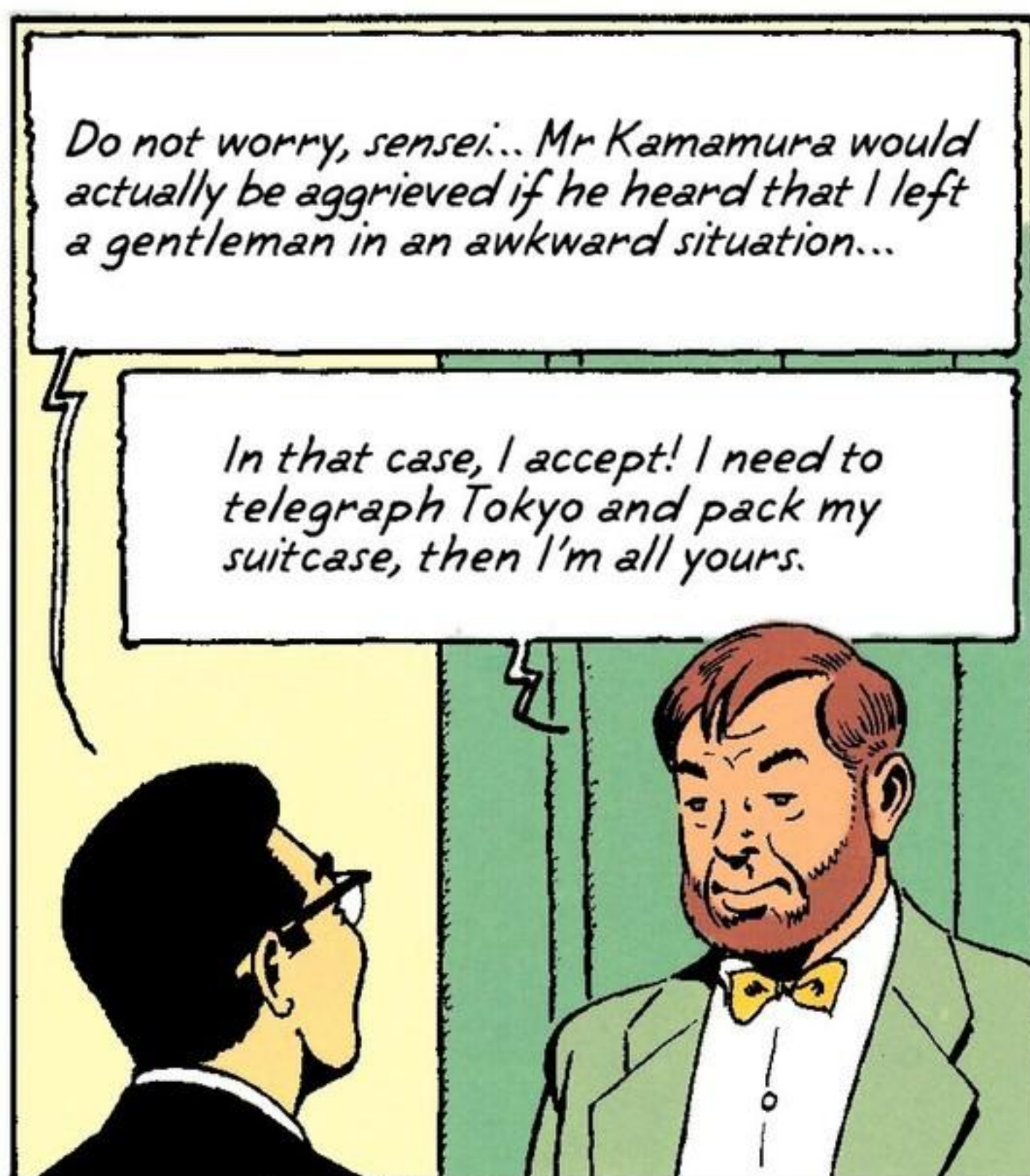


I am terribly sorry to intrude, but I couldn't help overhearing what you said. It so happens that I have a fast and direct means of travel to Tokyo...

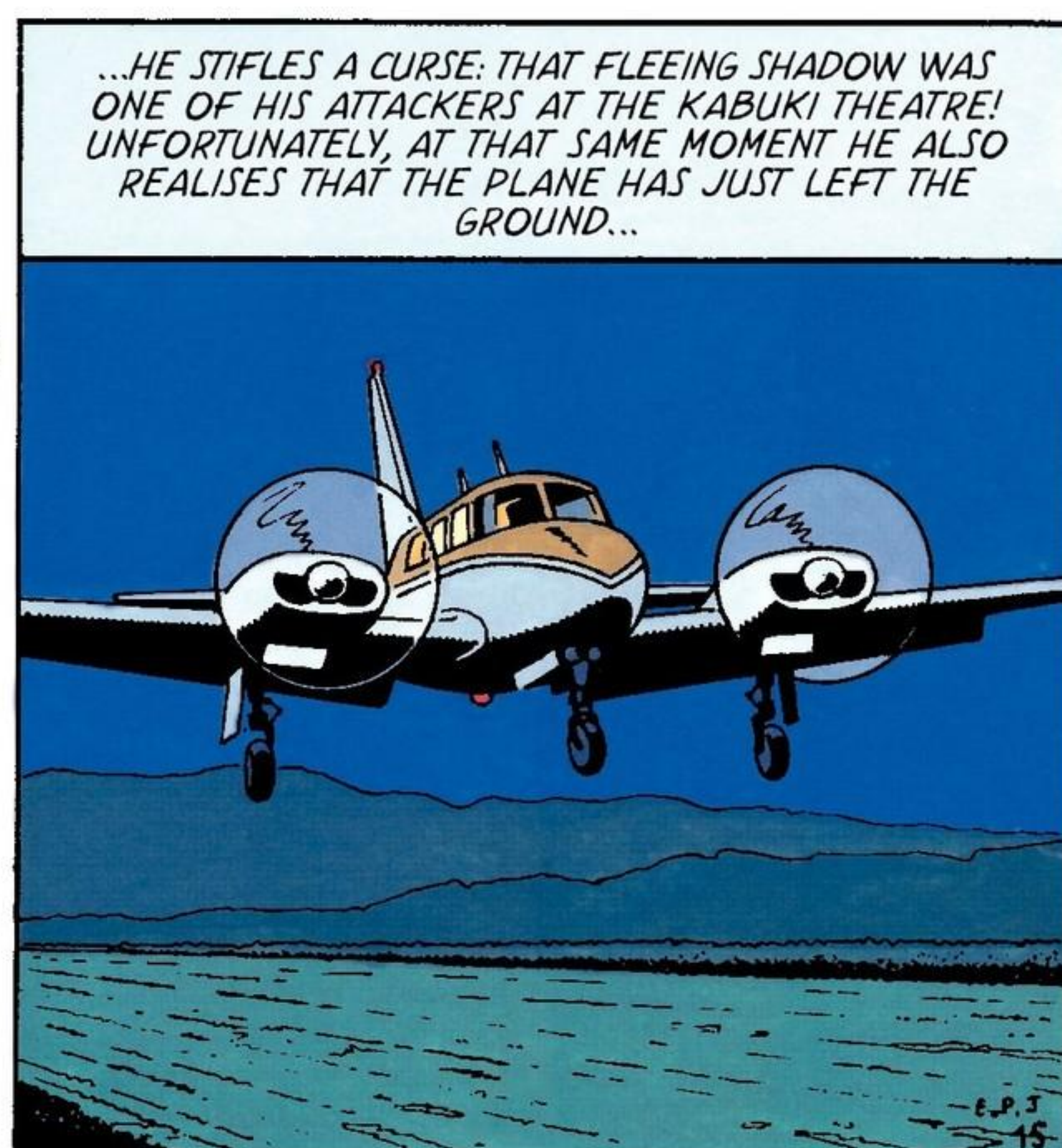


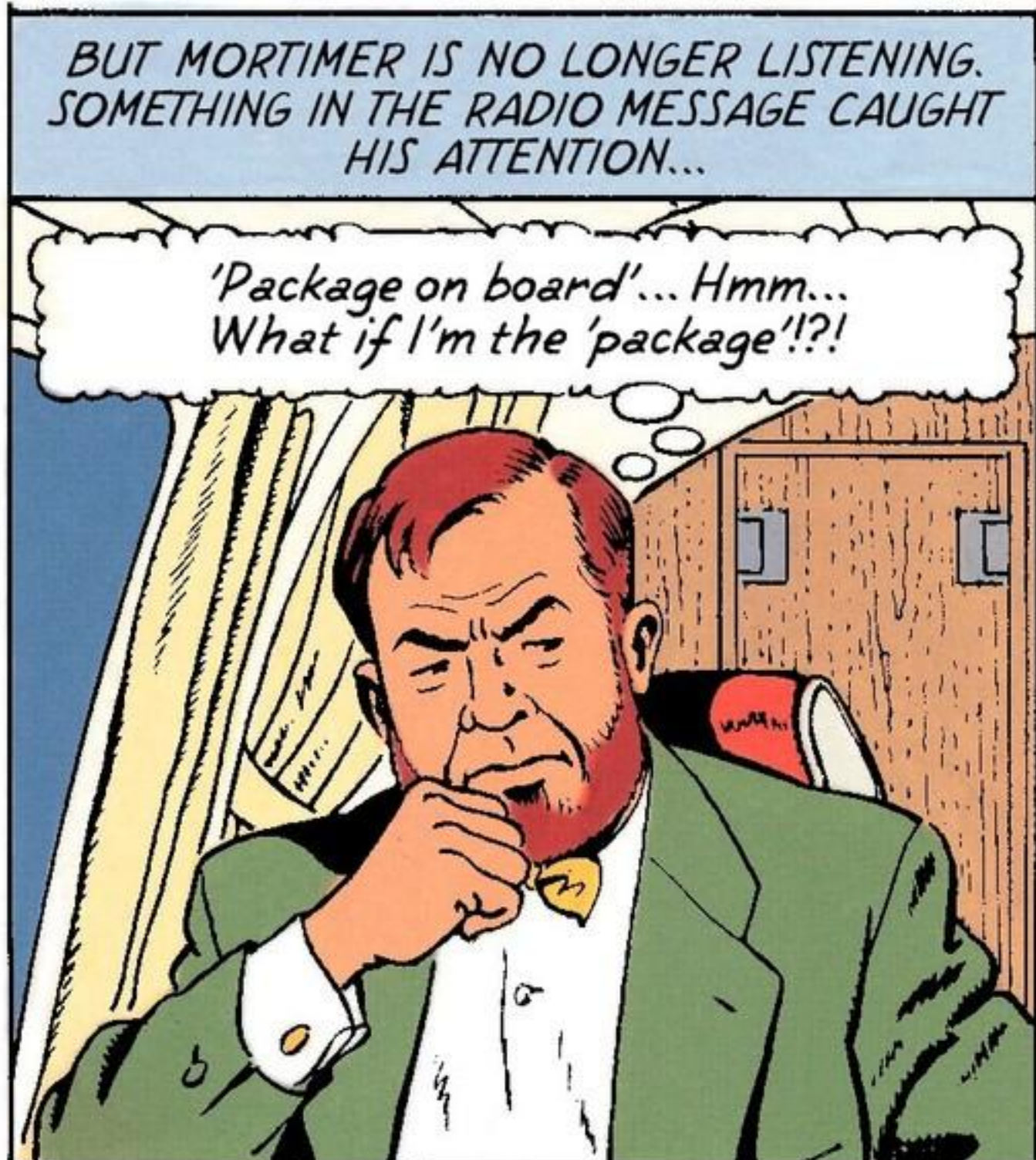
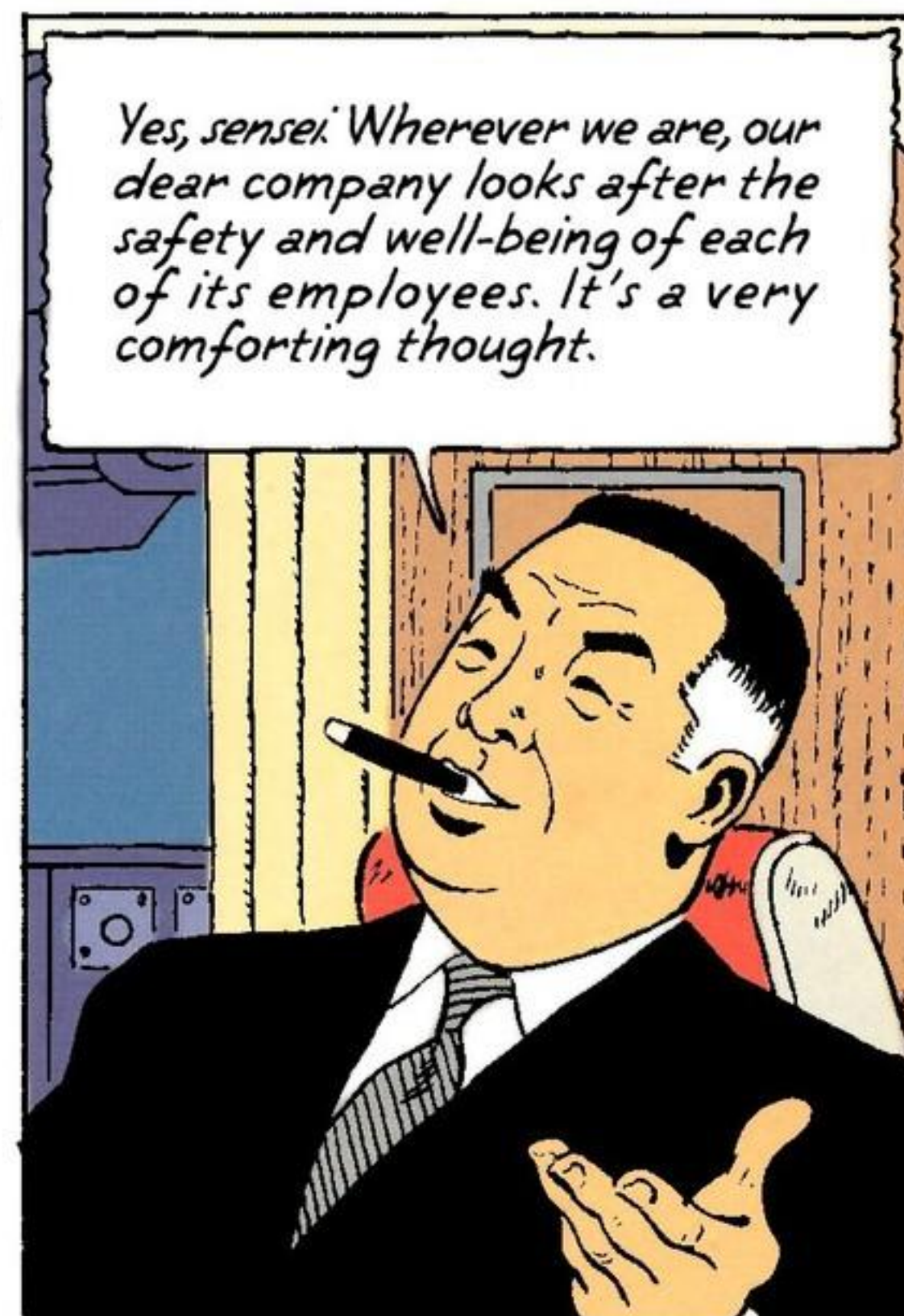
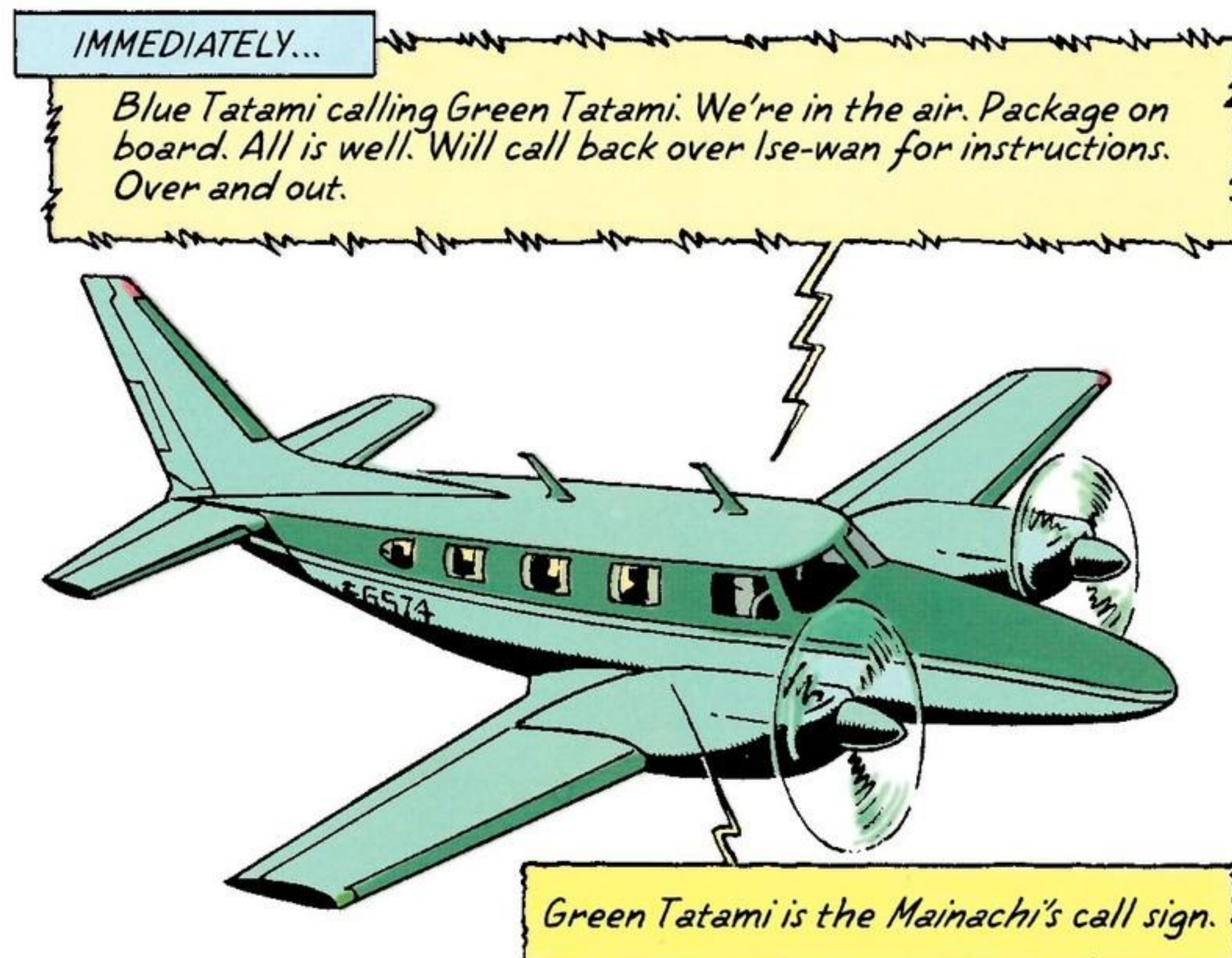
Yes. Mr. Kamamura, our commercial director, and myself are returning to the capital tonight on the Mainichi's private plane. I know he'd be delighted to take you there...

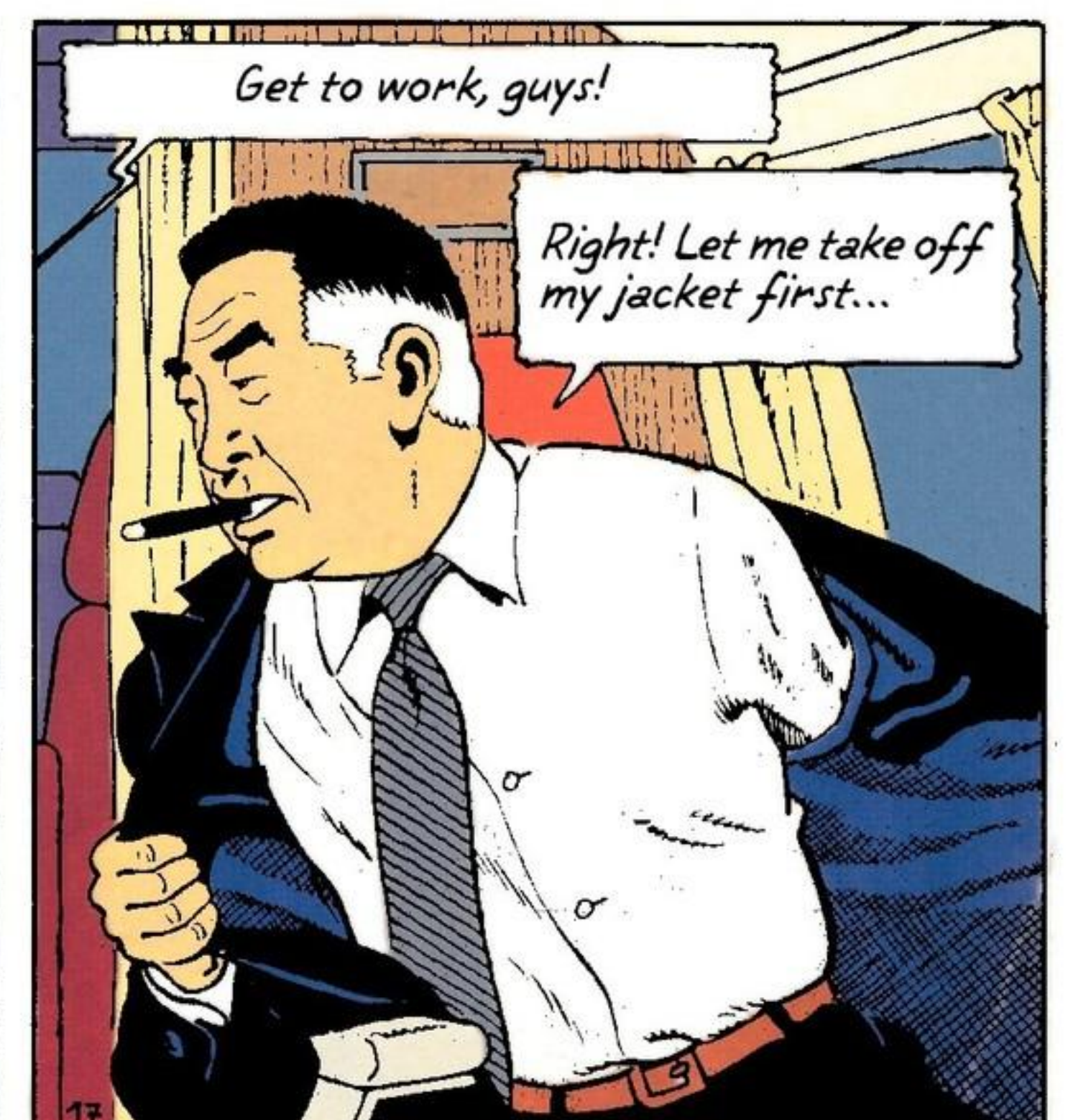
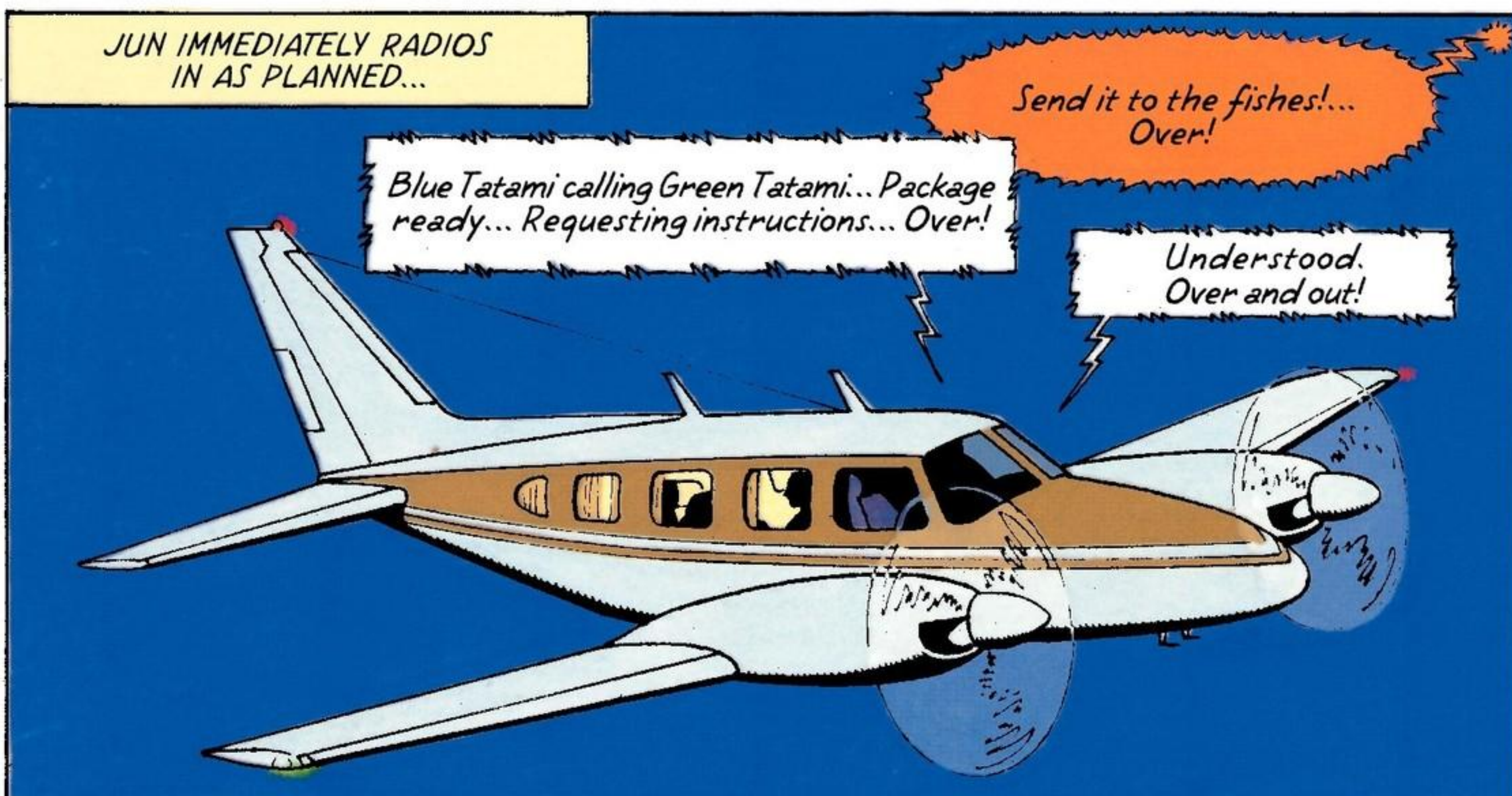
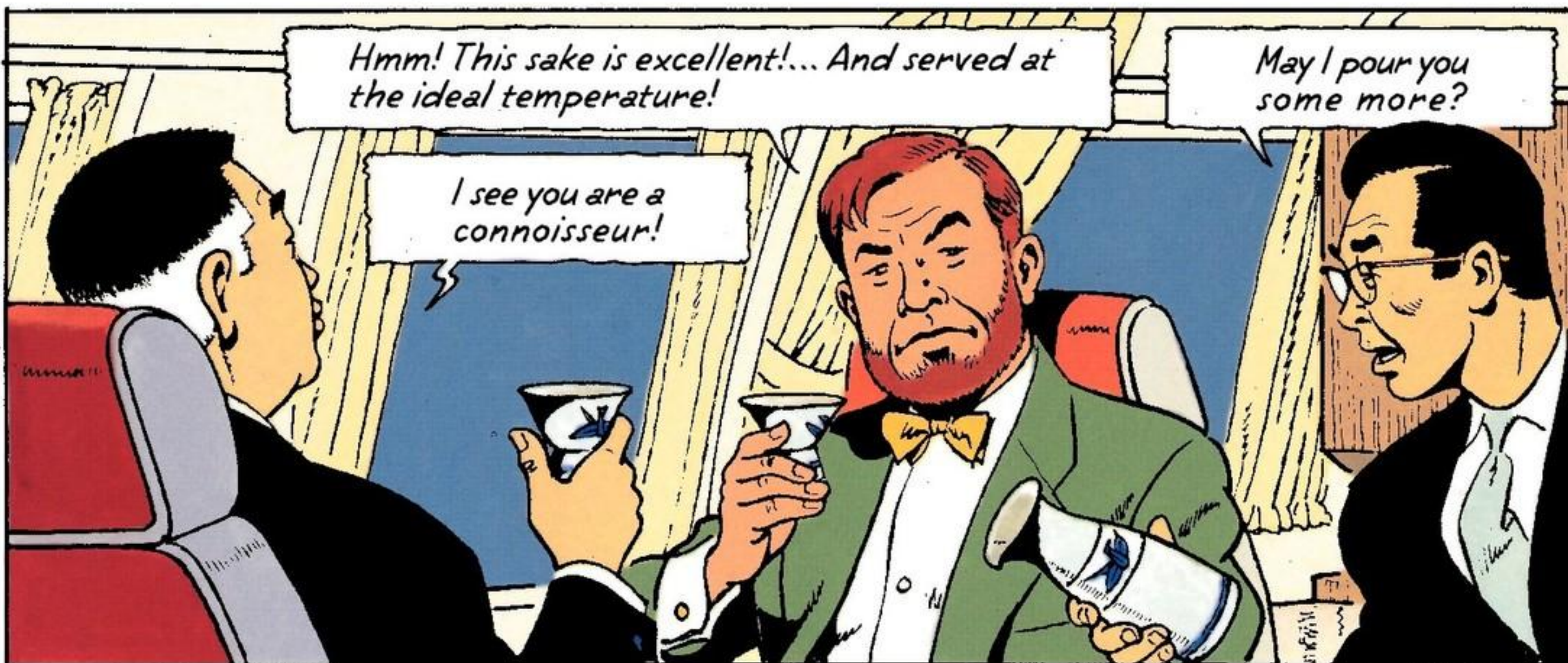
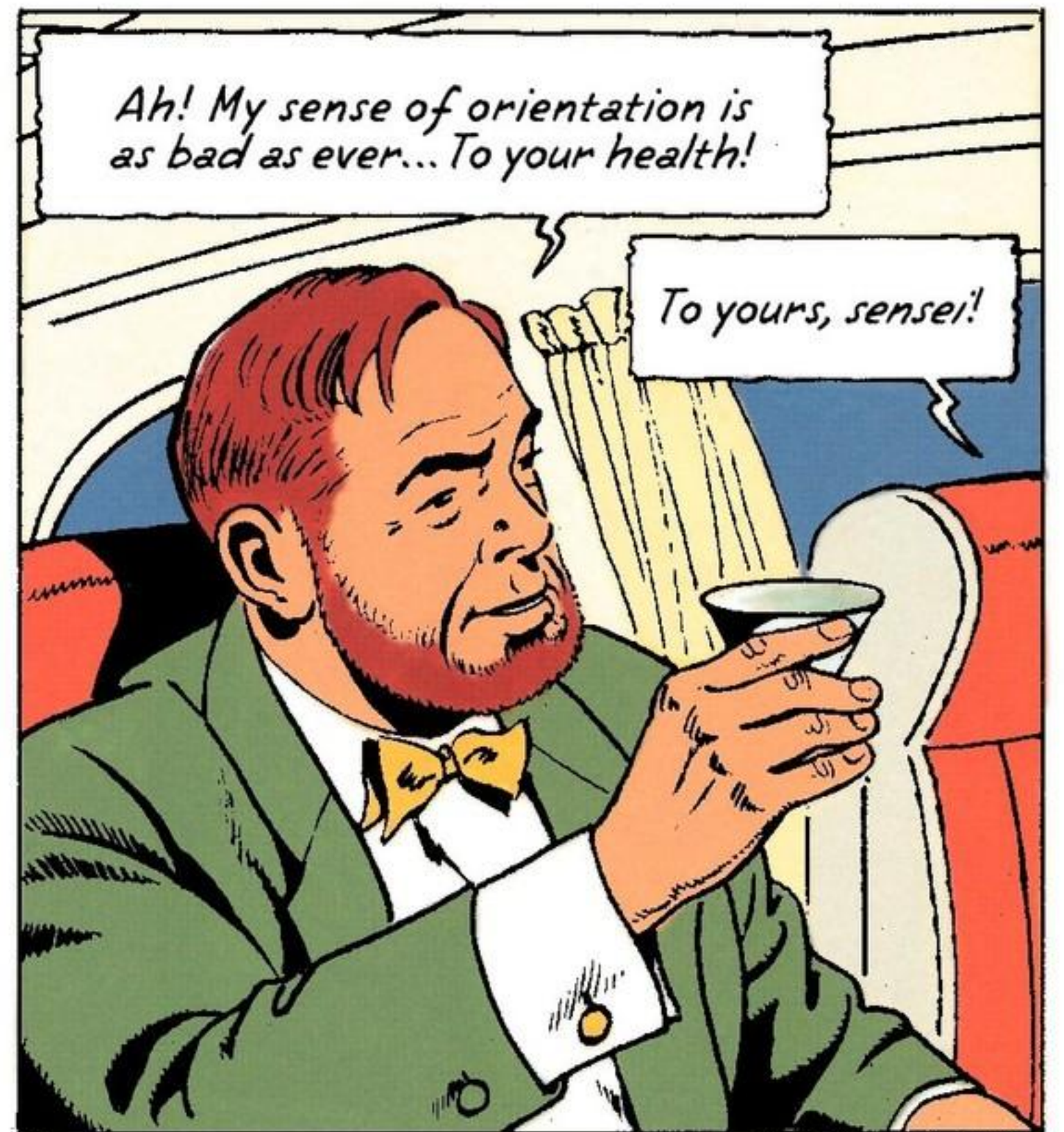




*PROFESSOR









Good grief, he's heavy!

Hai! This gaijin is most cumbersome!



Phew! Here we are... Open it!

Watch the suction!



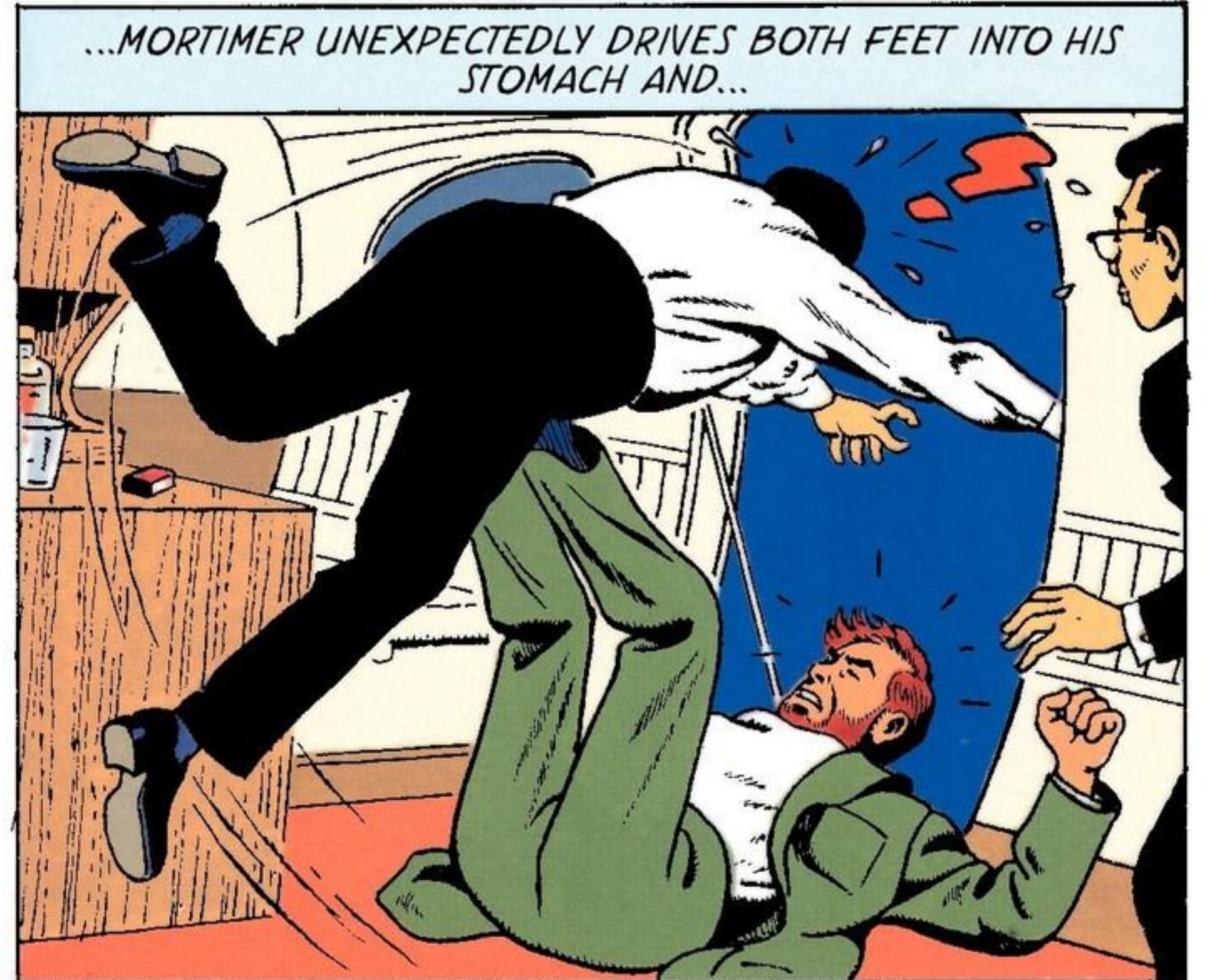
Hurry! What are you waiting for!?

One moment - I'm getting his arms clear!



Goodbye, sensei! Time to go for a swim!

BUT AS KAMAMURA LEANS OVER HIM...



...MORTIMER UNEXPECTEDLY DRIVES BOTH FEET INTO HIS STOMACH AND...



...WITH A POWERFUL PUSH, TOSSES HIM OUT OF THE PLANE!...



DEVIL!



THE PILOT ASSESSES THE SITUATION AND SHOUTS A WARNING TO HIS ACCOMPLICE...

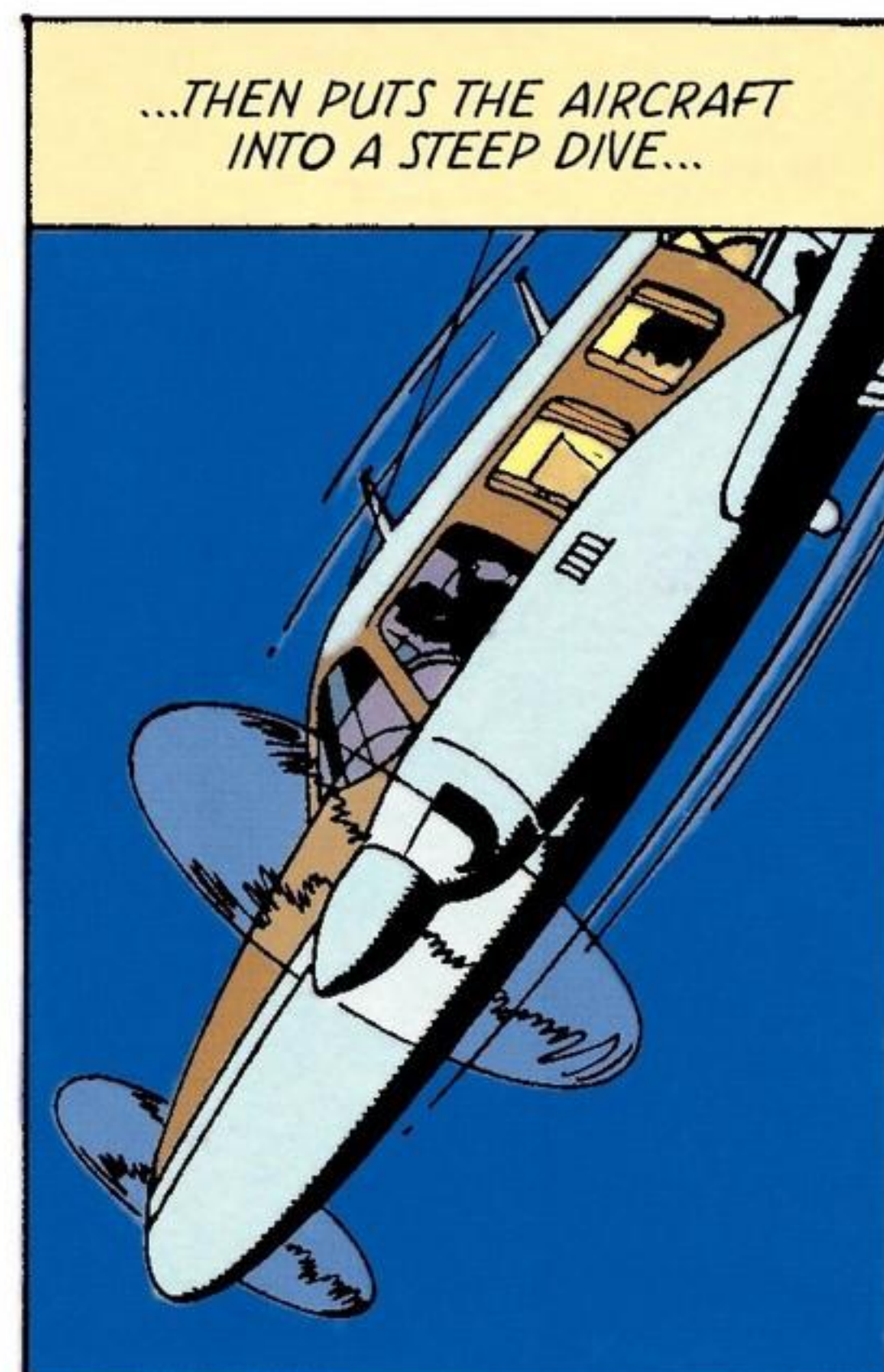
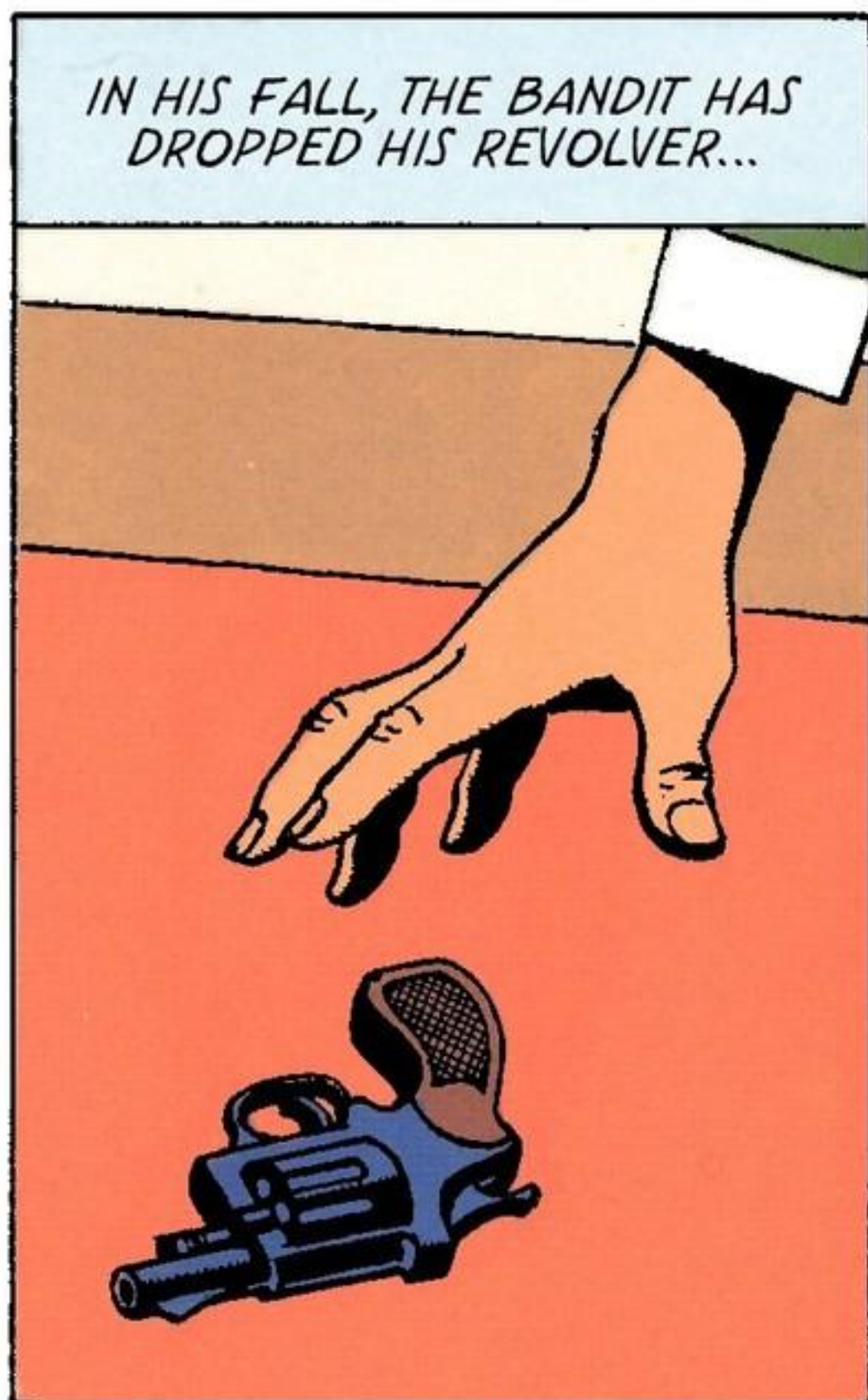
Hangon, Tetsuro!!!

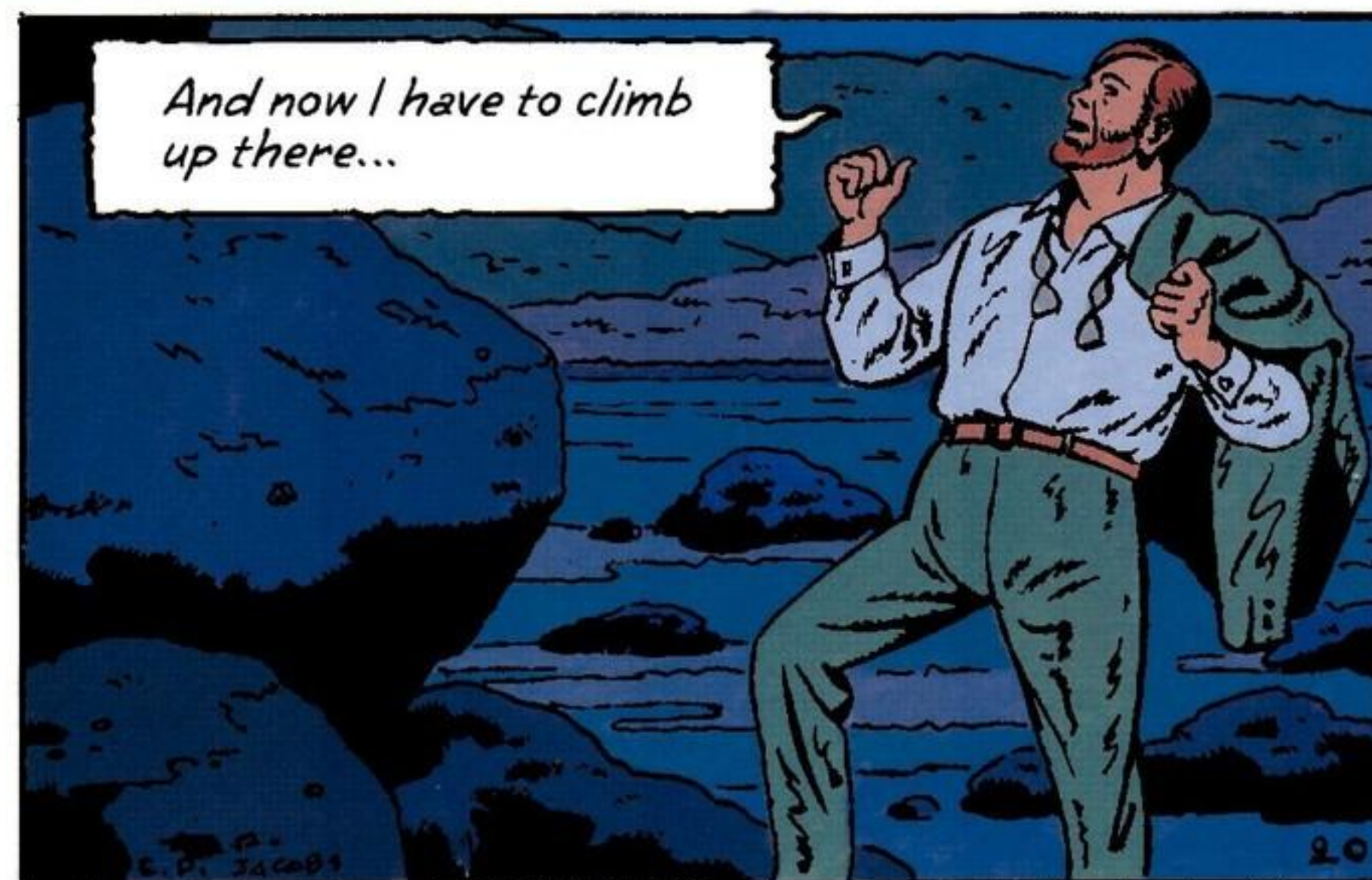
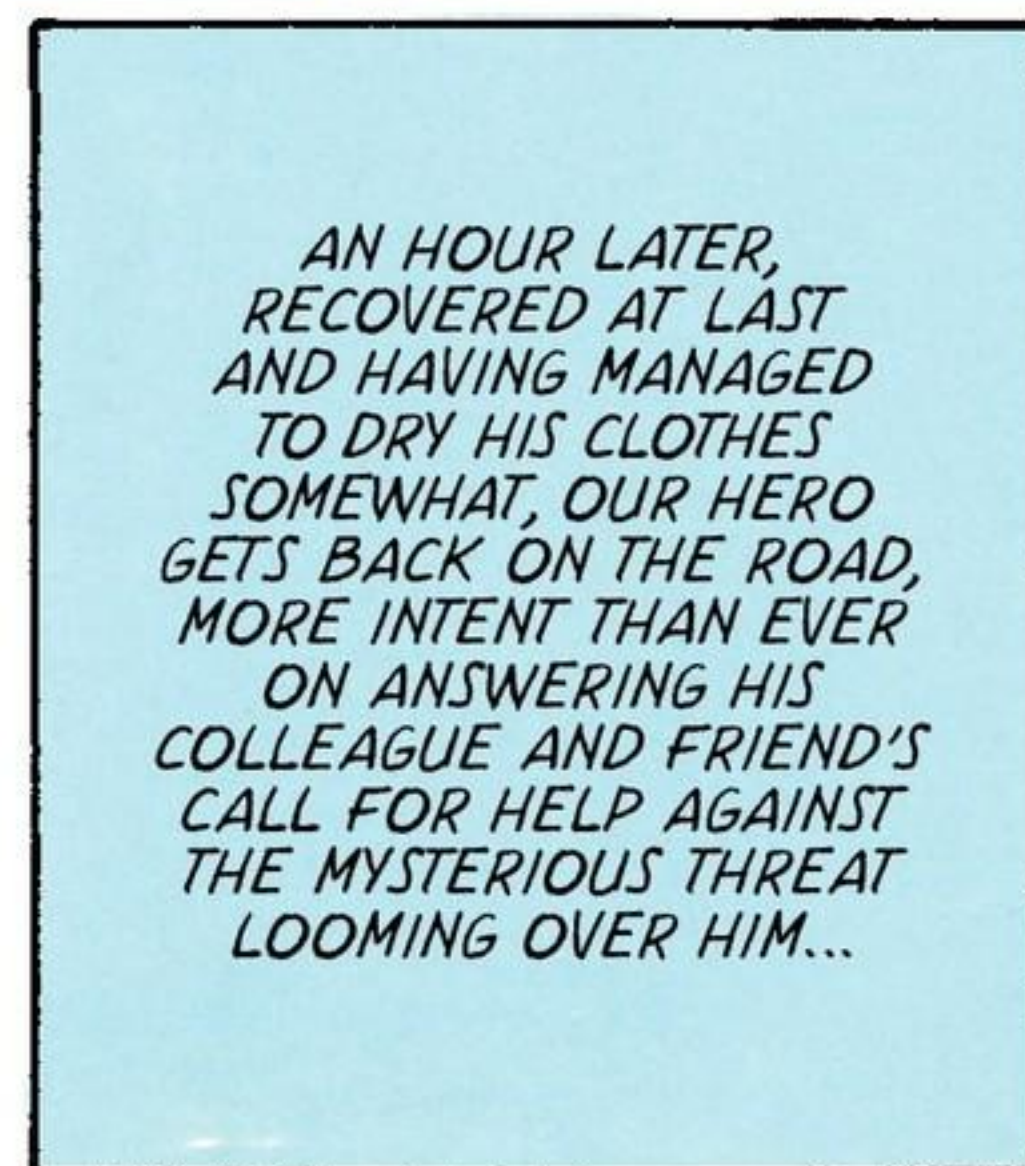


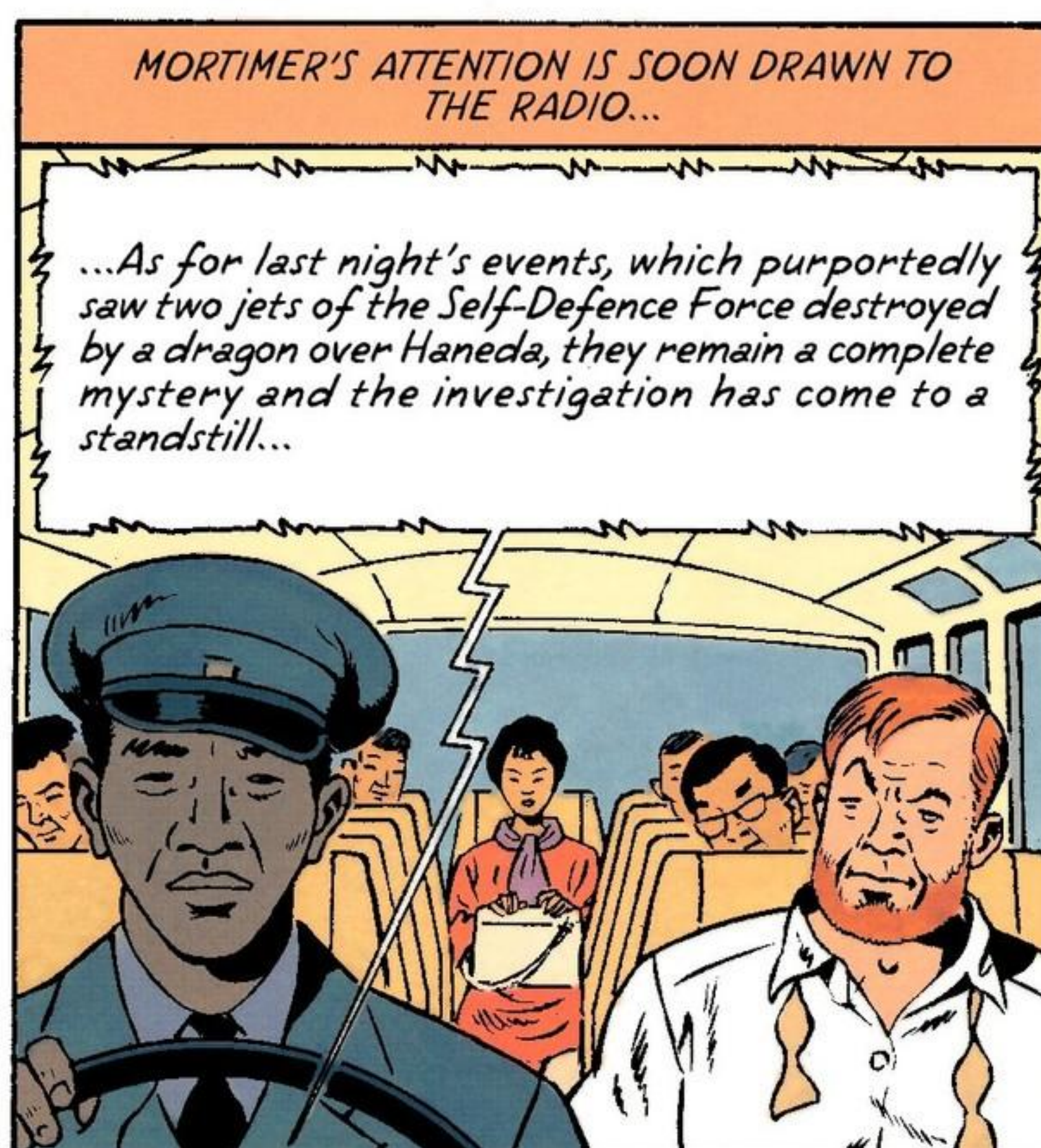
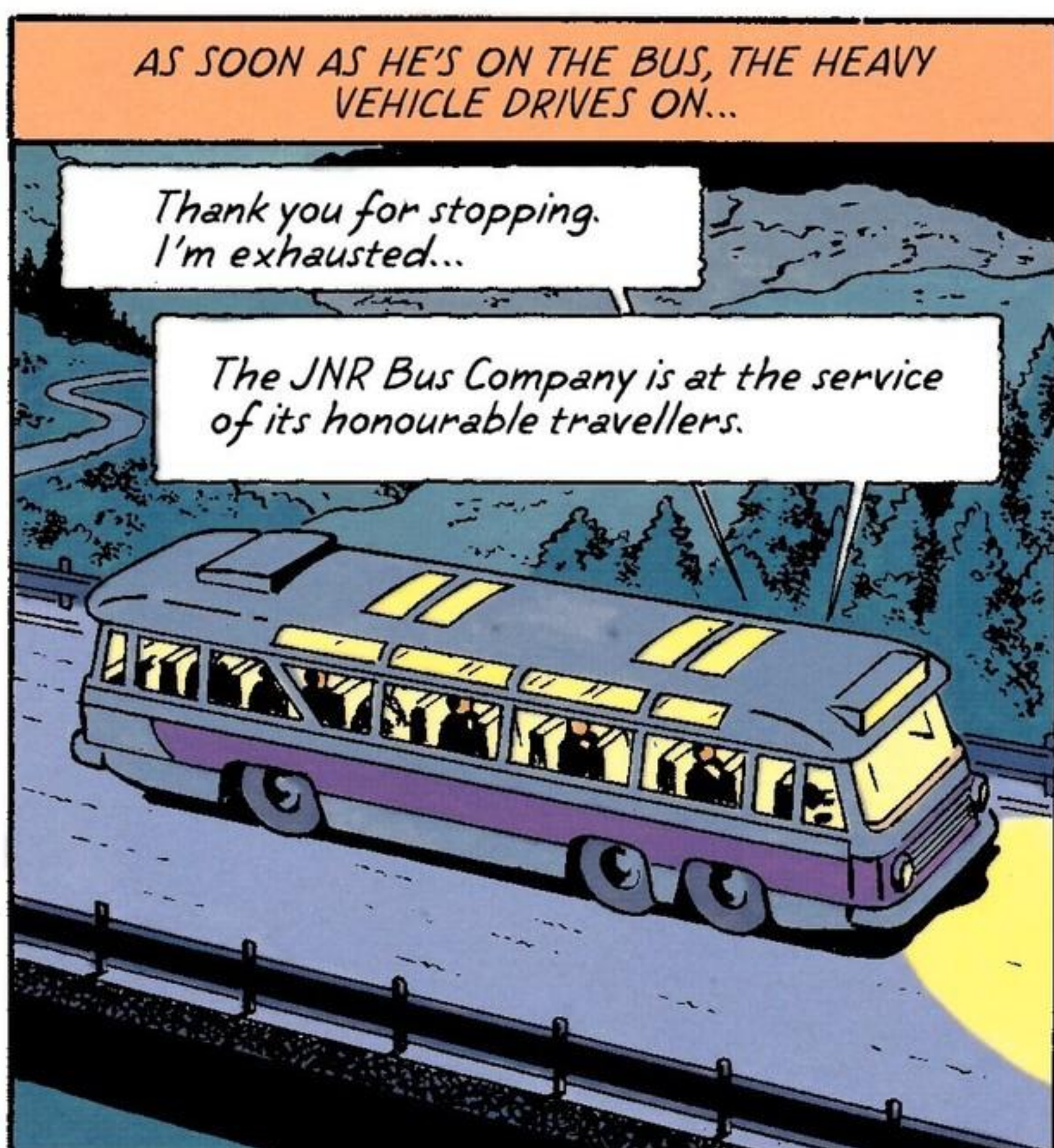
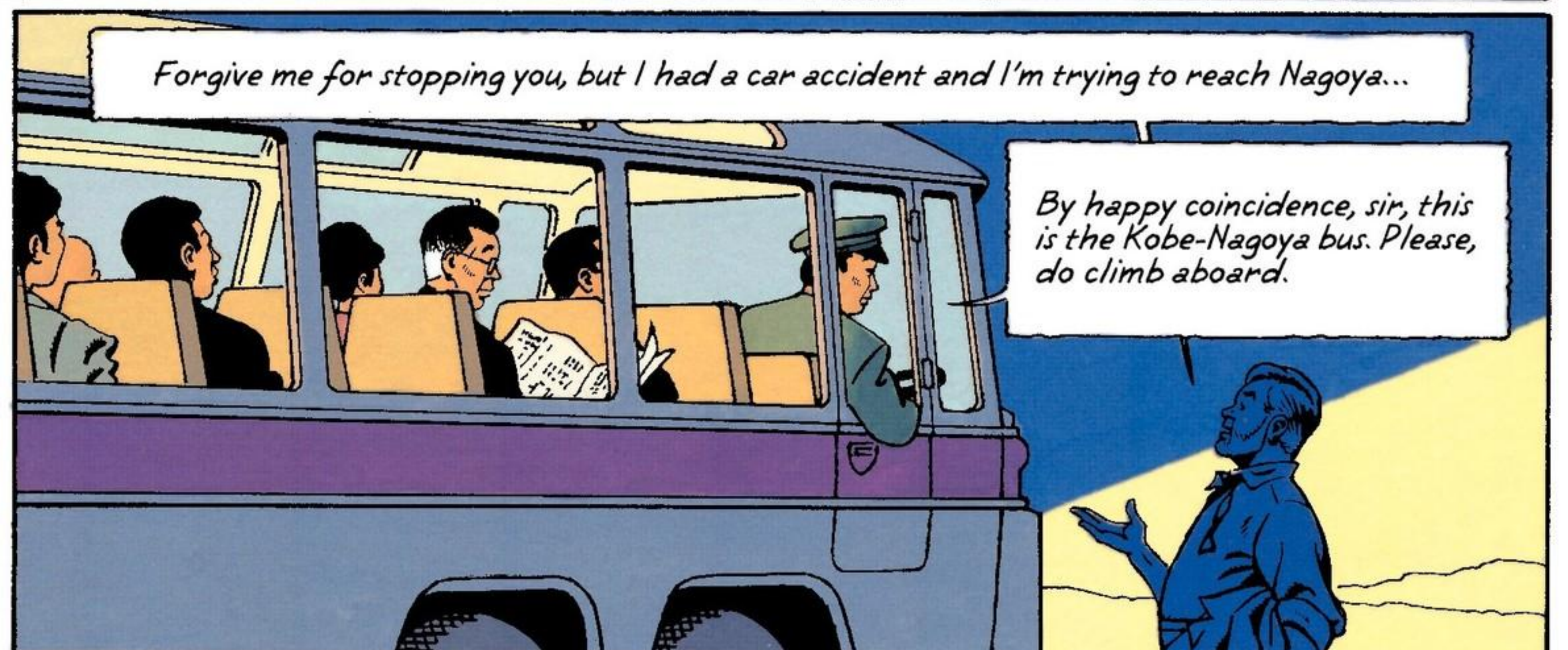
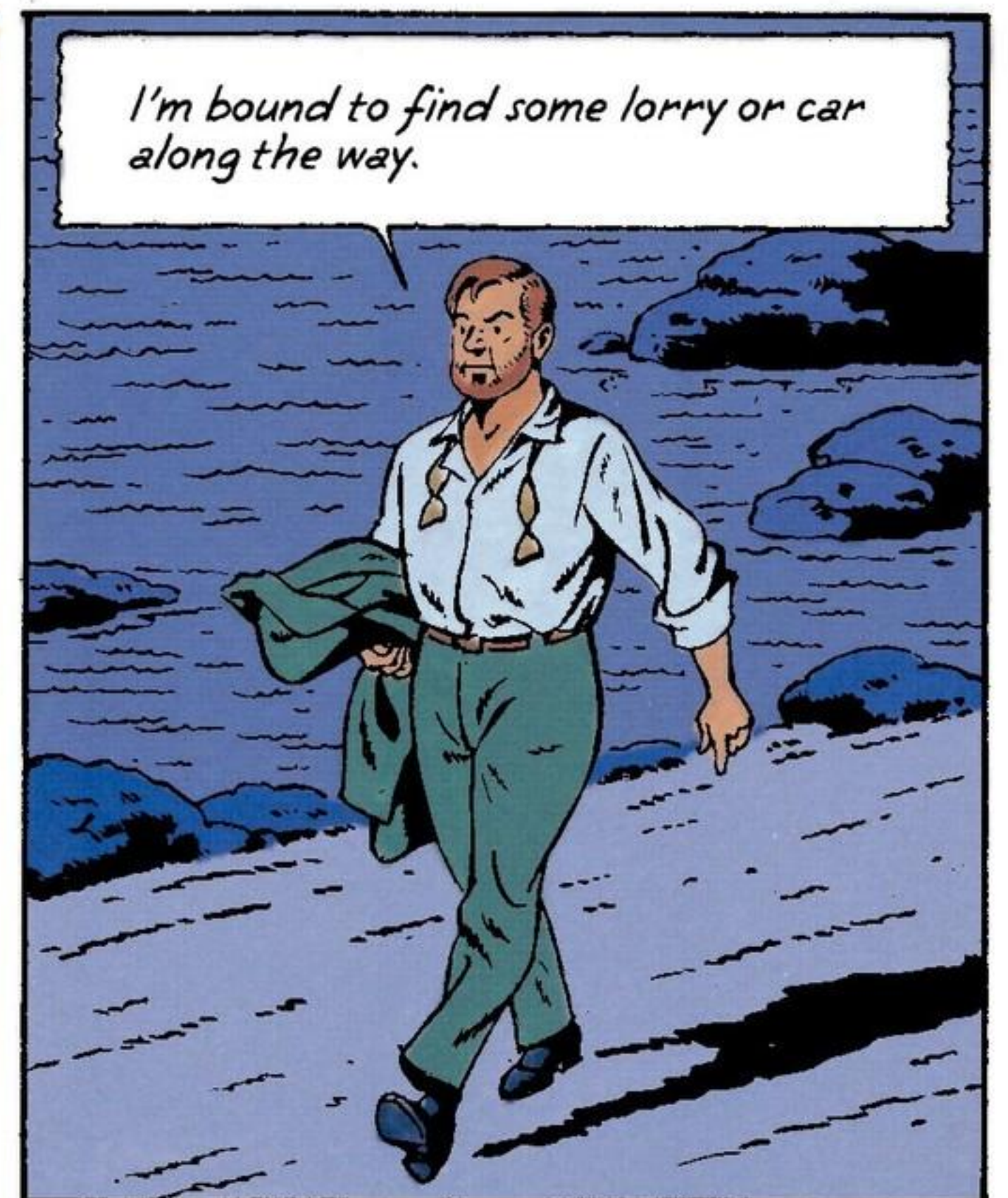
...BEFORE ABRUPTLY BANKING HARD IN AN ATTEMPT TO THROW MORTIMER OUT...



BUT THE MANOEUVRE ONLY RESULTS IN PITCHING TOMIHIRO HEAD FIRST INTO THE BAR...







STILL MUTTERING BUT WEARY BEYOND BELIEF, MORTIMER FALLS ASLEEP AS THE BUS TRAVELS ON THROUGH THE NIGHT...

Ridiculous... Ridic... Rrrr!...

IT'S DAYLIGHT BY THE TIME THE JNR BUS COMES TO A STOP IN FRONT OF NAGOYA STATION...

We're here, sir!

Huh! What!?... Already?!...

You're just in time to catch the Hikari. I wish you a good day and safe travels, sir!

Goodbye! And thanks again!

First class for Tokyo, please.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE EXPRESS PULLS AWAY FROM THE PLATFORM...

Finally! I should have some peace for a good while now.

UNFORTUNATELY, MORTIMER HAS NO IDEA THAT HIS ARRIVAL IS ALREADY BEING PREPARED AT THE NEW OTANI HOTEL...

Is it done?

Hai! Everything's set.

AND AS THE HIKARI FLIES ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE AT OVER 130 MPH...

...OUR FRIEND BEGINS AVIDLY DEVOURING THE NEWSPAPERS, HOPING TO FIND SOMETHING ABOUT THE CRASH THAT NEARLY CLAIMED HIS LIFE...

The wreck must have been spotted...

TO HIS SURPRISE, THOUGH, THE PAPERS MAKE NO MENTION OF THE PIPER'S ACCIDENT — THEY ALL SEEM SOLELY FOCUSED ON THE HANEDA BUSINESS...

It's all about that blasted dragon!



DISTRACTEDLY, THE PROFESSOR HAS BEGUN TO READ, BUT AS HE LEARNS MORE ABOUT THE EVENTS, HIS EXPRESSION TURNS GRAVER...

...Some commentators have wondered if there might not be a link between the mysterious ryū and the shadowy submarine allegedly spotted in Sagami Bay...



AND SUDDENLY...

Well, how peculiar... I seem to remember that Satō actually owns a house by that very bay. Could this whole outlandish business have anything to do with his unusual request? It would explain a lot...



HE'S STILL AT THIS STAGE OF HIS REFLECTIONS BY THE TIME THE SUPER-EXPRESS ENTERS THE CAPITAL, AN HOUR LATER...

Bah! I will know soon enough!



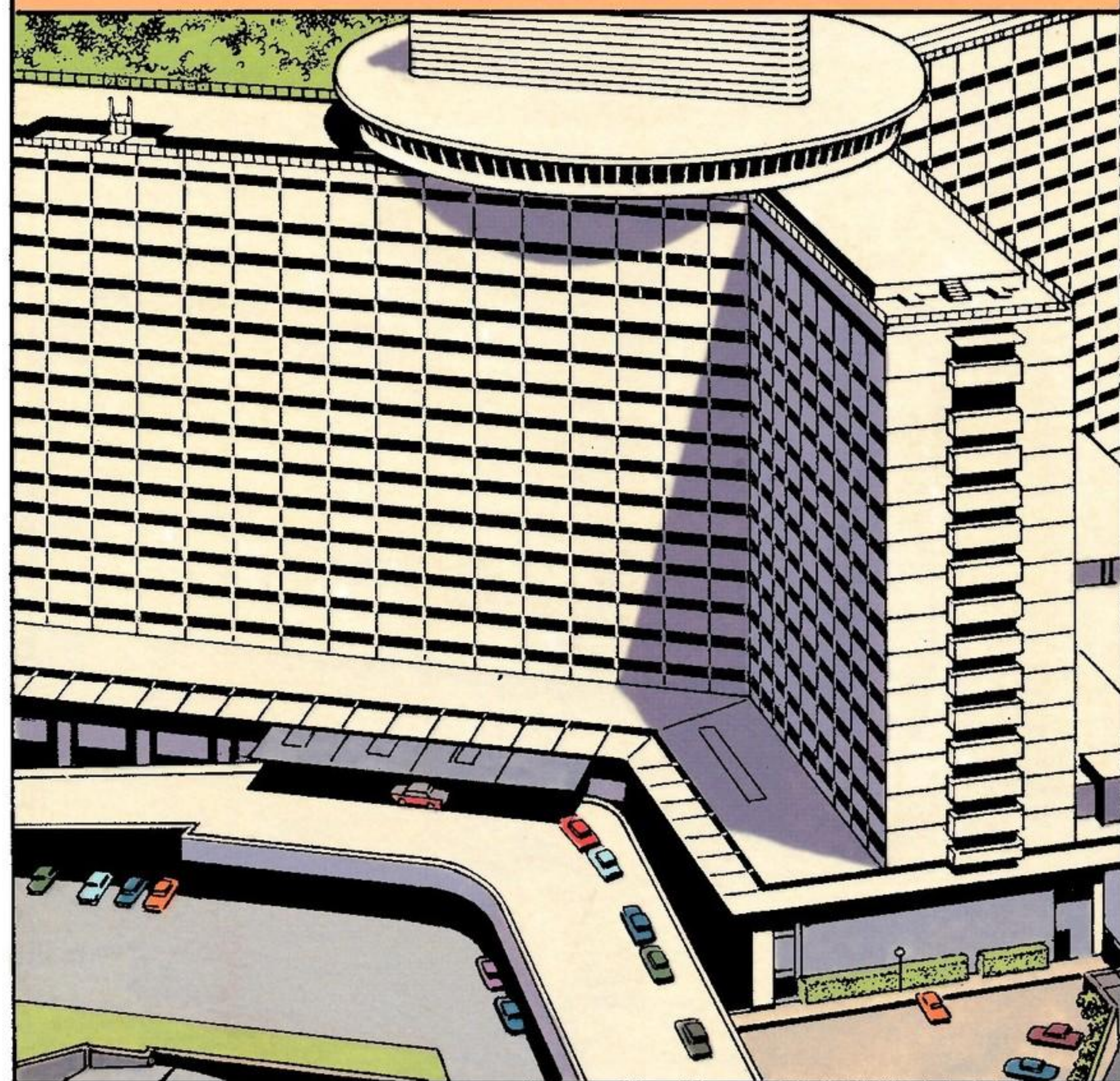
AFTER LEAVING THE TRAIN SWIFTLY...

New Otani Hotel.

Hai!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER THE TAXI DRIVER, HAVING DRIVEN LIKE A MANIAC, AS THEY ARE WONT TO DO, DROPS MORTIMER OFF BEFORE THE ENTRANCE OF THE MASSIVE HOTEL...



I'm Professor Mortimer, from London. There should be a reservation for me...?

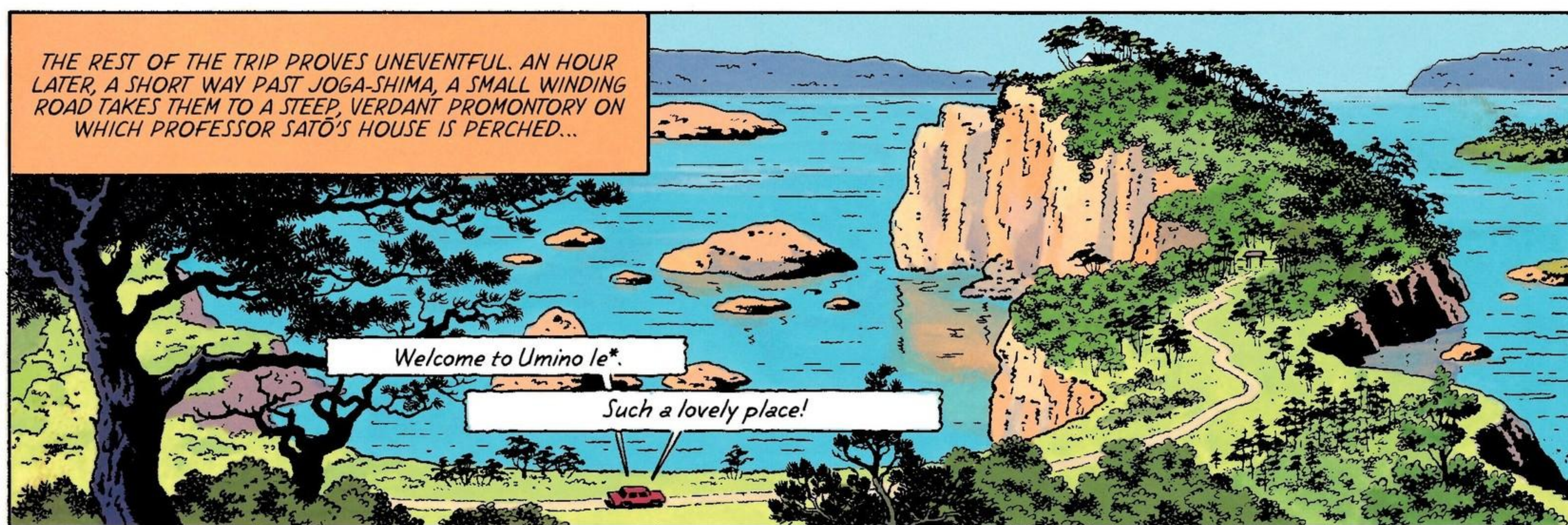
Certainly, Professor. Your luggage has just arrived.



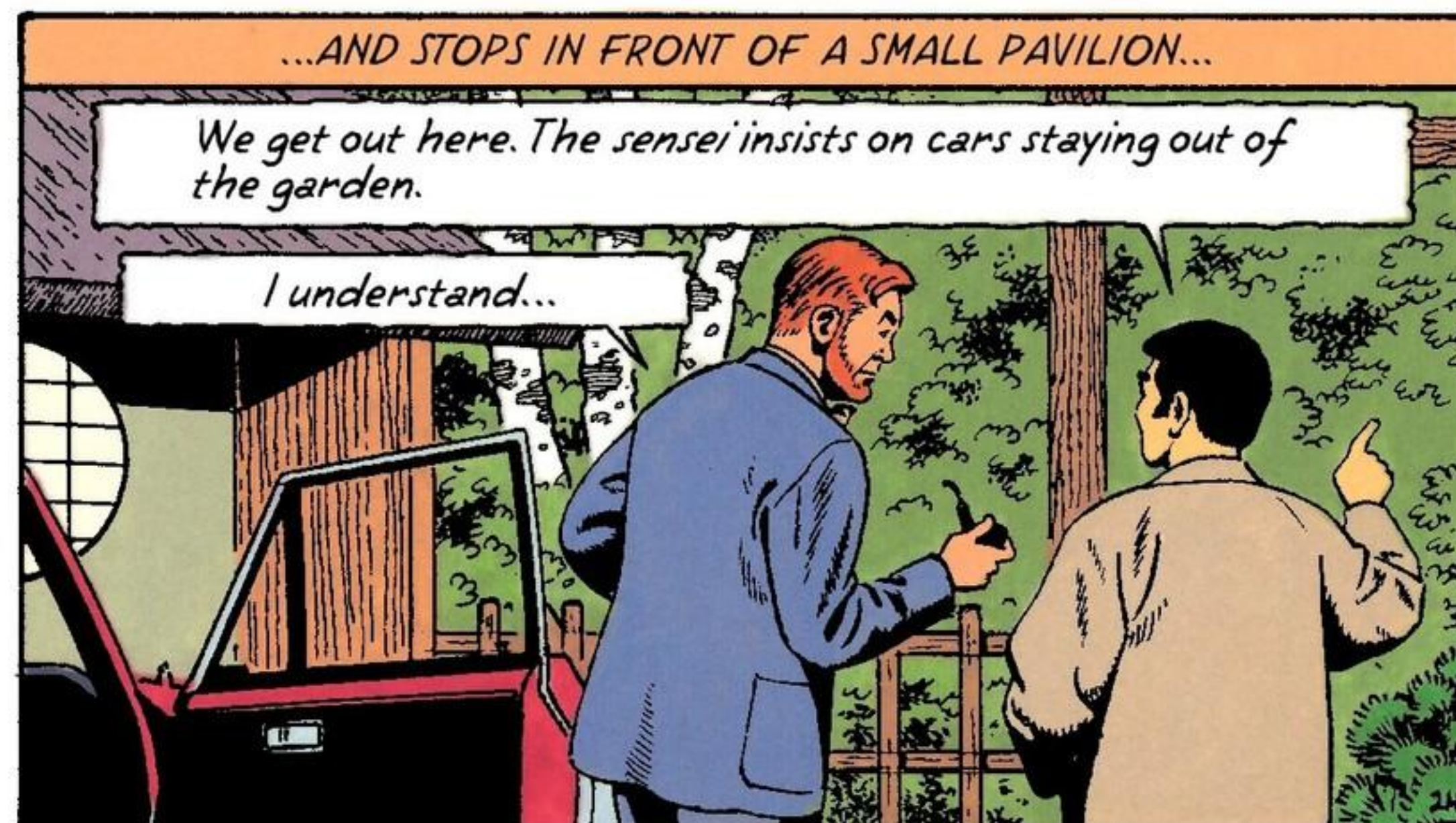
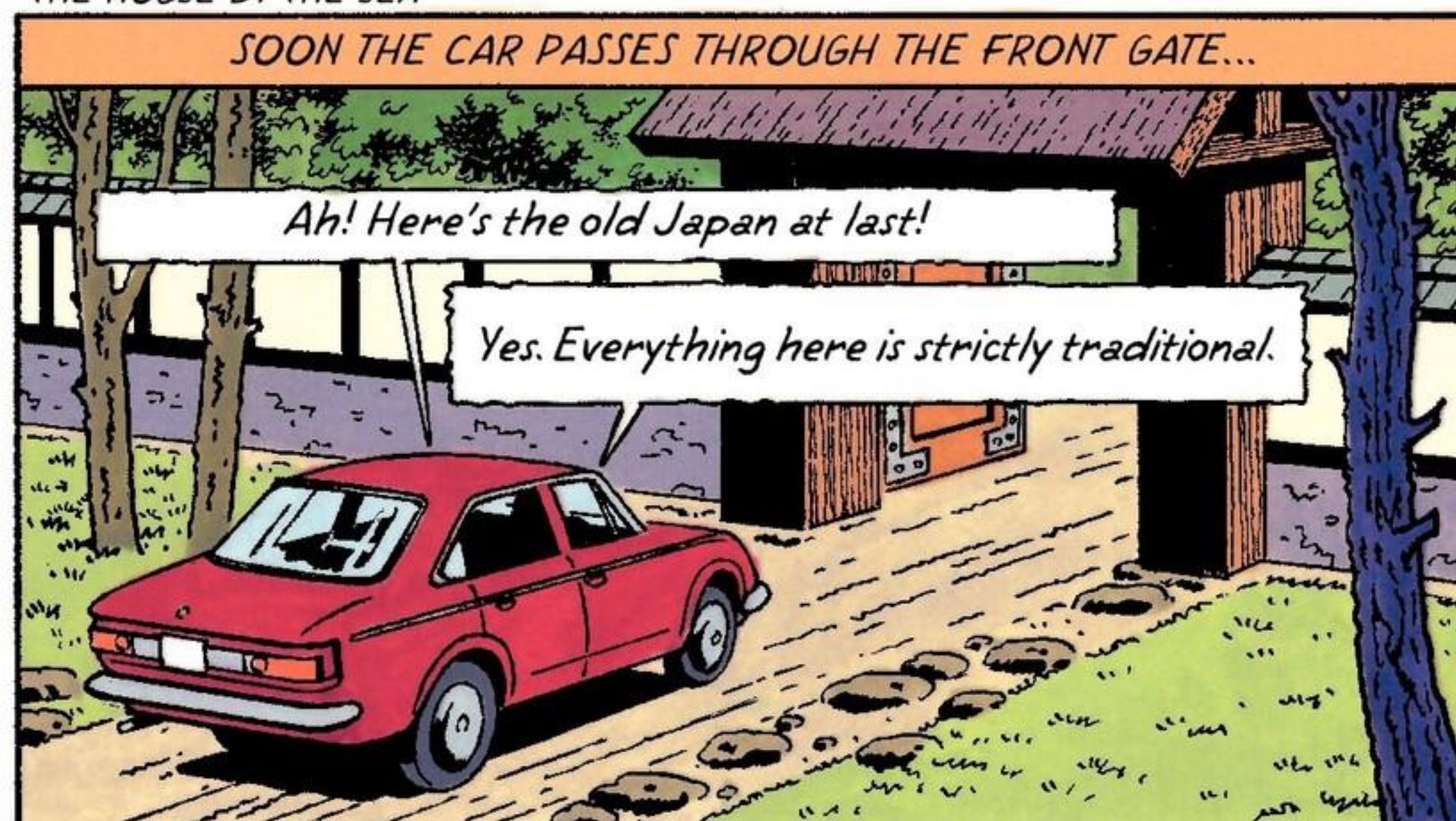
That's him.

OK, on my way.

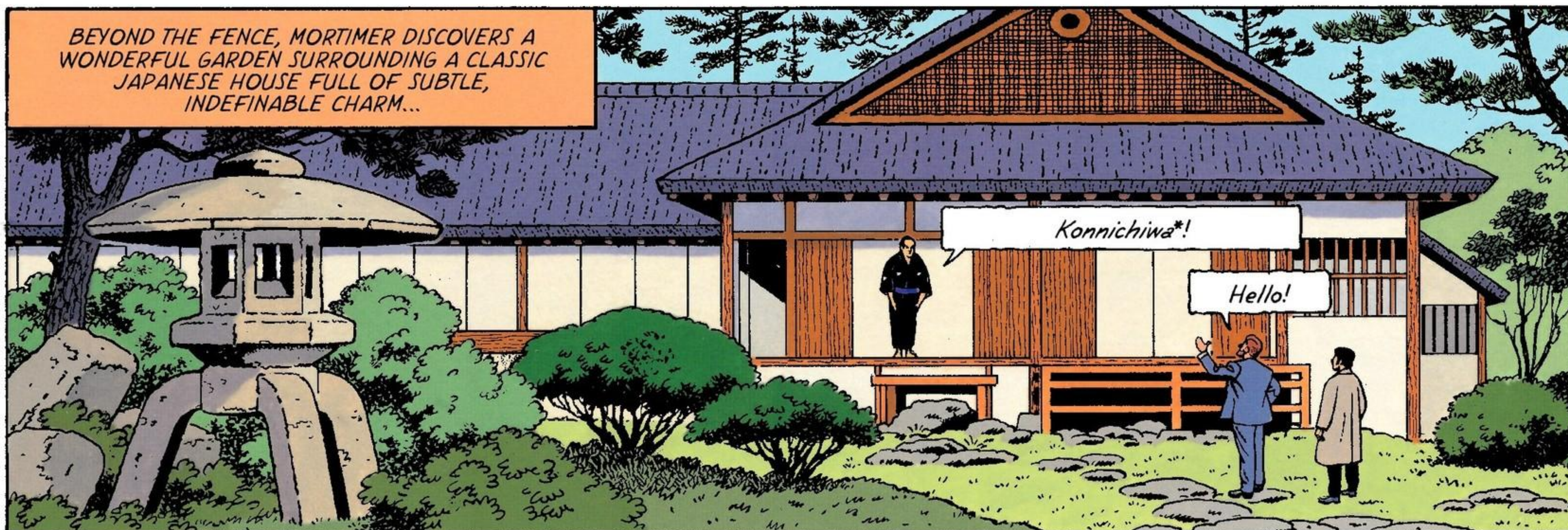




*THE HOUSE BY THE SEA



BEYOND THE FENCE, MORTIMER DISCOVERS A WONDERFUL GARDEN SURROUNDING A CLASSIC JAPANESE HOUSE FULL OF SUBTLE, INDEFINABLE CHARM...



Konnichiwa*!

Hello!

*GOOD AFTERNOON

I am deeply grateful to you for responding to my request.

I should be thanking you for this opportunity to see you again.

With your permission, sensei, I will return to the pavilion. If you need me...

Very well, Kim. Thank you.

So peaceful!... Everything here is conducive to rest and meditation.

Appearances can be deceptive... But let's go inside, shall we?

No need to take off your shoes, honourable friend. We're going directly to my laboratory. It'll be more convenient to talk.

Lead the way...

SATŌ HEADS STRAIGHT TO THE TOKONOMA*...

Hmm! Things must be serious to break with tradition so...

This way, please.

*AN ALCOVE IN A RECEPTION ROOM RESERVED FOR THE DISPLAY OF HONOURED ART PIECES

HE WAVES HIS HAND, AND THE BACK WALL SLIDES OPEN SOUNDLESSLY...

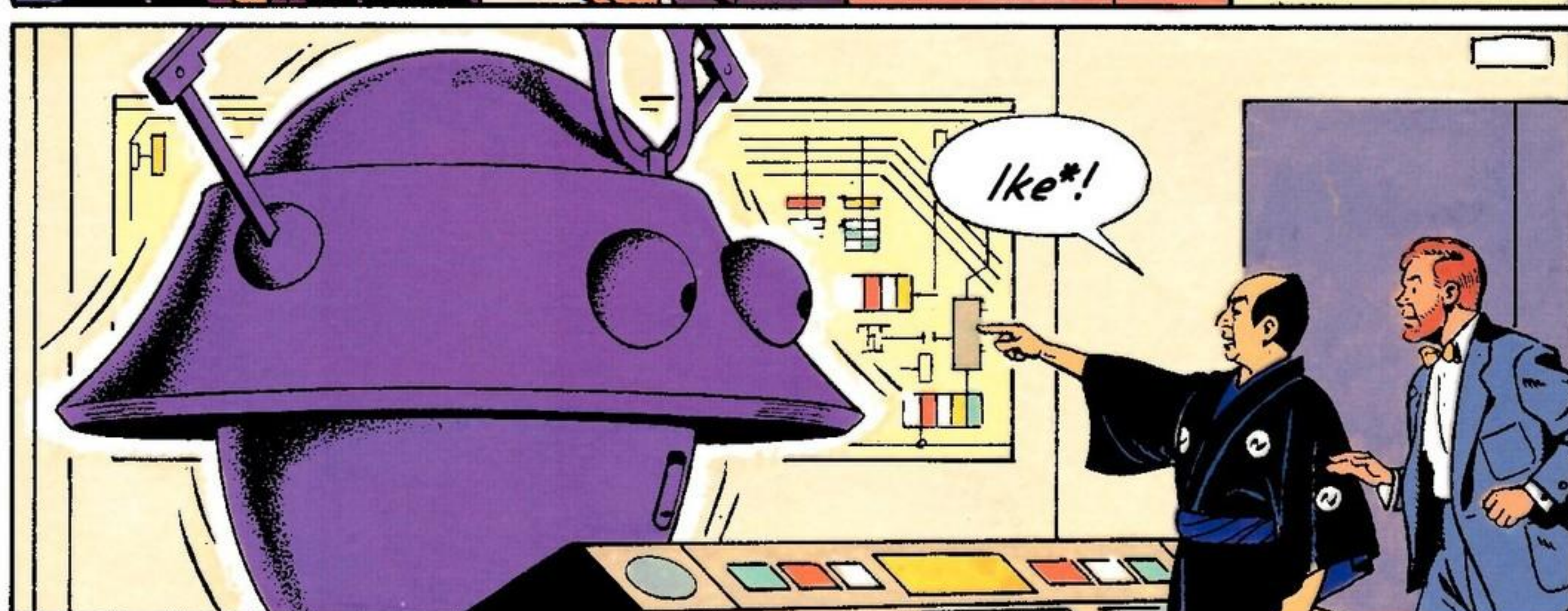
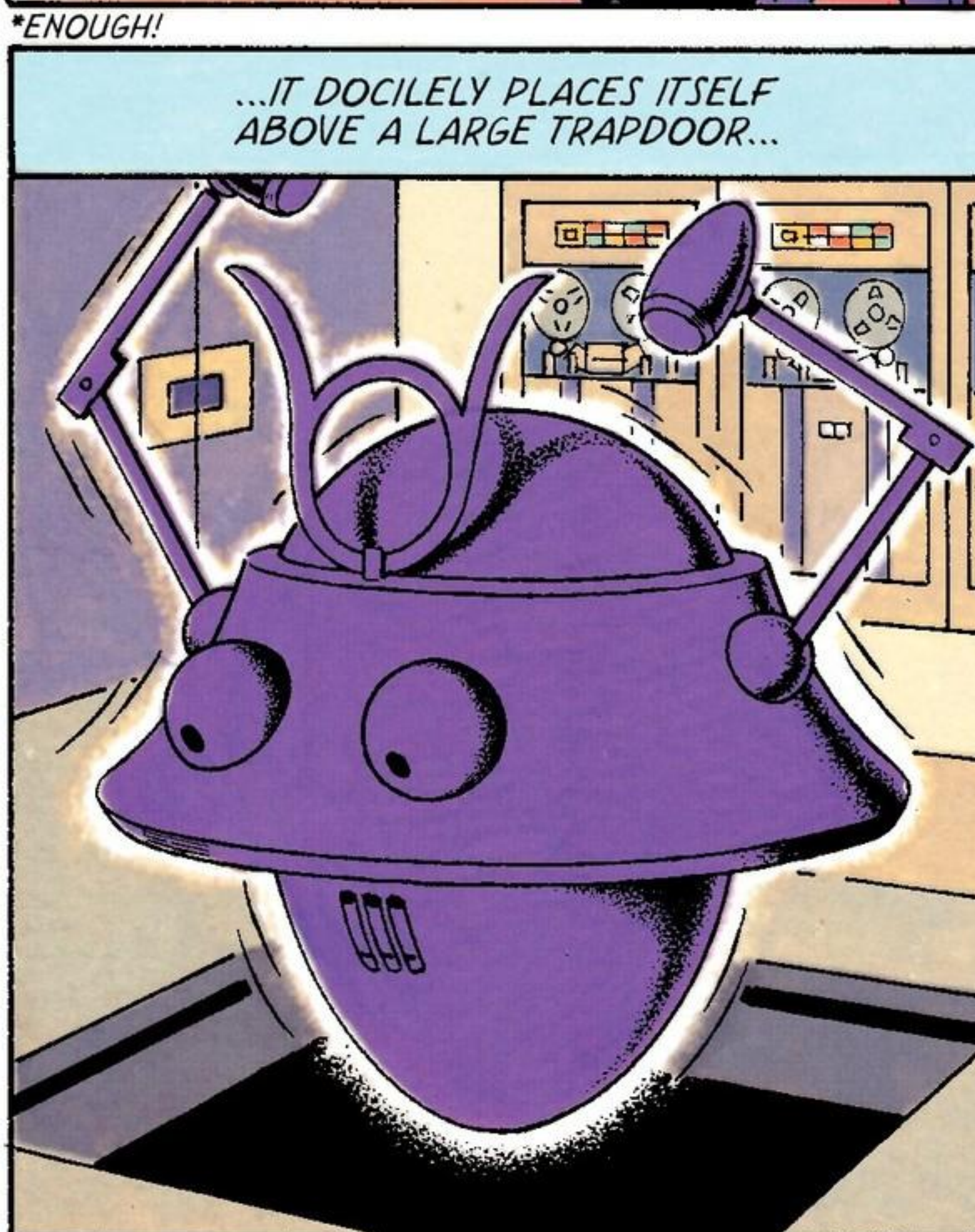
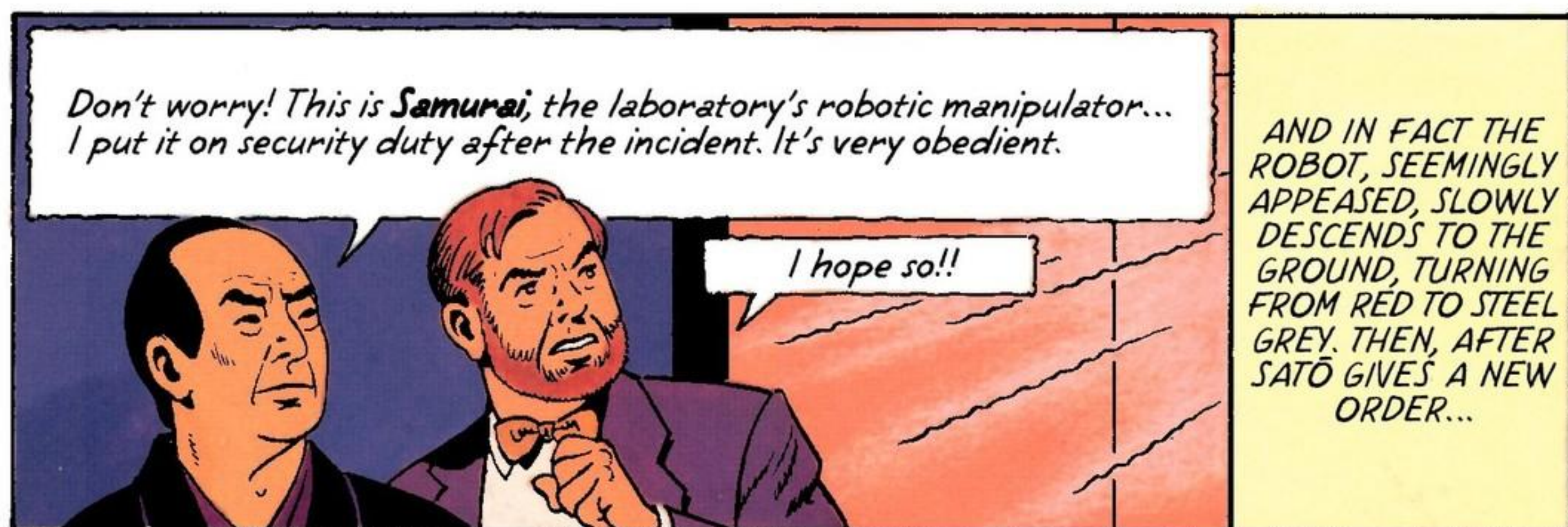
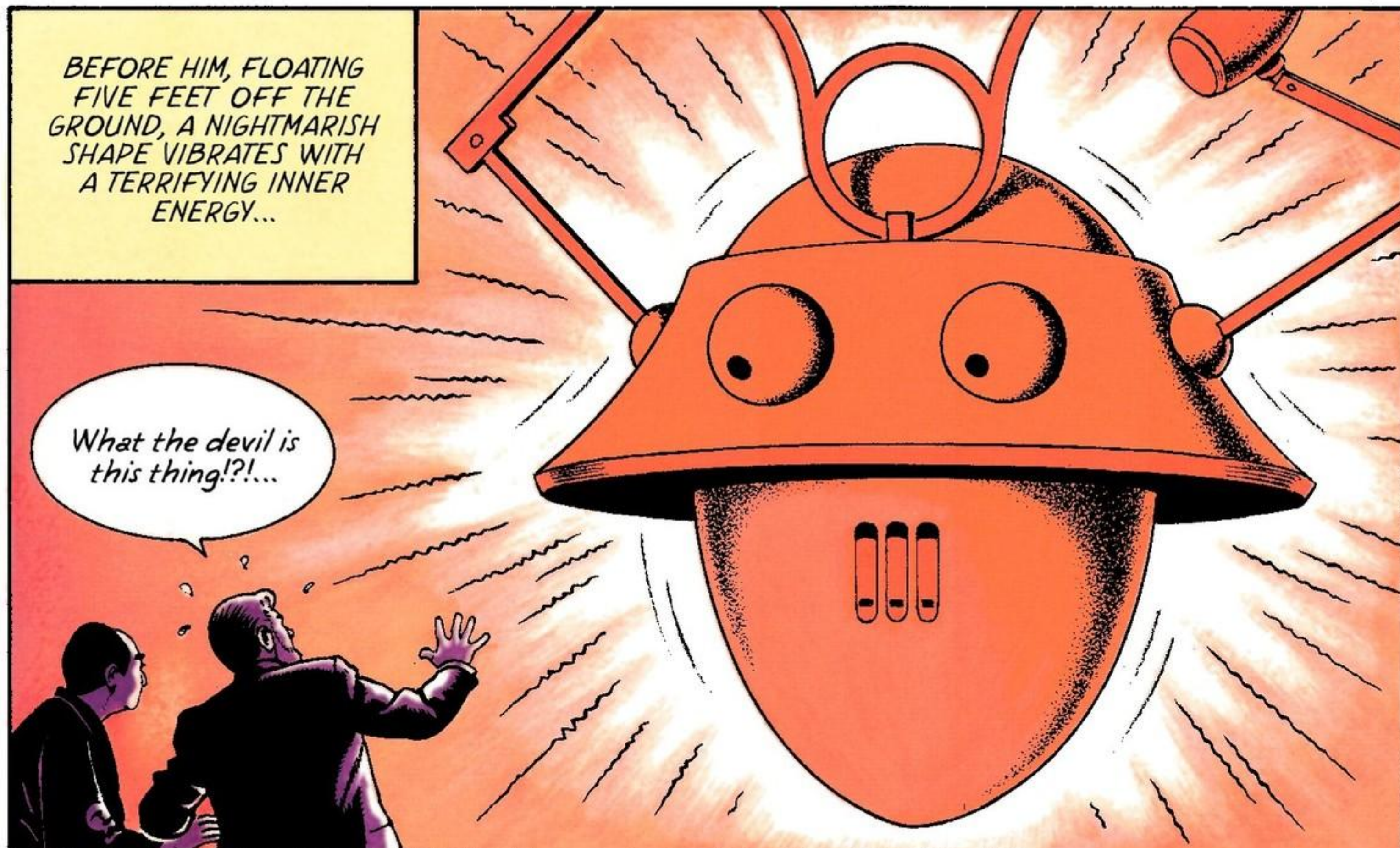
By Jove!

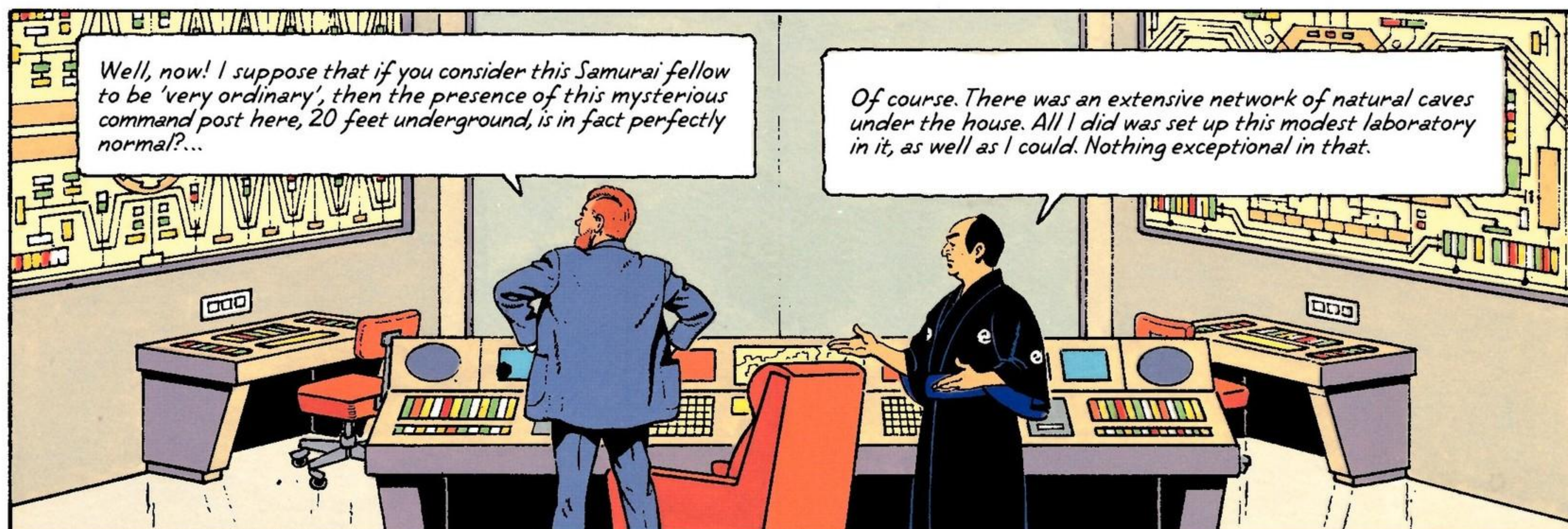
Goodness! What is this? Fu-Manchu's secret lair?...

No more than a simple lift.

SATŌ FLIPS A SWITCH AND THE LIFT BEGINS ITS DESCENT...

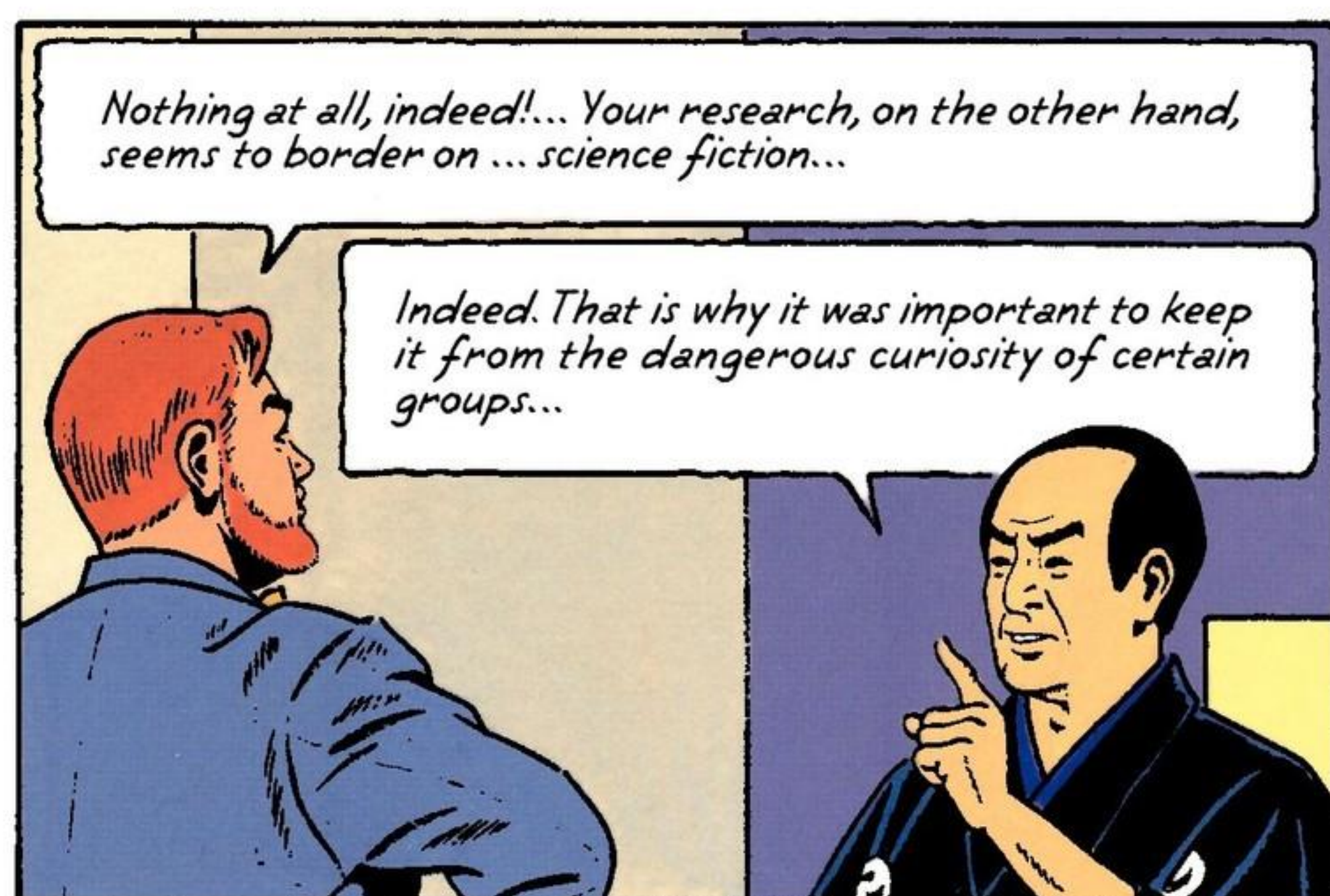
An elementary precaution. Quite ineffective it seems, alas... But here we are.





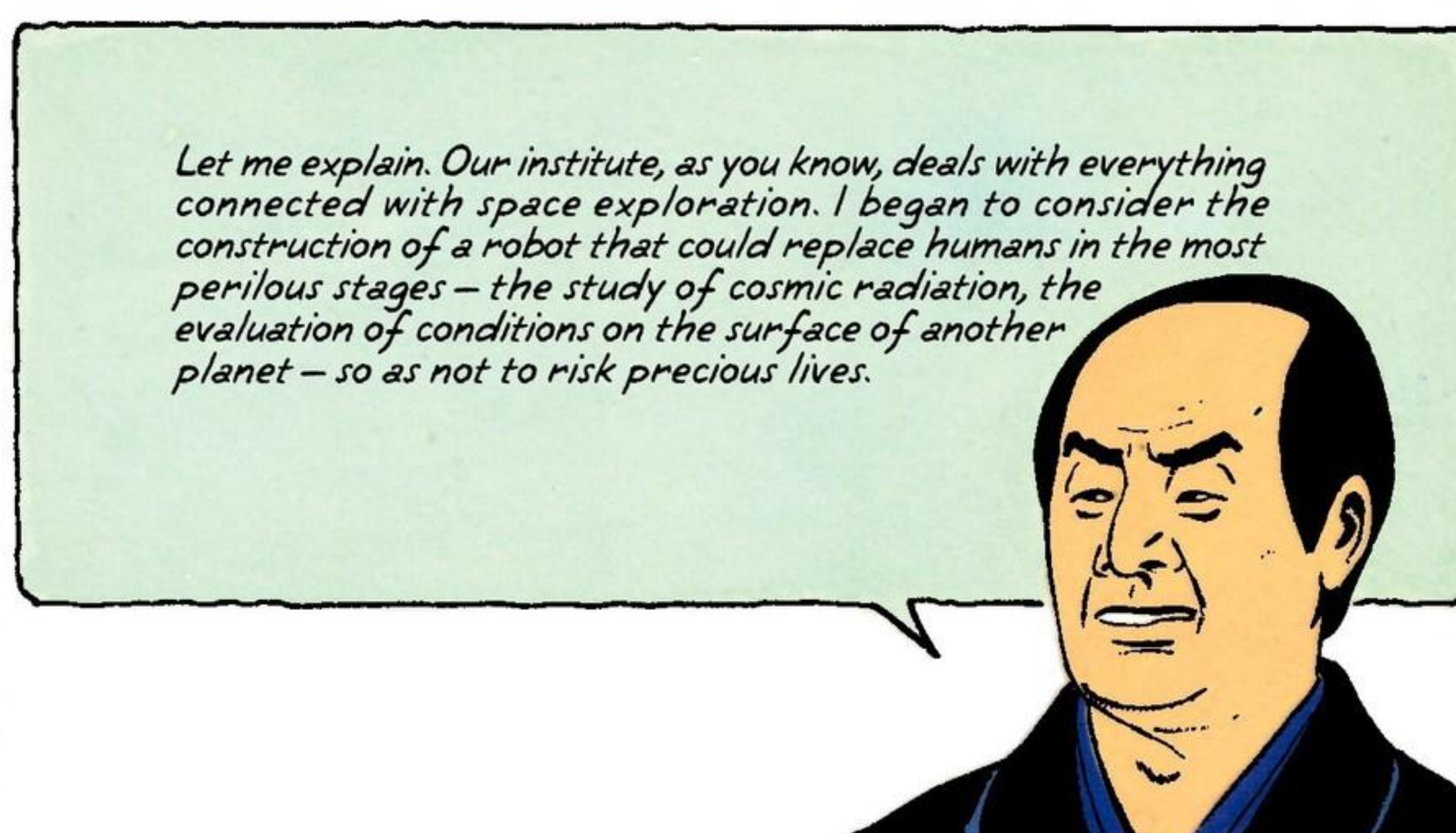
Well, now! I suppose that if you consider this Samurai fellow to be 'very ordinary', then the presence of this mysterious command post here, 20 feet underground, is in fact perfectly normal?...

Of course. There was an extensive network of natural caves under the house. All I did was set up this modest laboratory in it, as well as I could. Nothing exceptional in that.

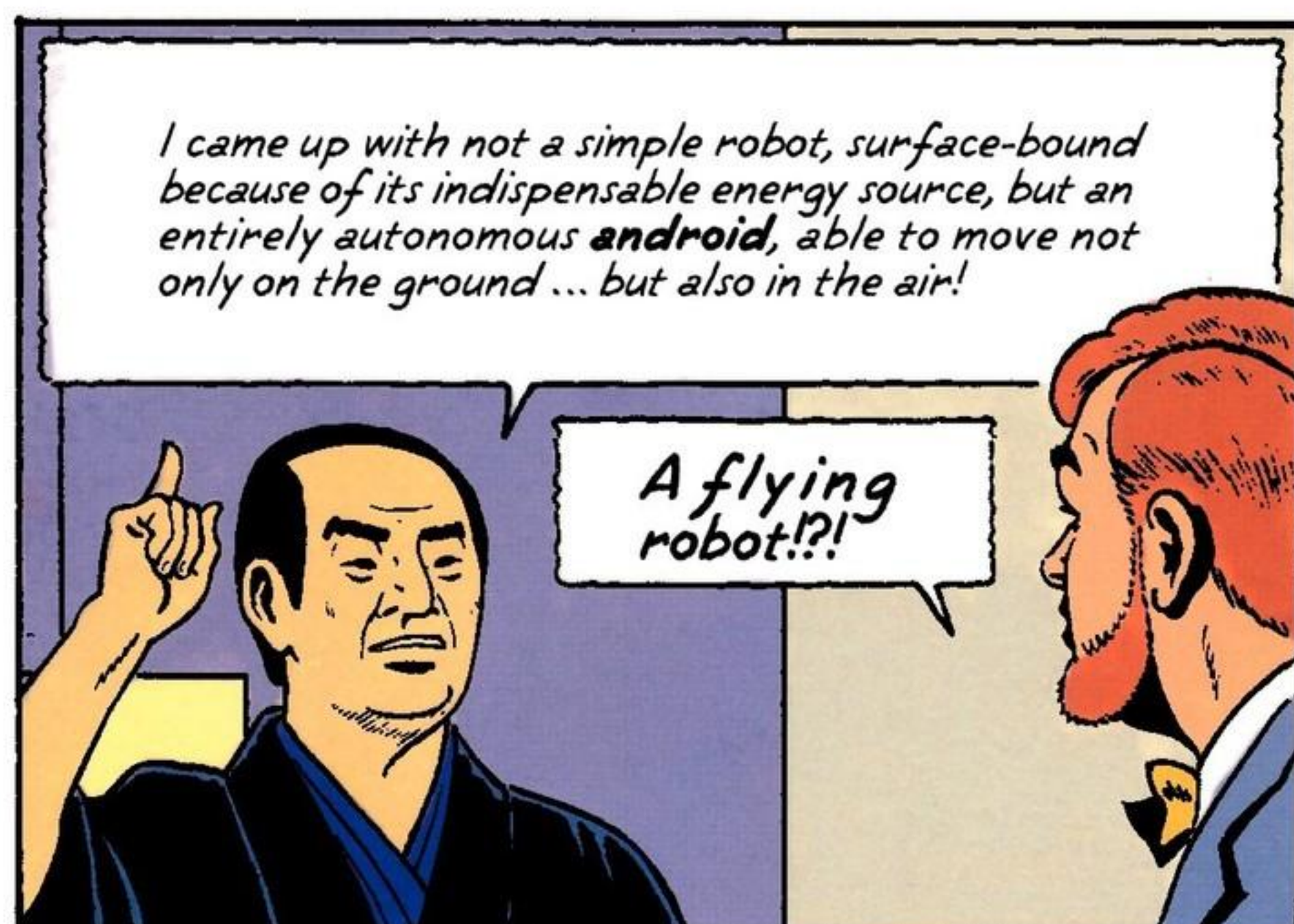


Nothing at all, indeed!... Your research, on the other hand, seems to border on ... science fiction...

Indeed. That is why it was important to keep it from the dangerous curiosity of certain groups...

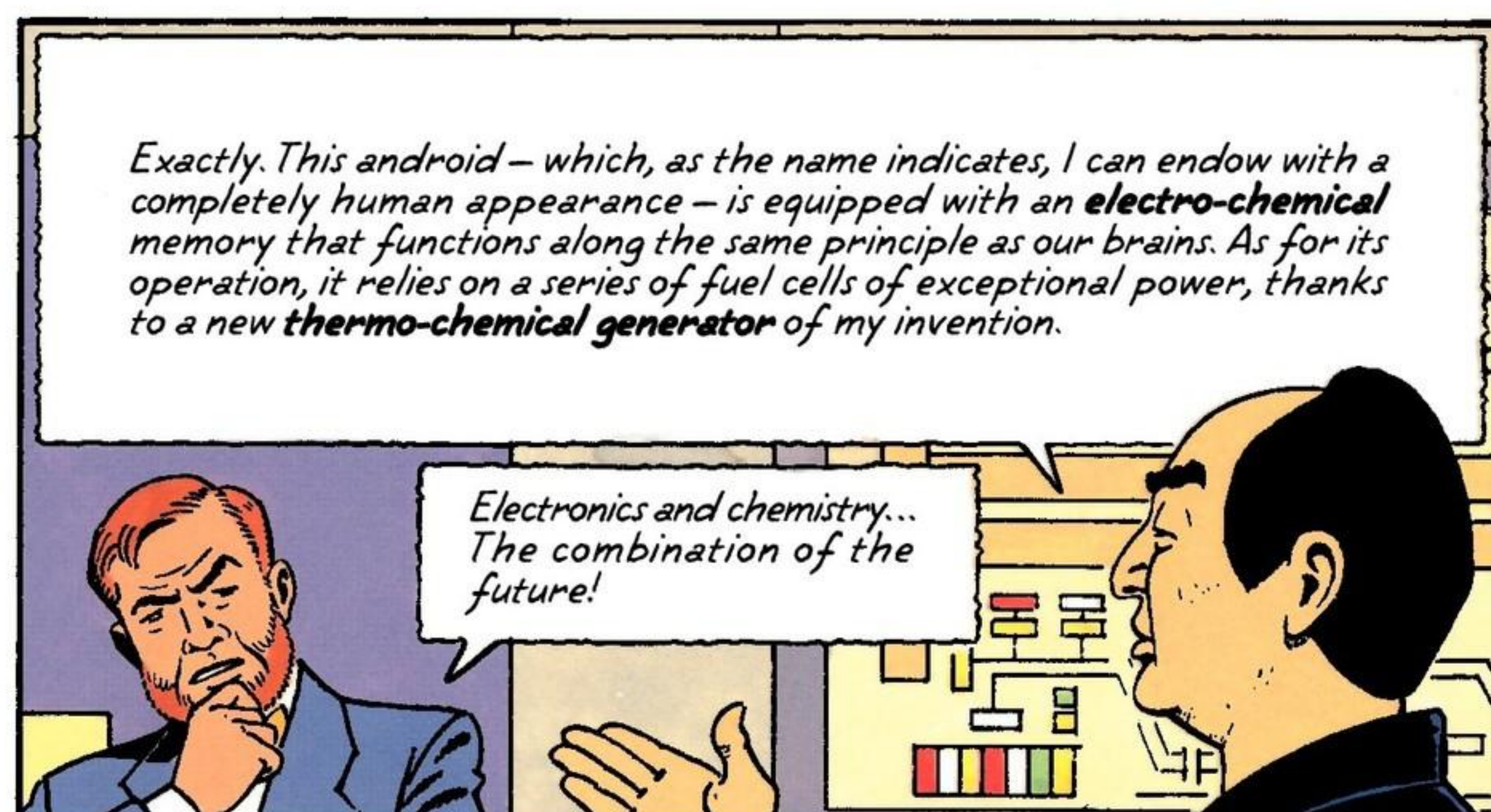


Let me explain. Our institute, as you know, deals with everything connected with space exploration. I began to consider the construction of a robot that could replace humans in the most perilous stages – the study of cosmic radiation, the evaluation of conditions on the surface of another planet – so as not to risk precious lives.



I came up with not a simple robot, surface-bound because of its indispensable energy source, but an entirely autonomous **android**, able to move not only on the ground ... but also in the air!

A flying robot?!



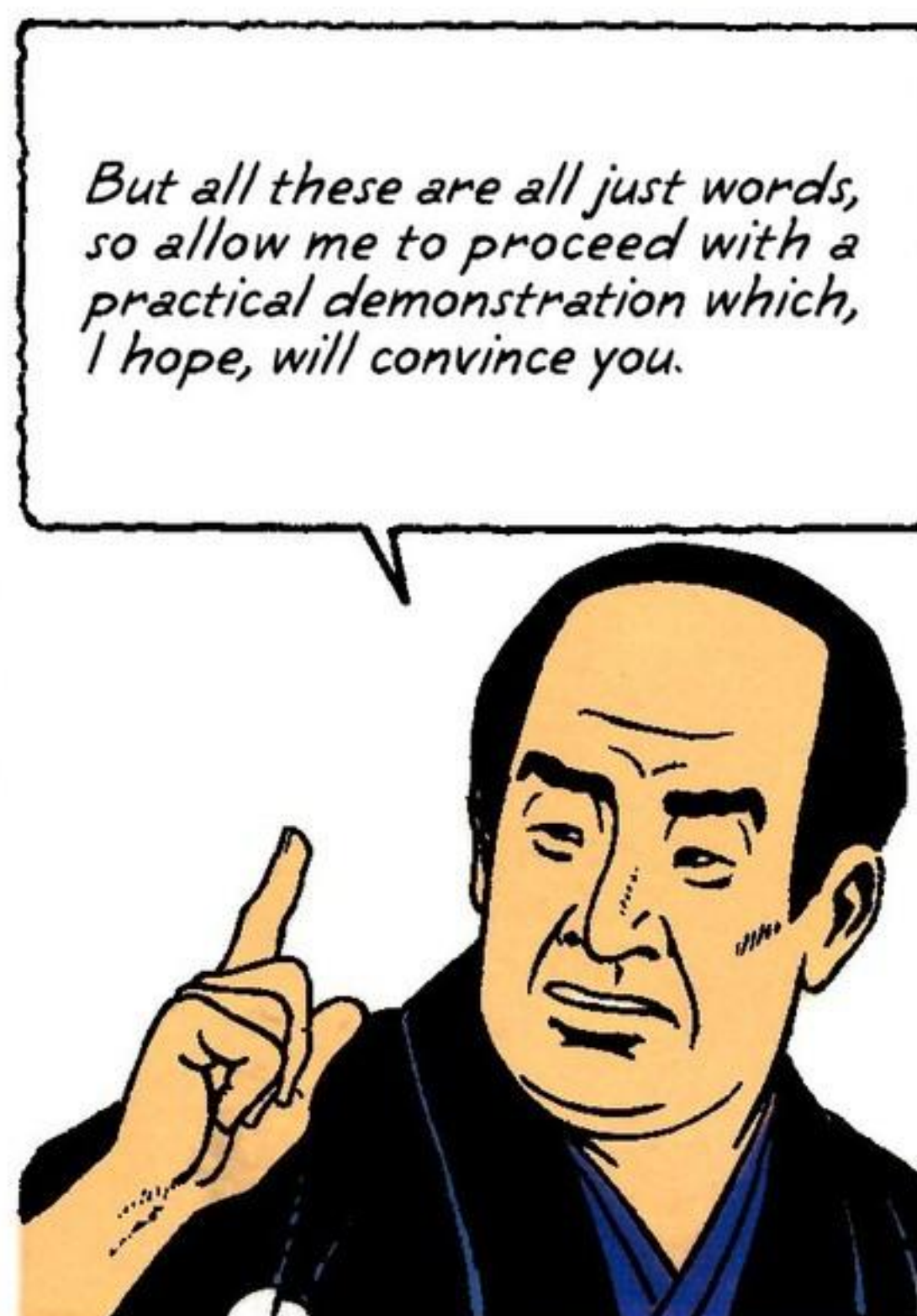
Exactly. This android – which, as the name indicates, I can endow with a completely human appearance – is equipped with an **electro-chemical** memory that functions along the same principle as our brains. As for its operation, it relies on a series of fuel cells of exceptional power, thanks to a new **thermo-chemical generator** of my invention.

Electronics and chemistry... The combination of the future!



Finally, know that I can give the android any shape or appearance, and that I can replicate it endlessly using **electronic parthenogenesis**.

Incredible!



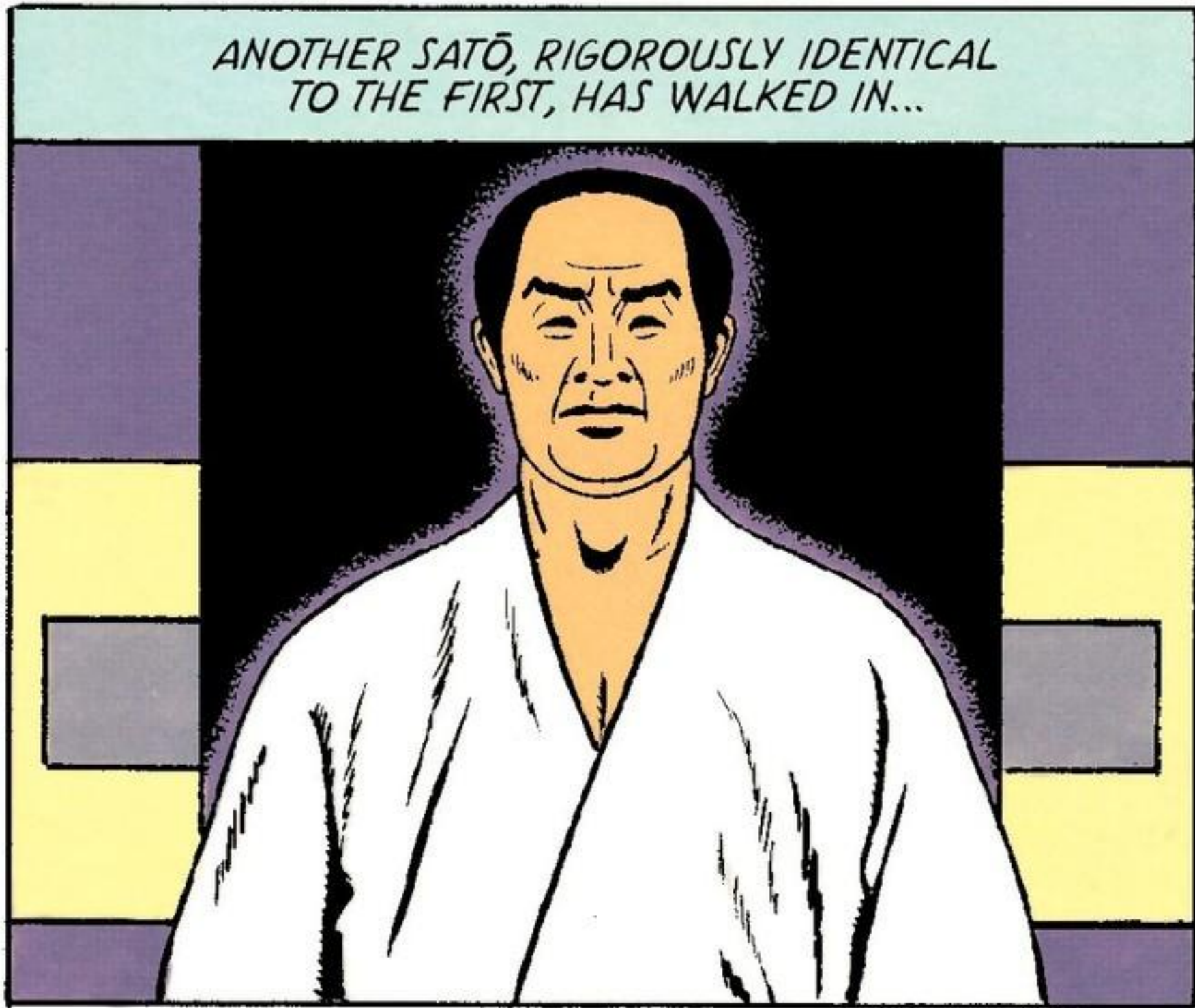
But all these are all just words, so allow me to proceed with a practical demonstration which, I hope, will convince you.



WHILE TALKING, SATŌ STEPS UP TO THE CONSOLE, AND...

Look...

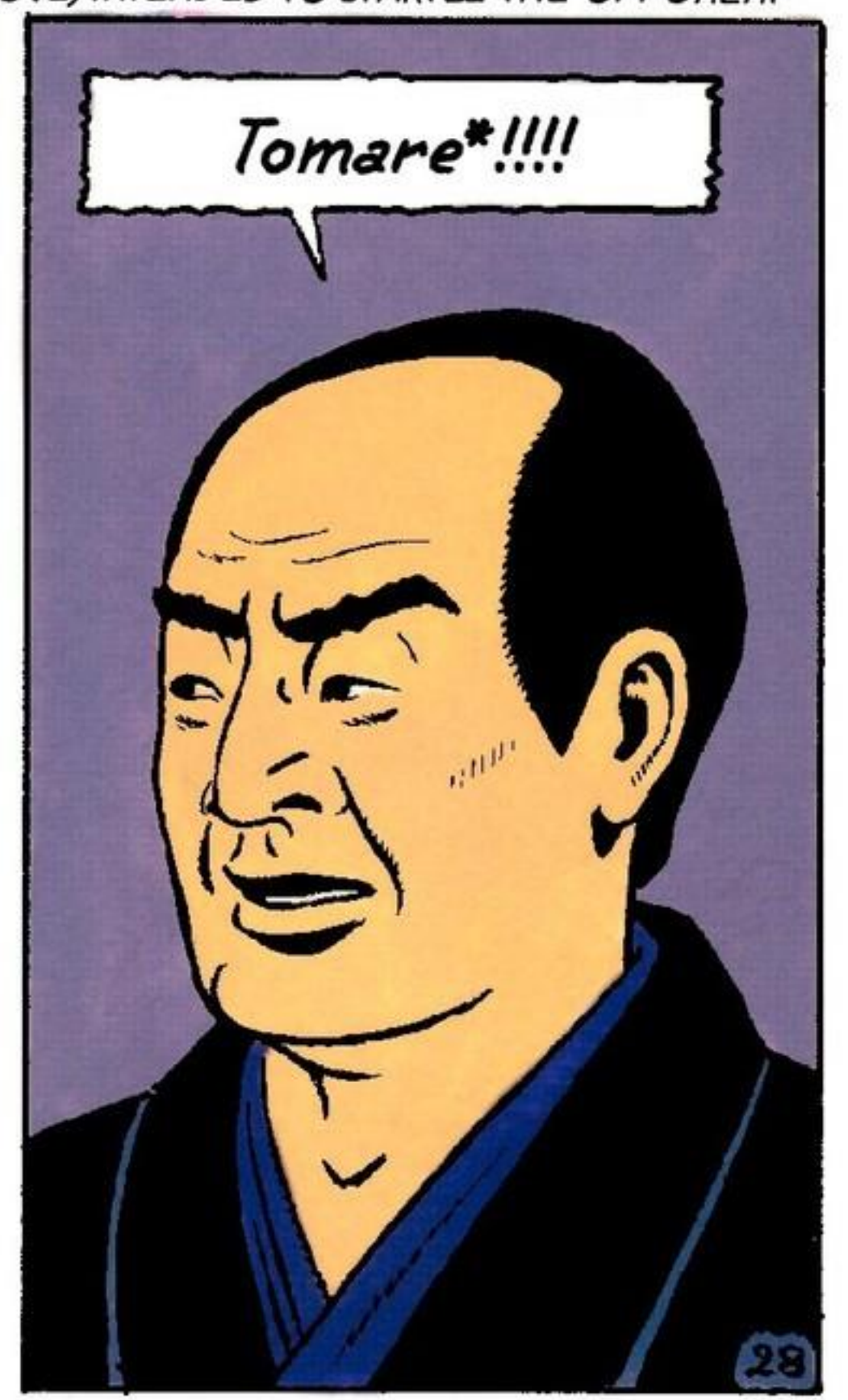
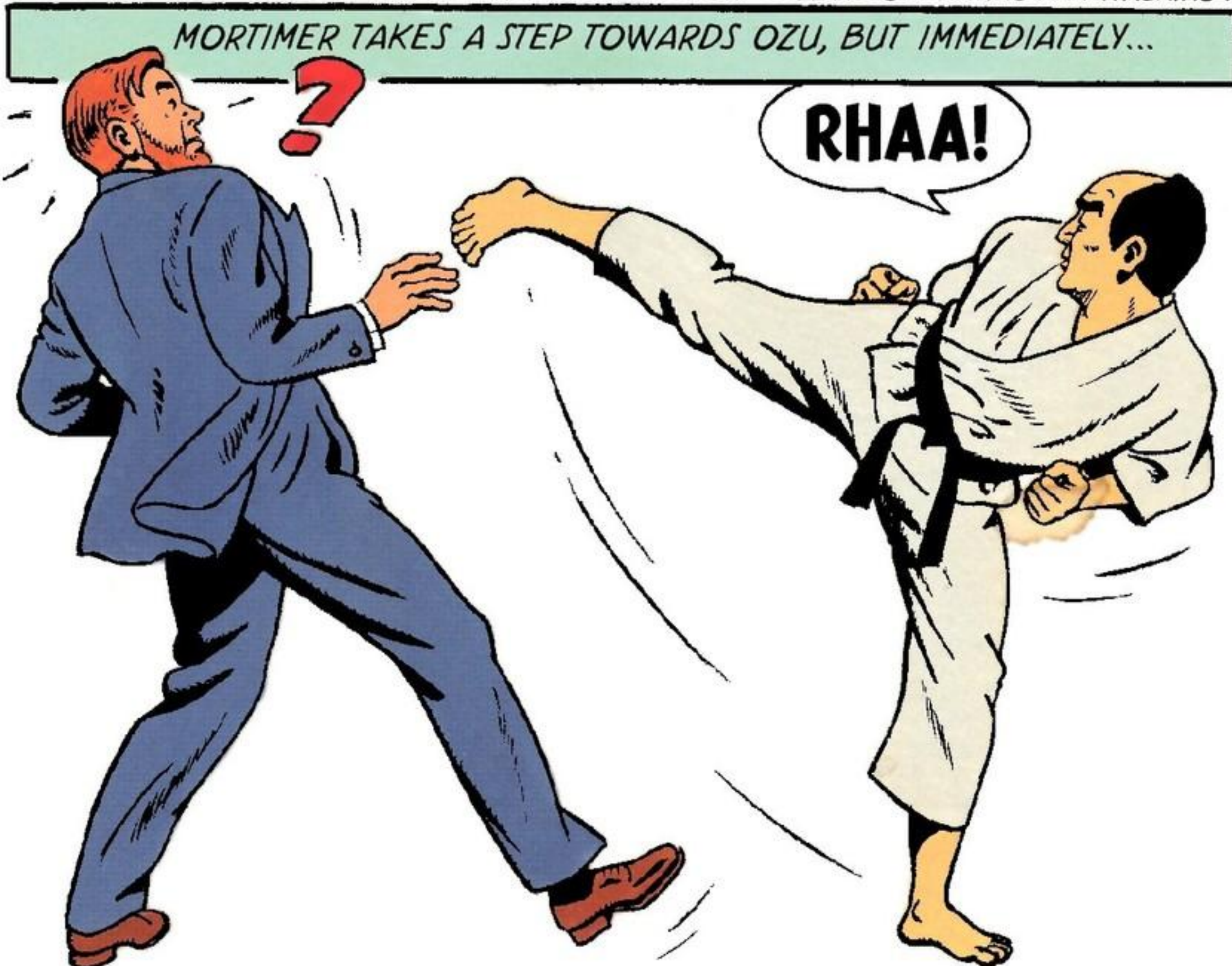
Goodness?!?



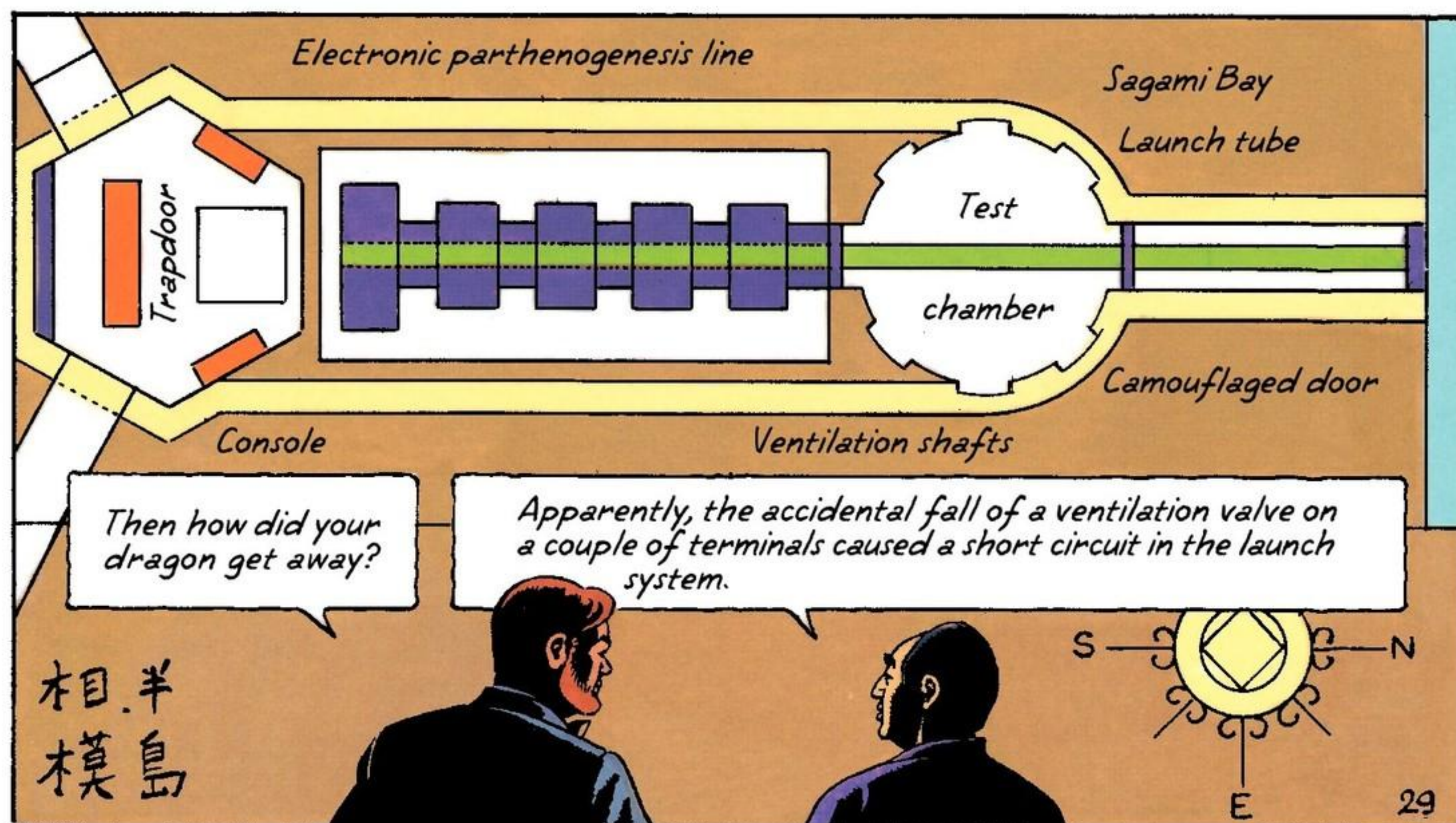
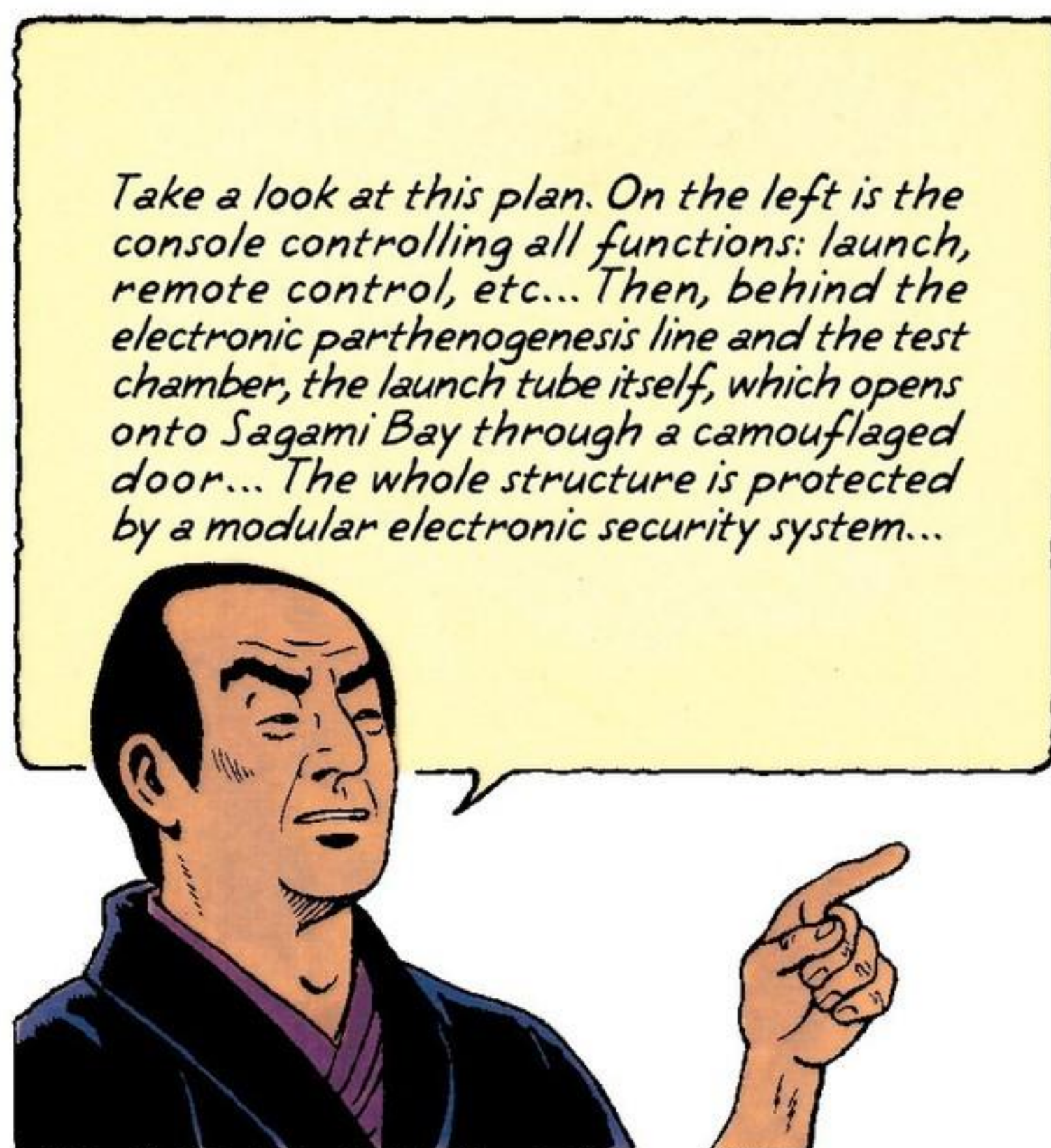
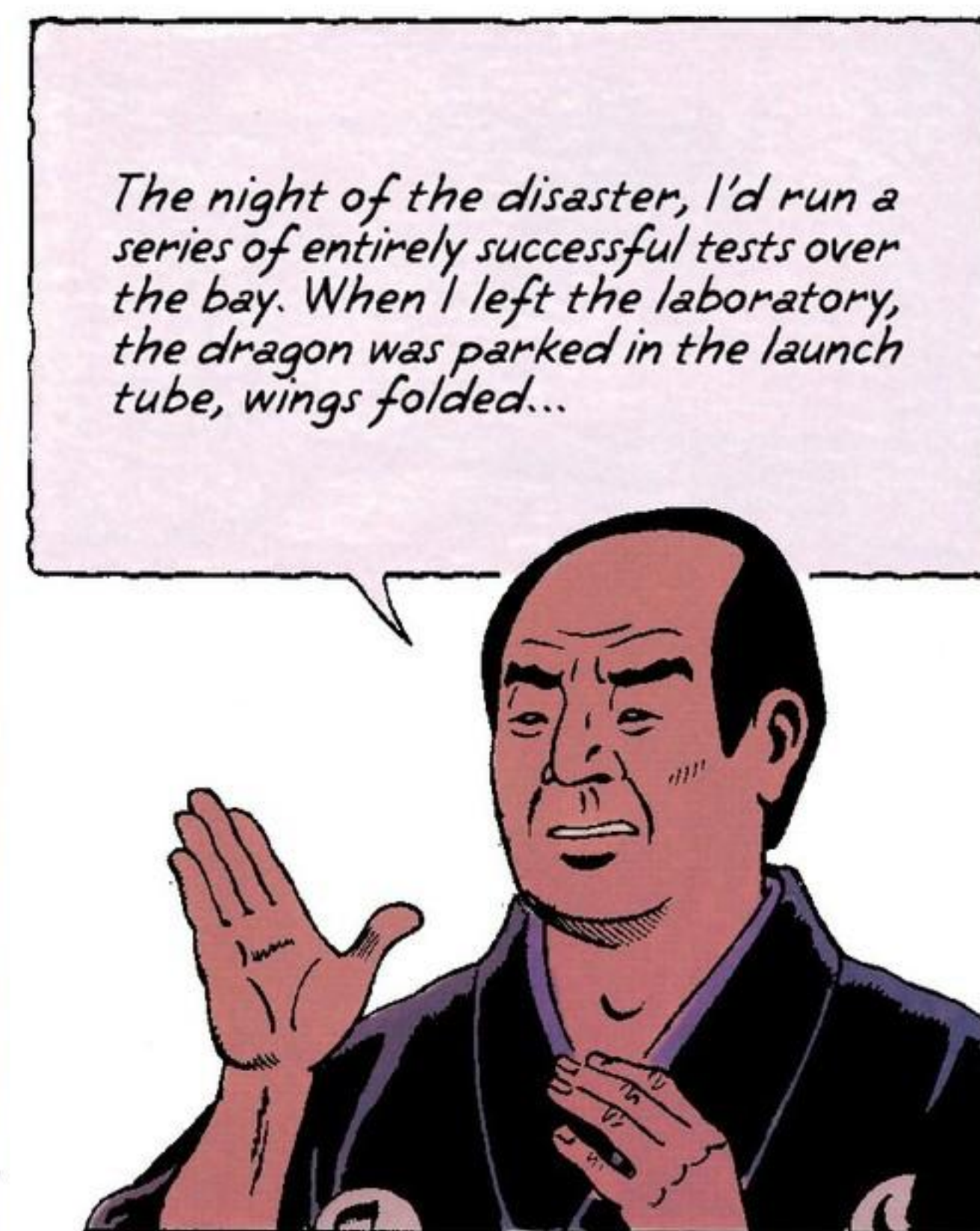
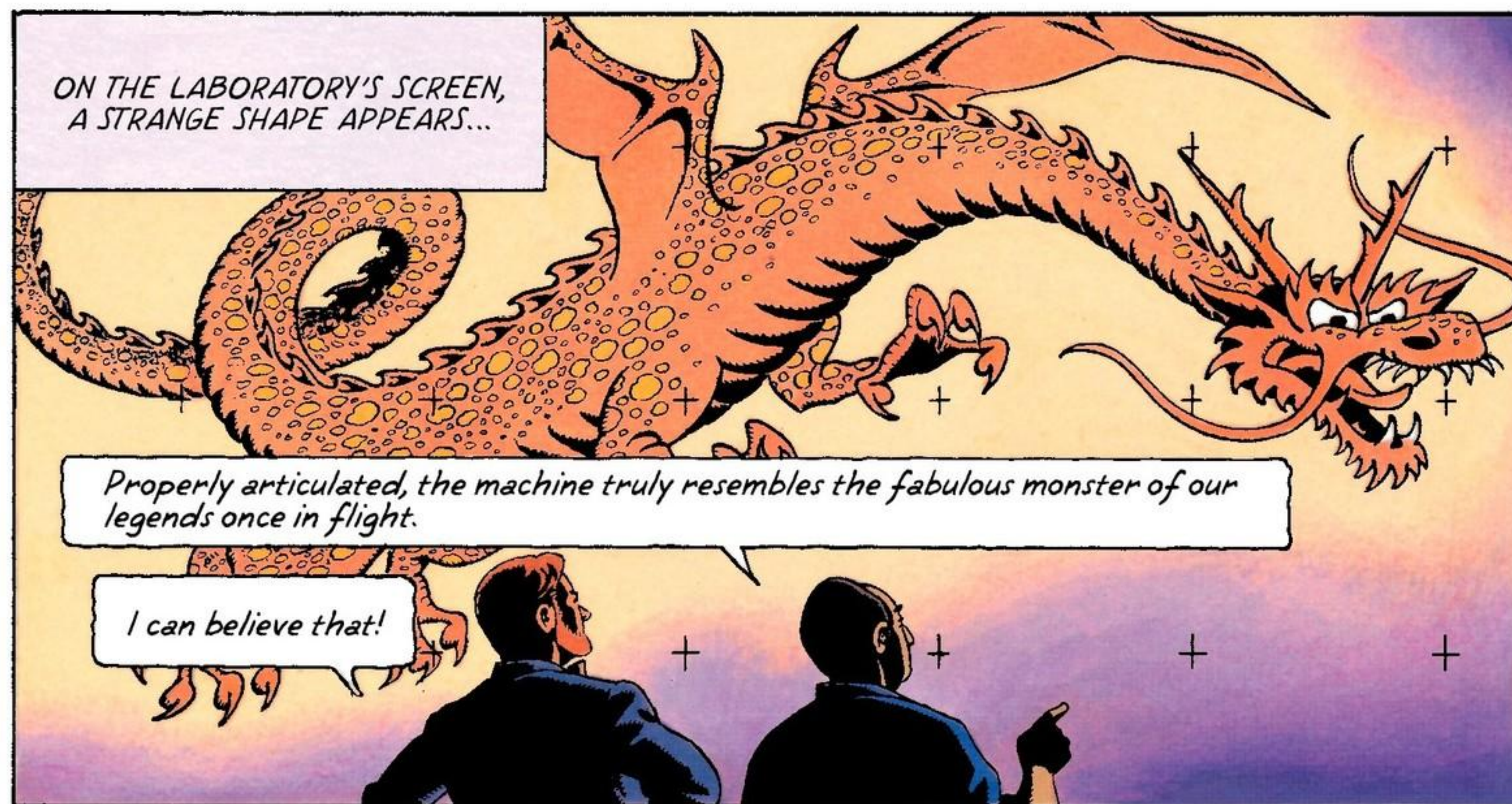
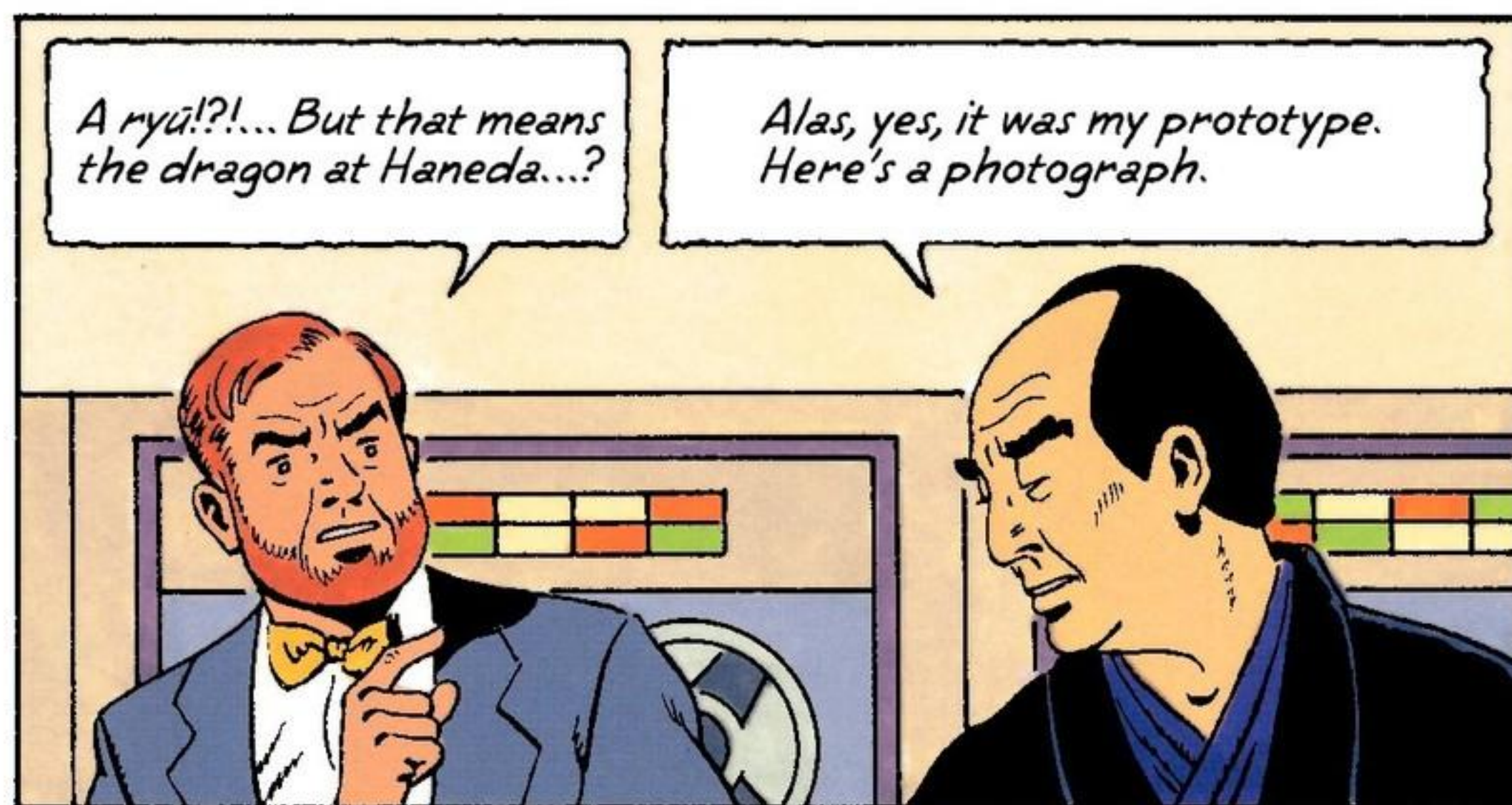
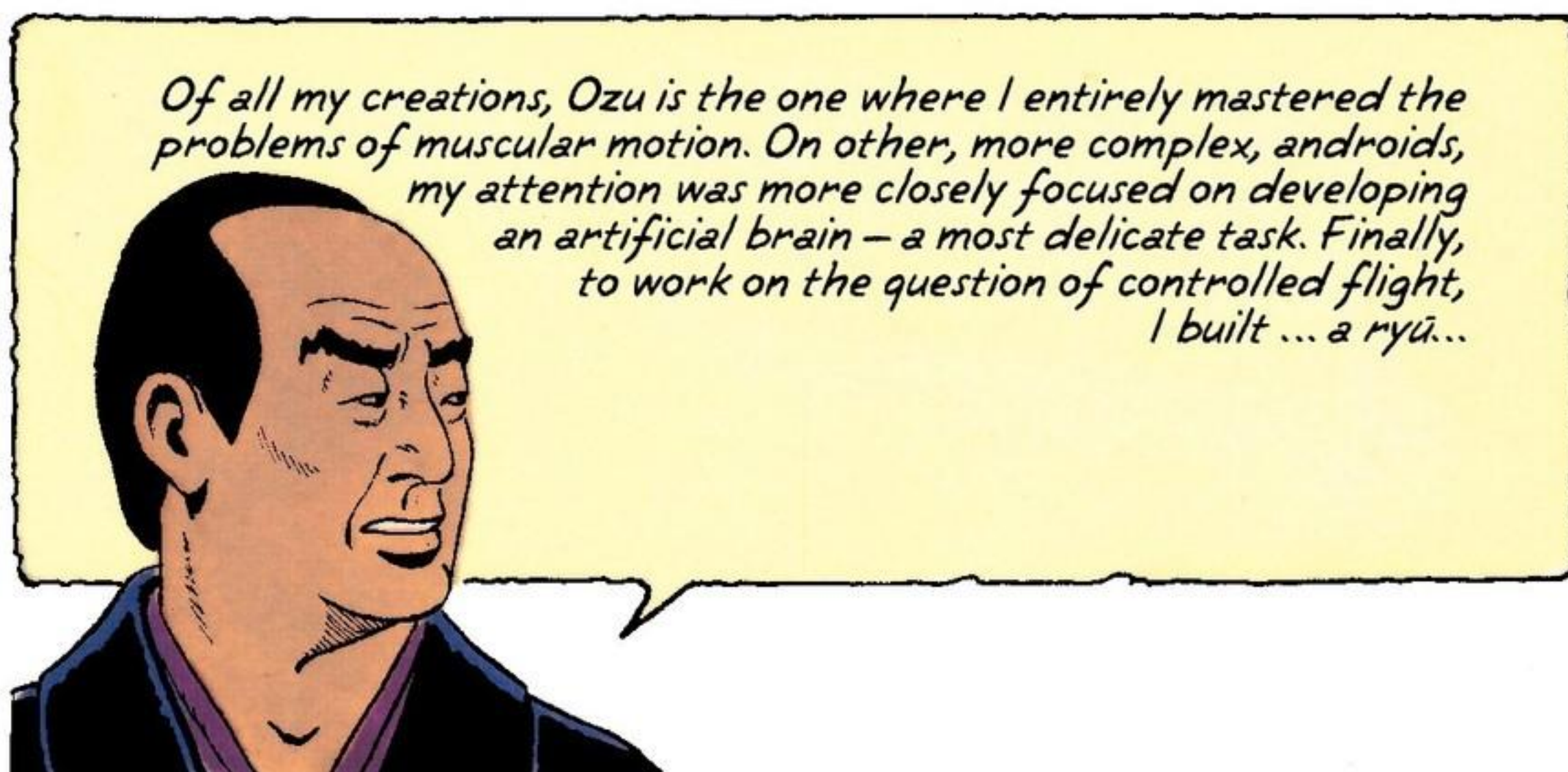
THE ANDROID SALUTES, THEN PUTS ITSELF IN A **YOI** POSITION AND, BEFORE AN ASTOUNDED MORTIMER, GOES THROUGH A LIGHTNING-FAST SERIES OF **KATA** PUNCTUATED WITH TERRIFYING **KIAI***...

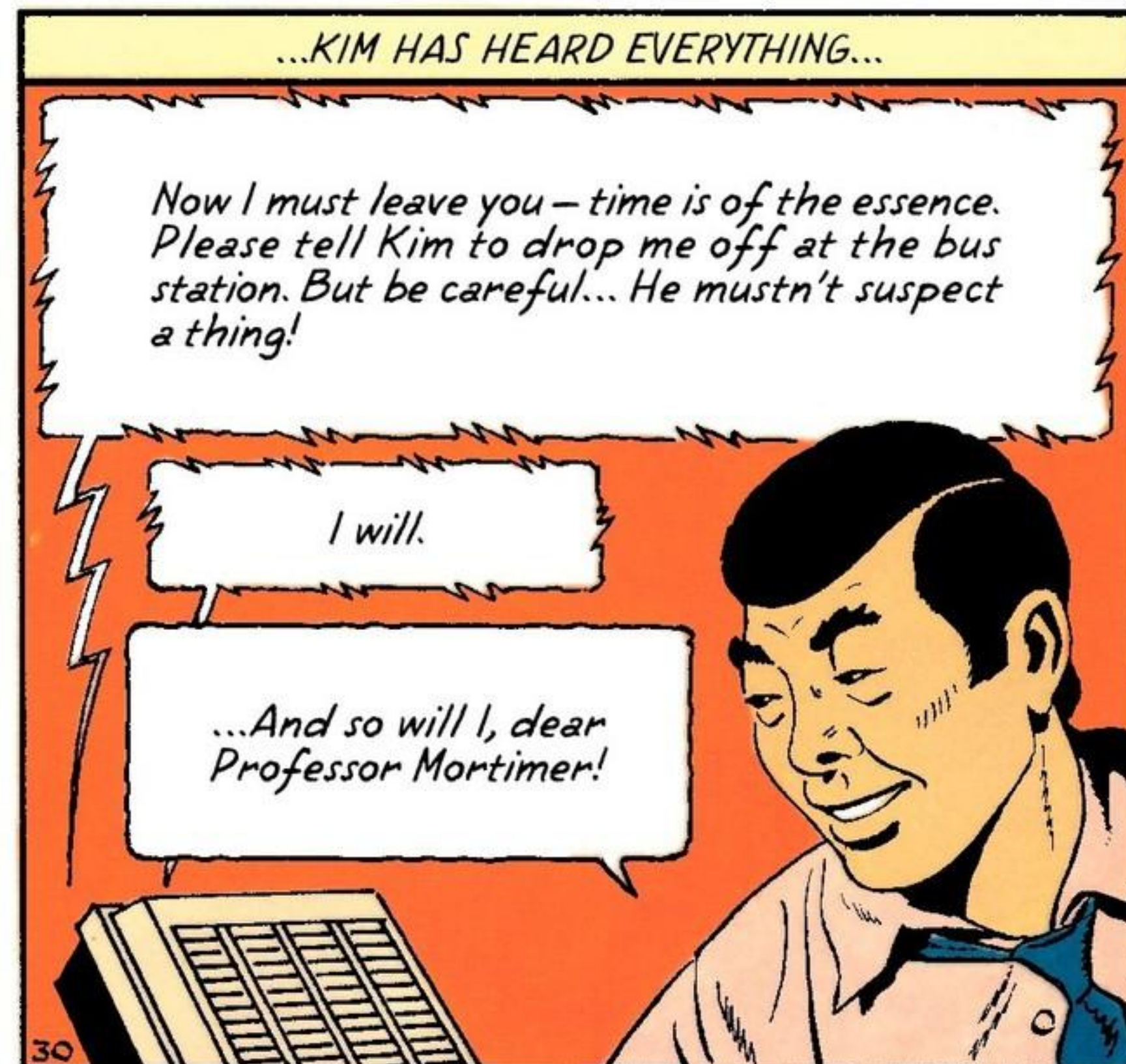
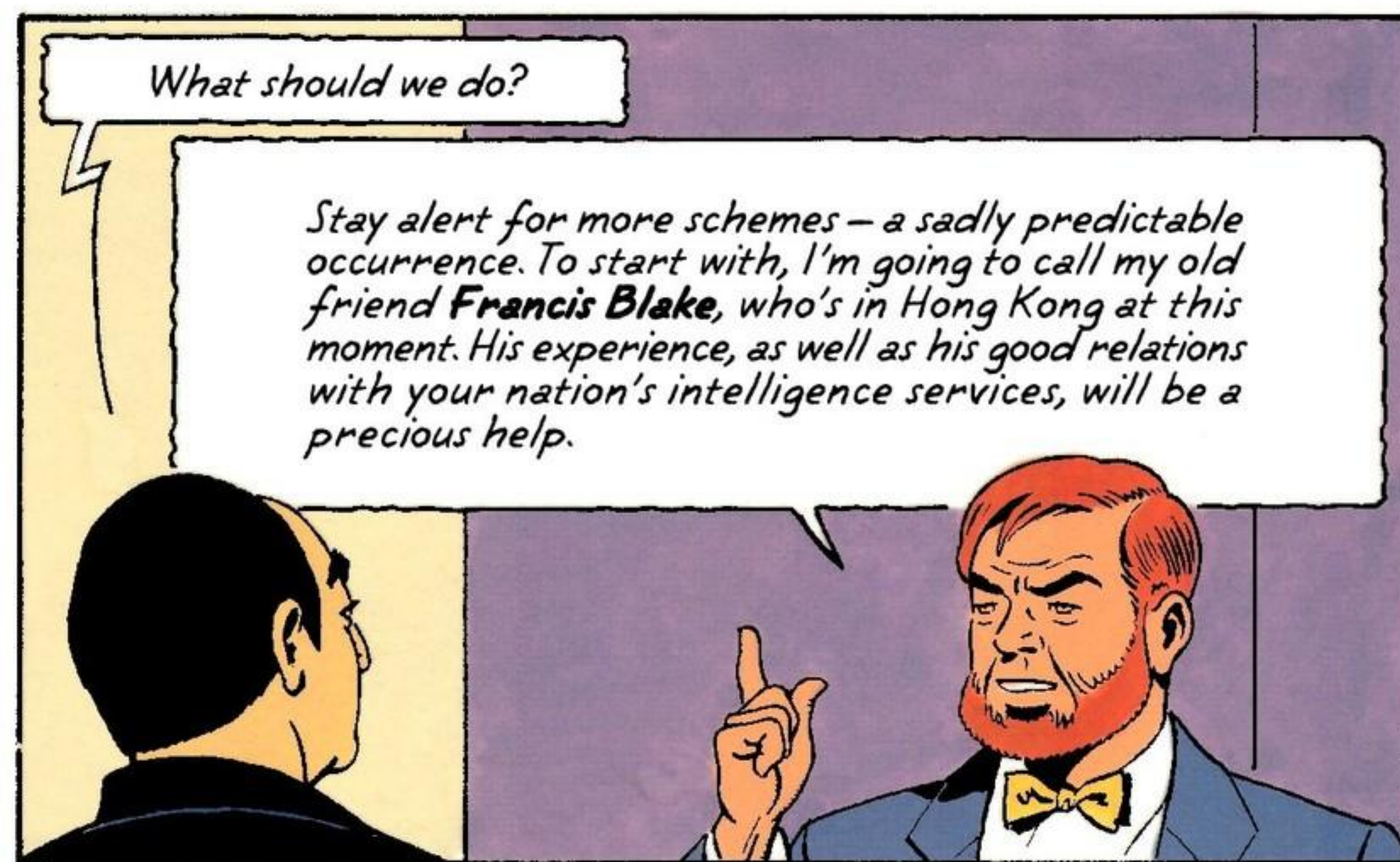
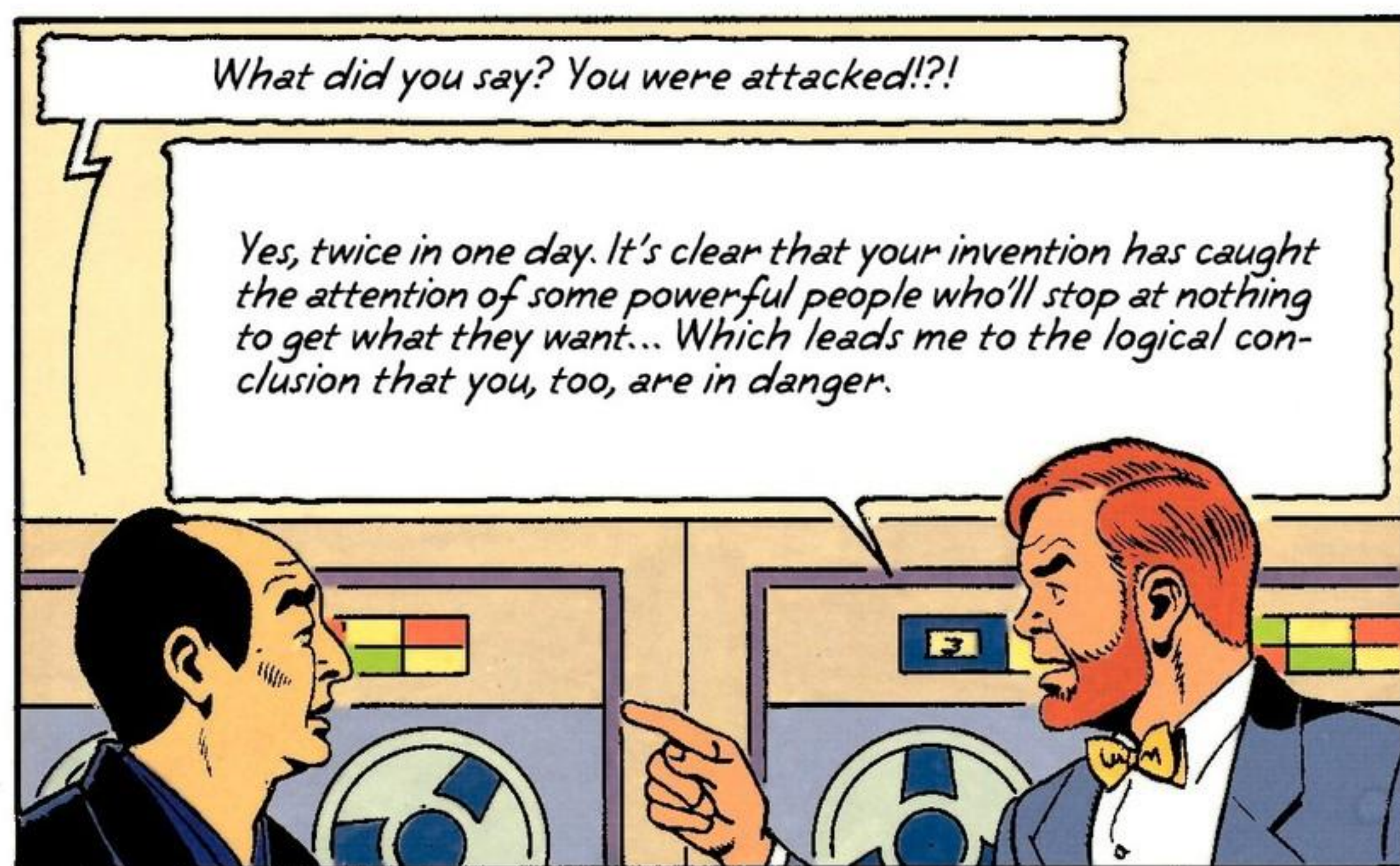
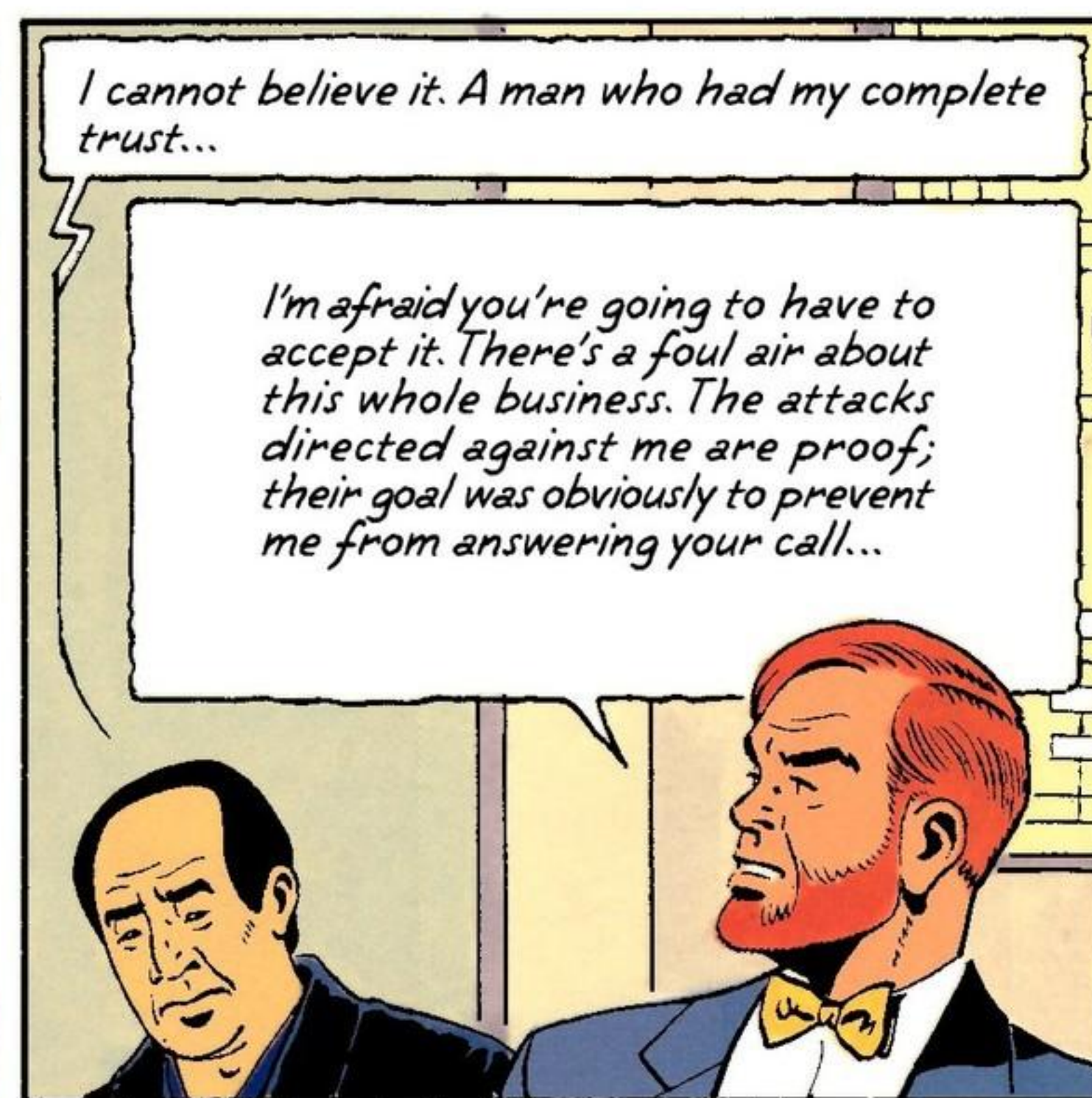
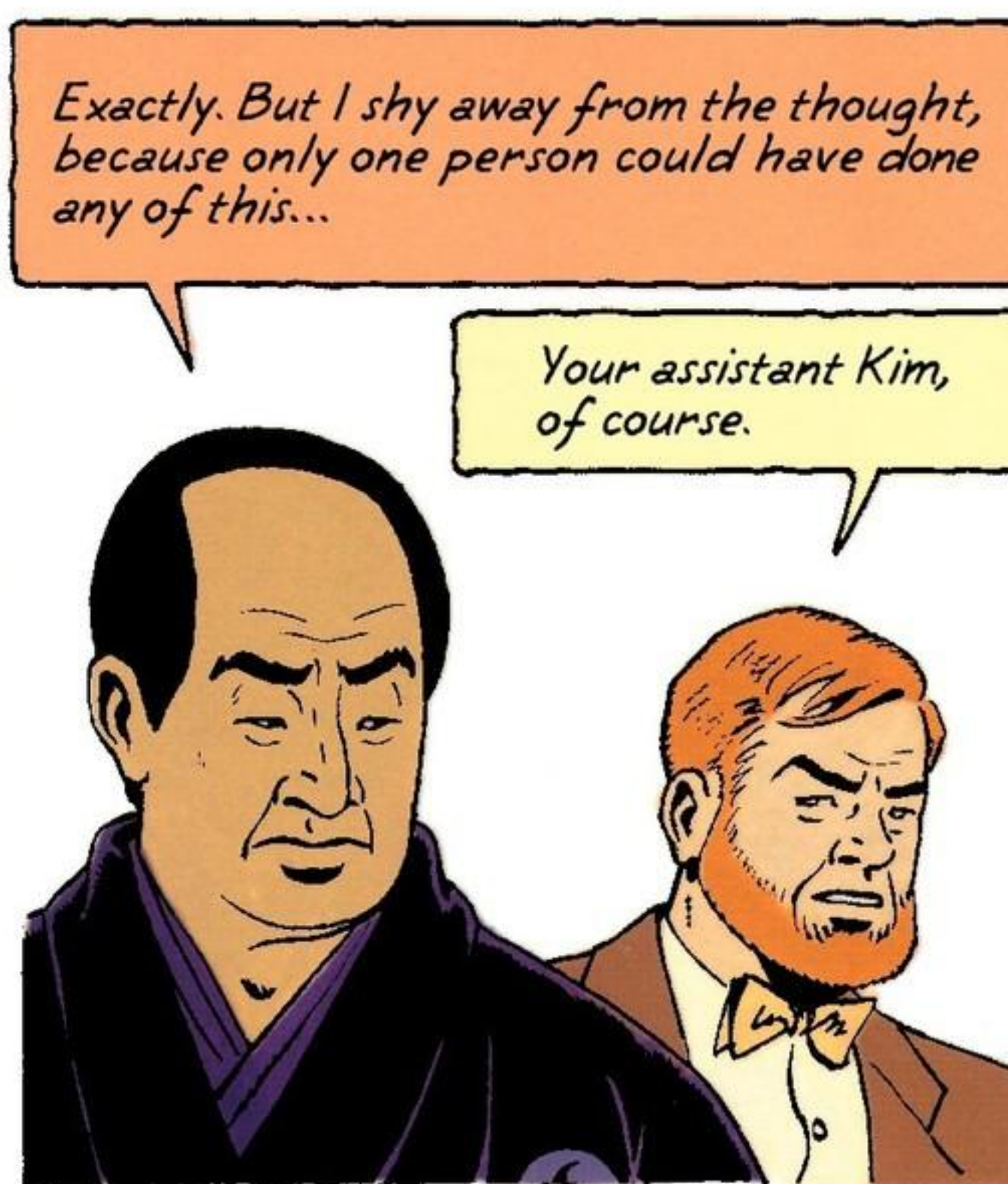
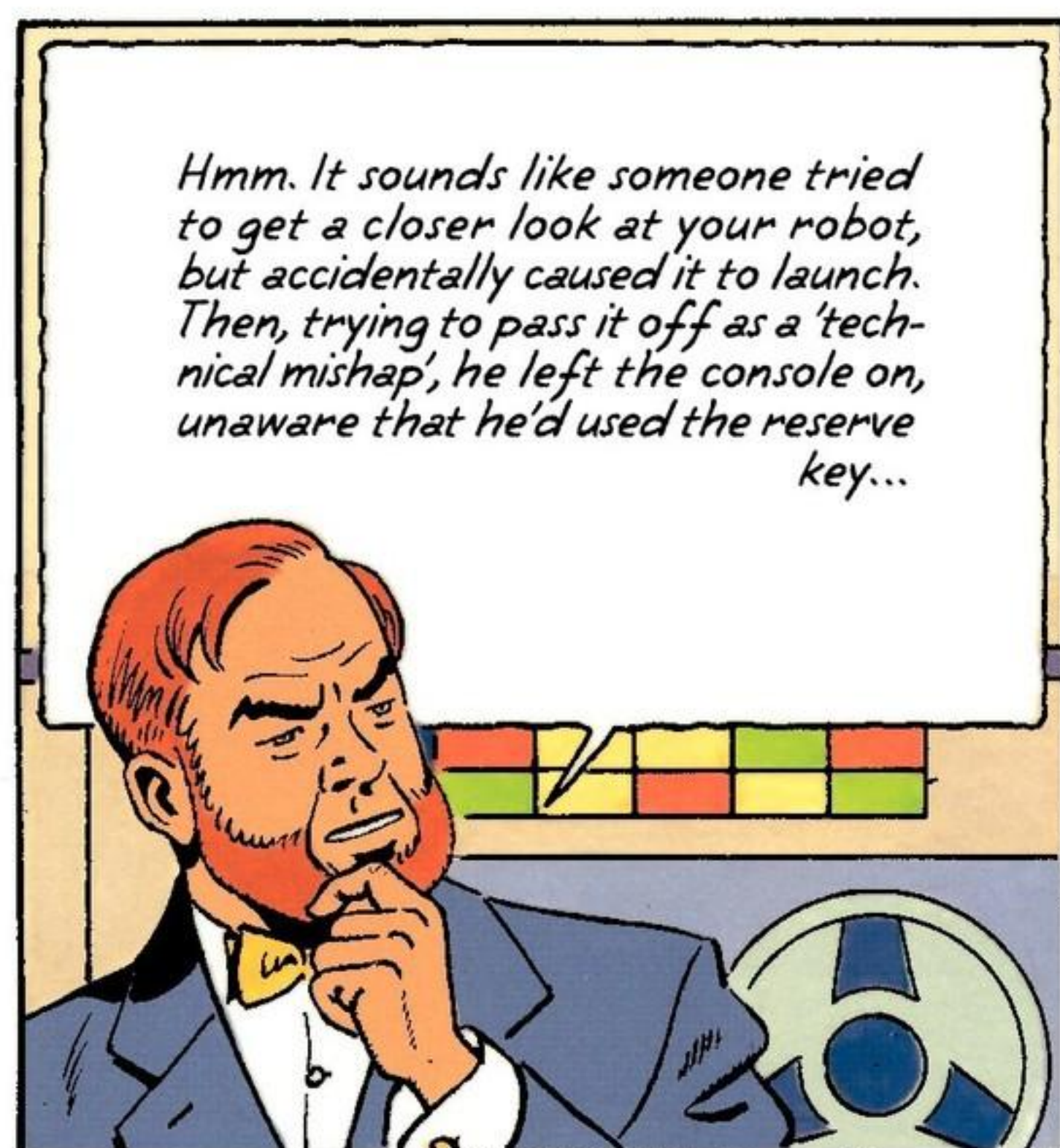
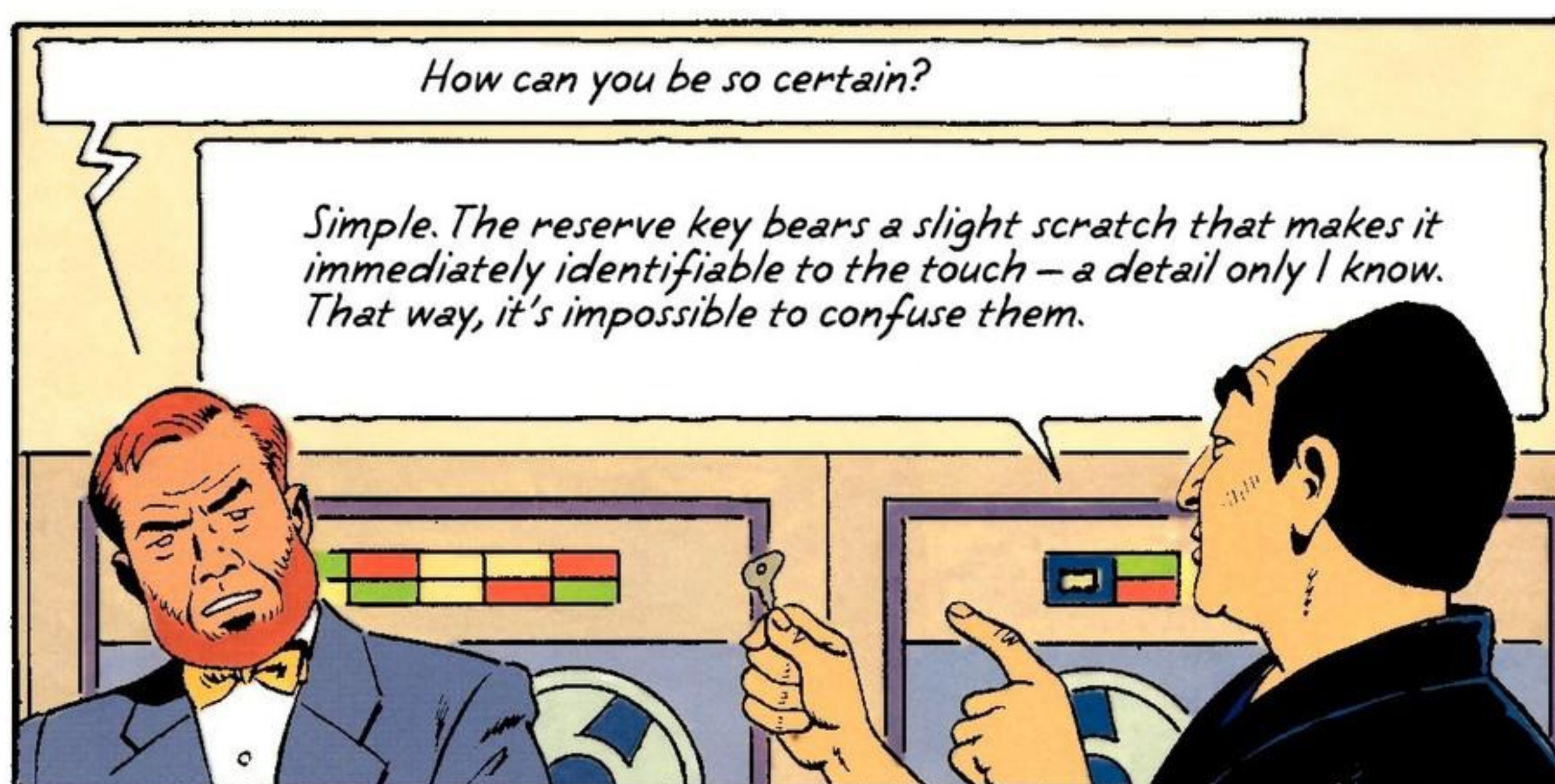
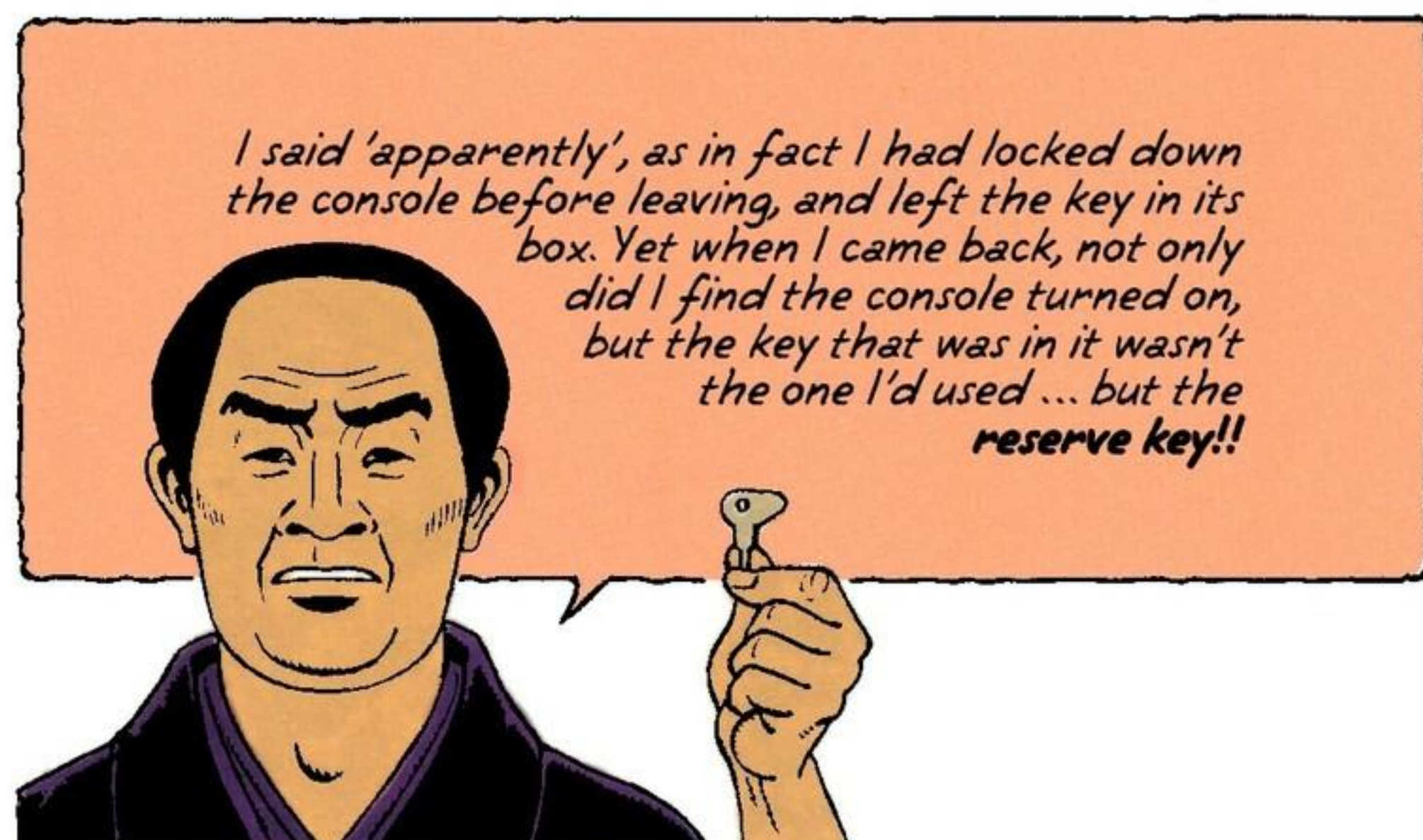


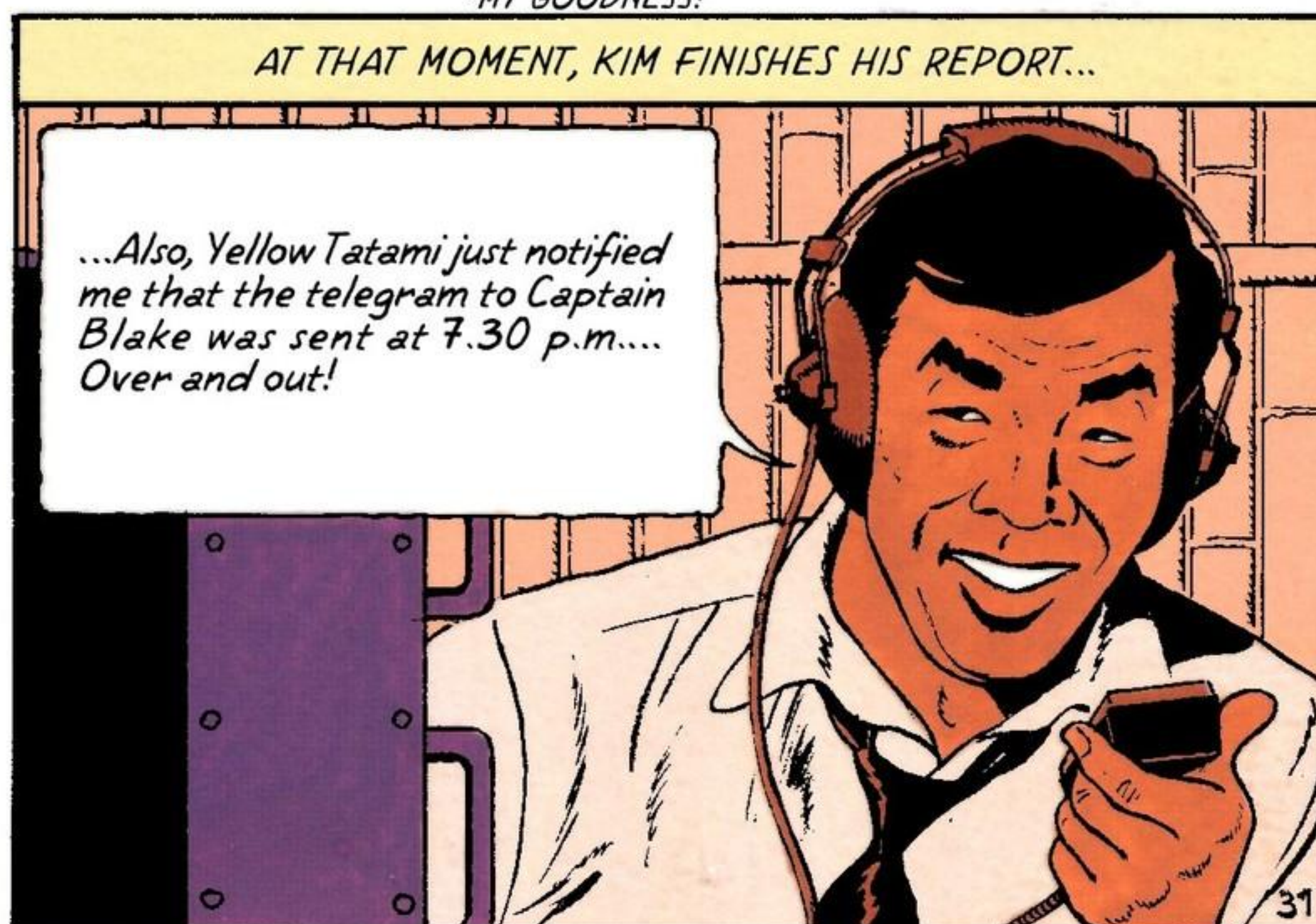
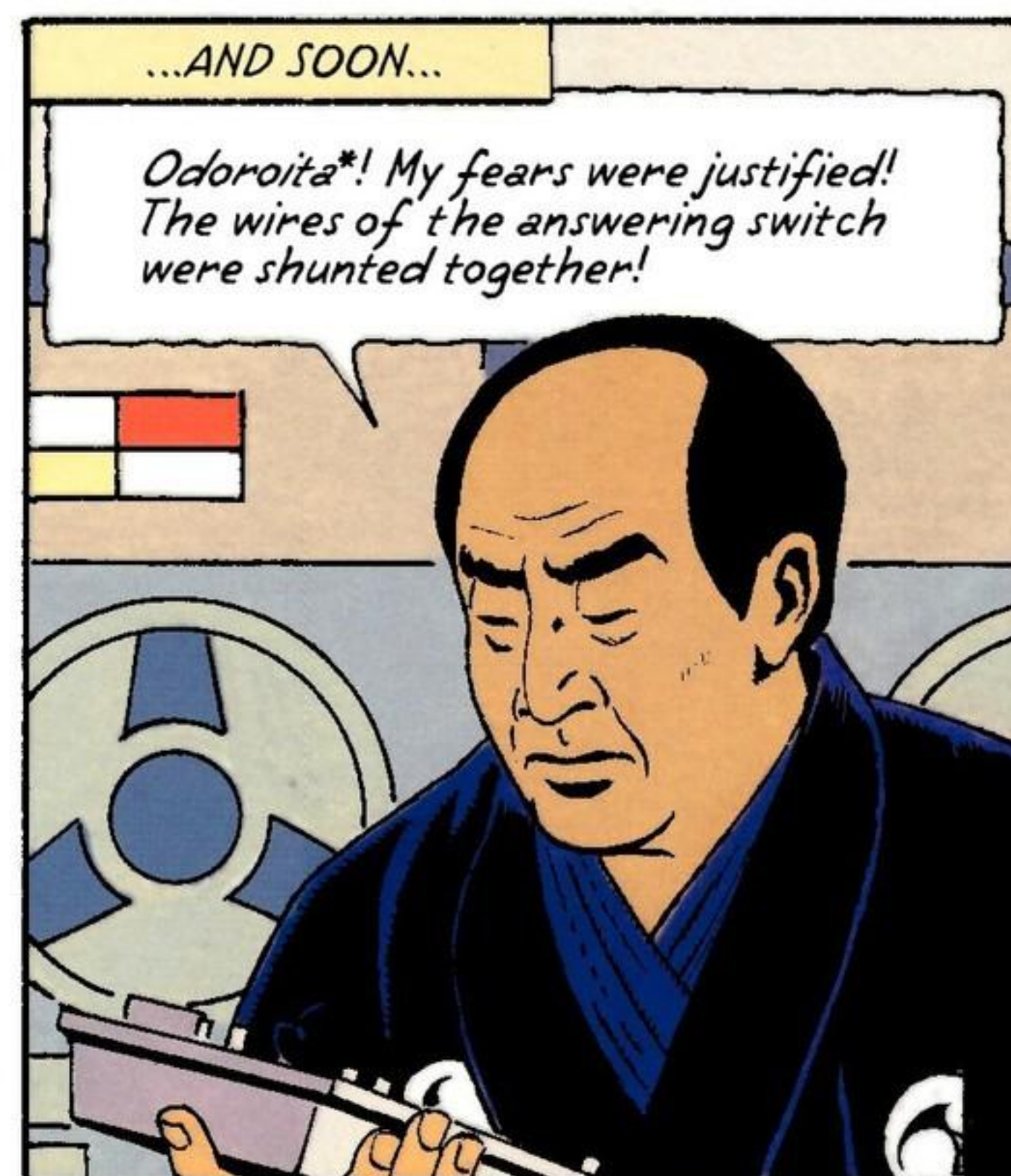
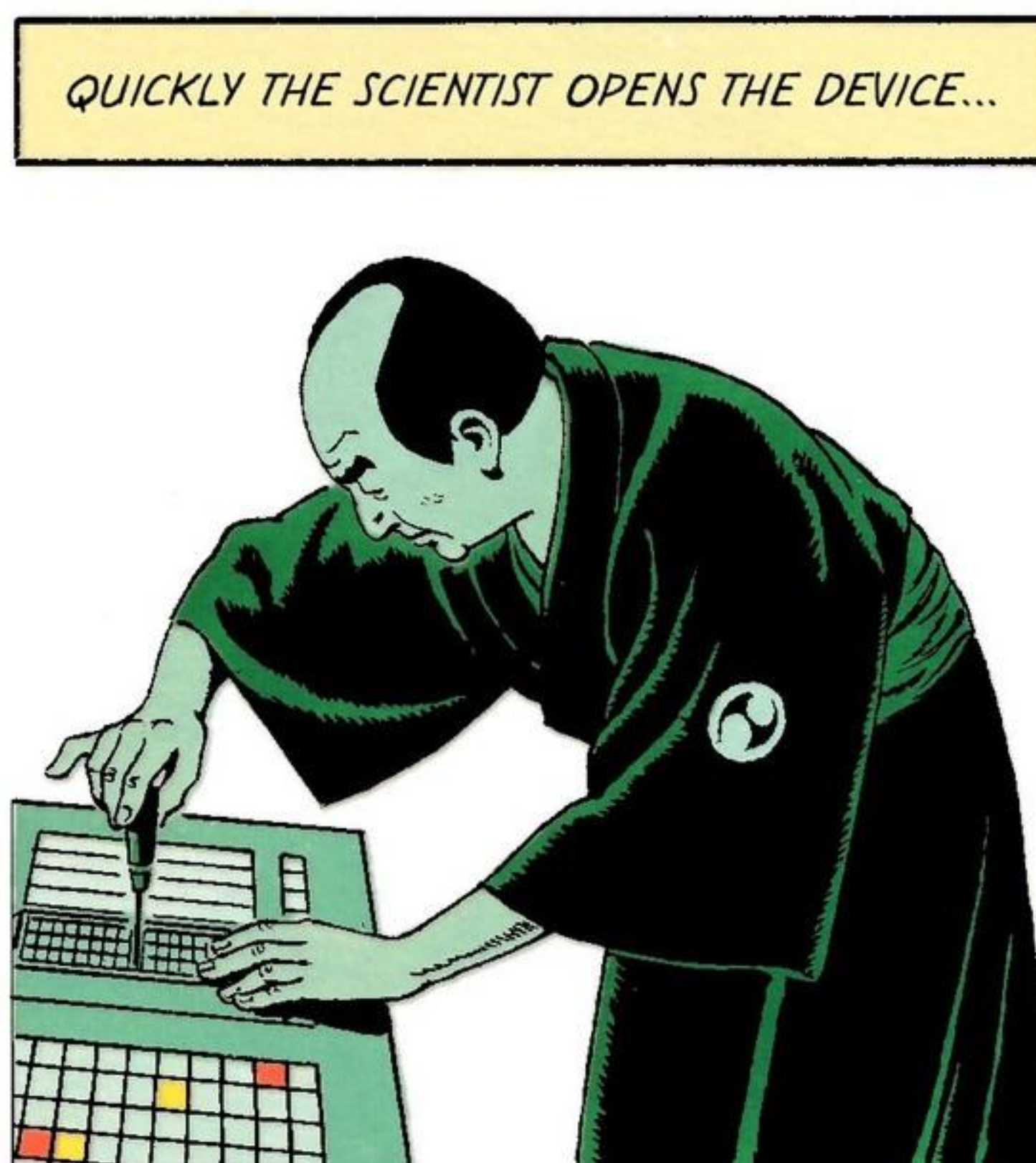
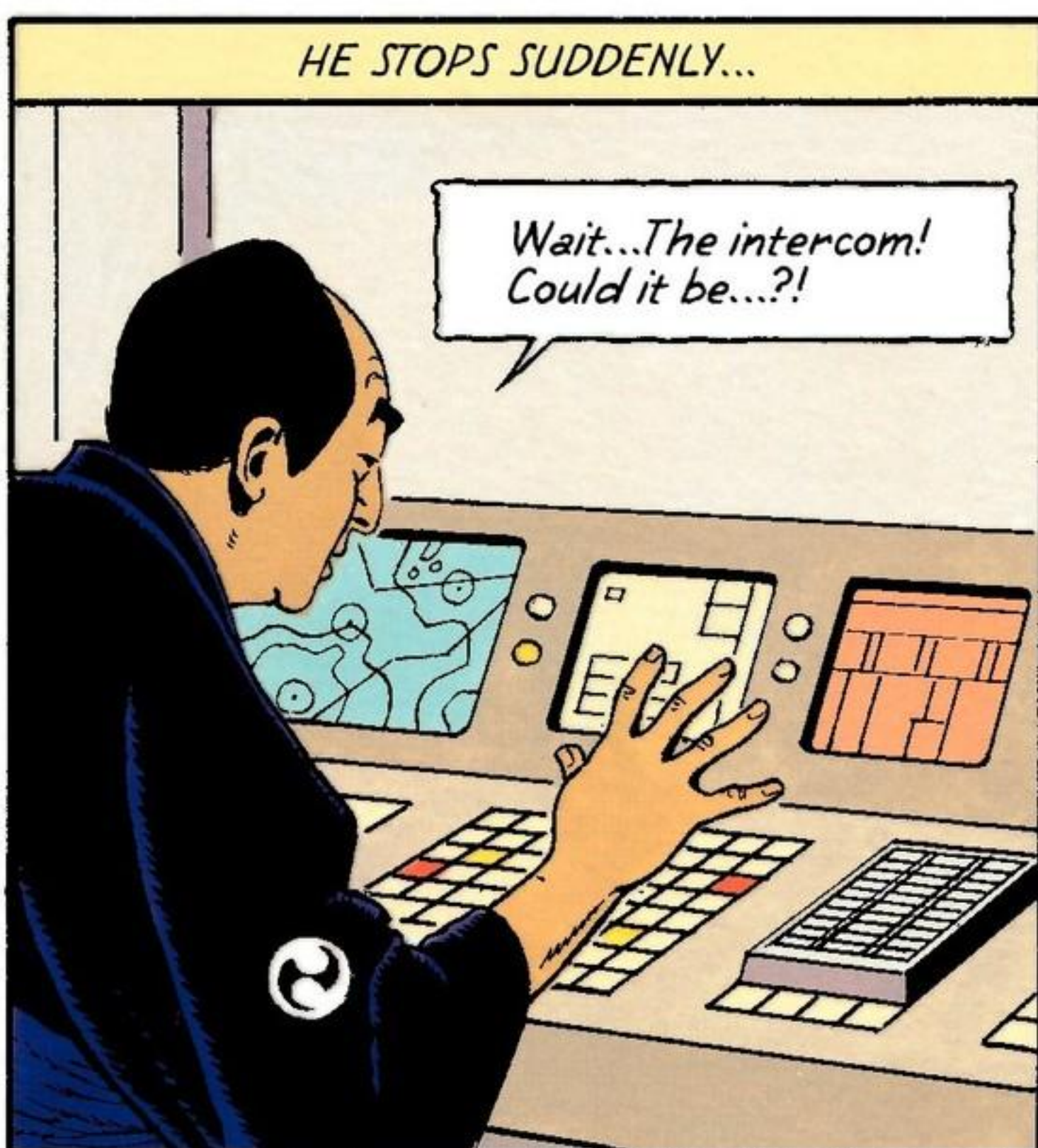
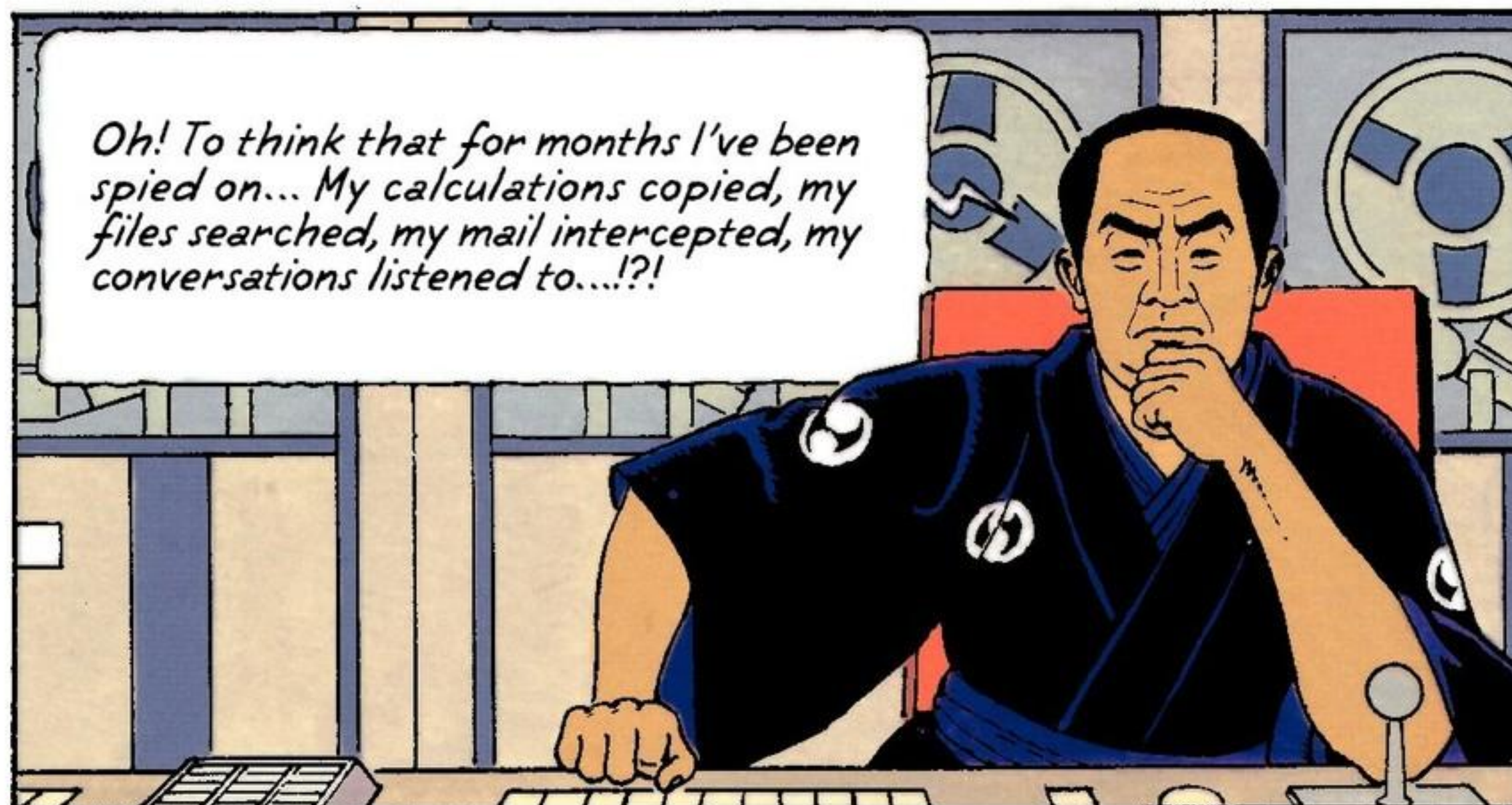
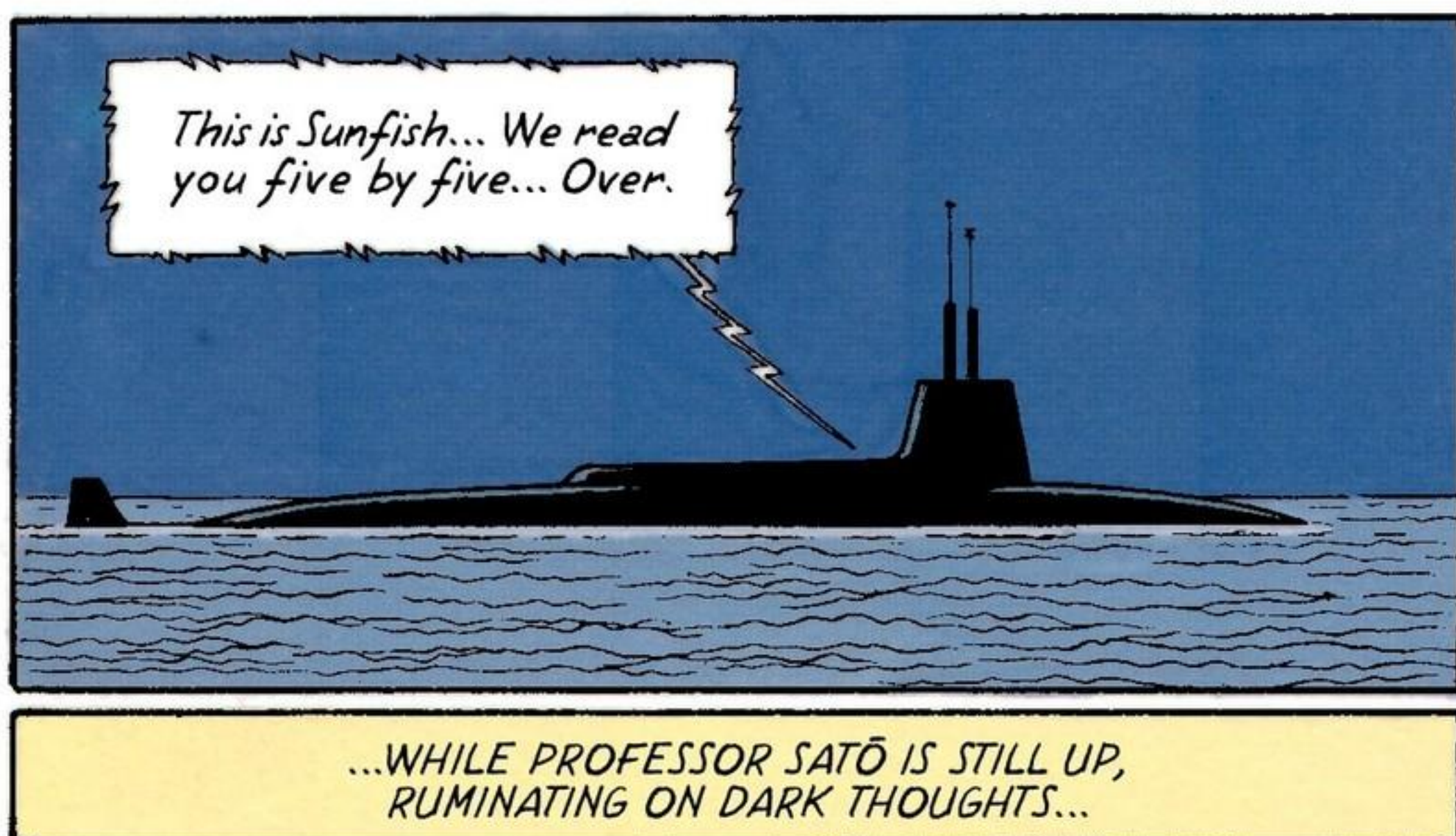
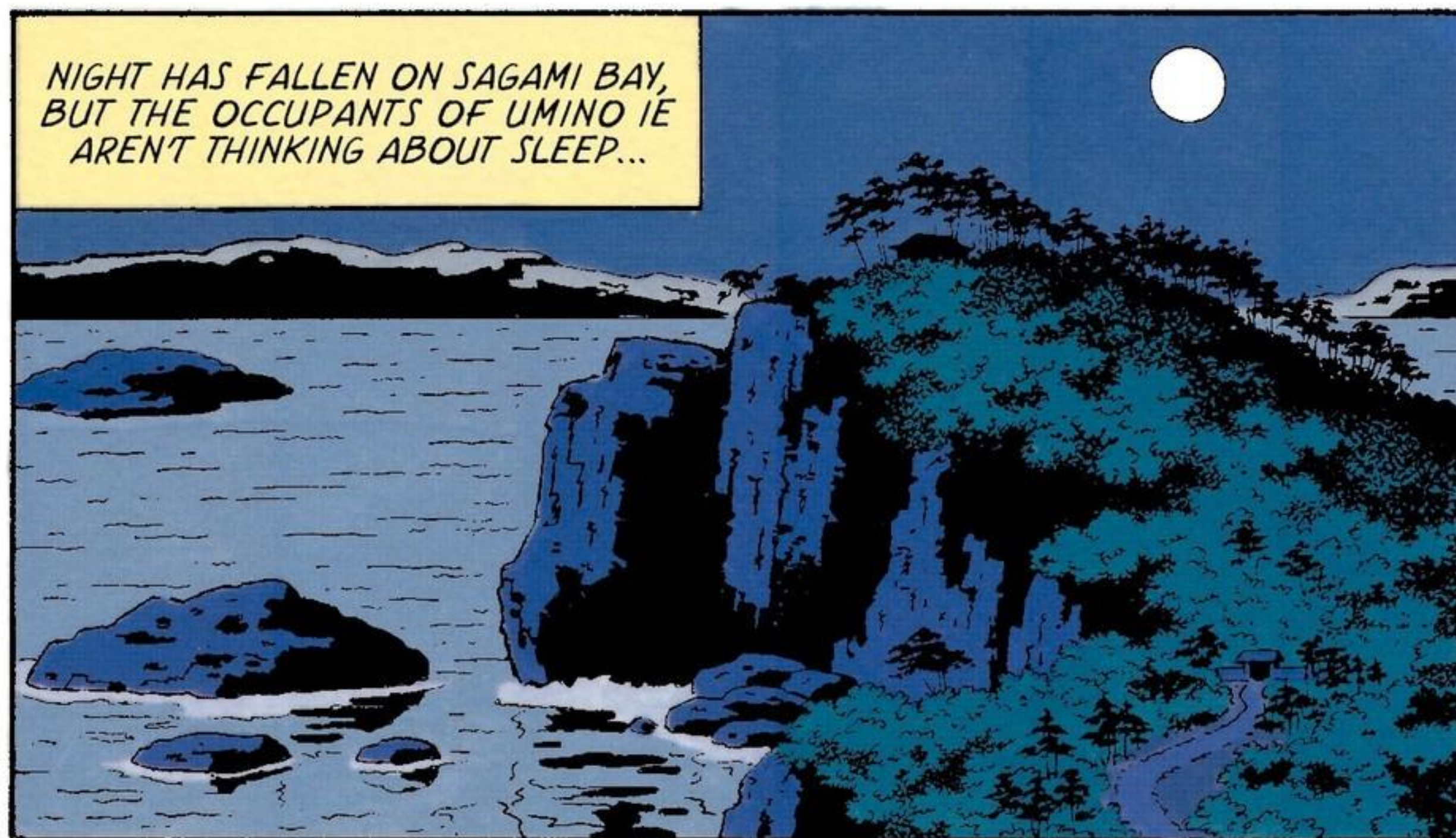
*YOI: READY POSITION. KATA: DETAILED CHOREOGRAPHED PATTERNS OF MOVEMENT FOR PRACTICE. KIAI: SHORT YELL ACCOMPANYING AN ATTACKING MOVE, INTENDED TO STARTLE THE OPPONENT

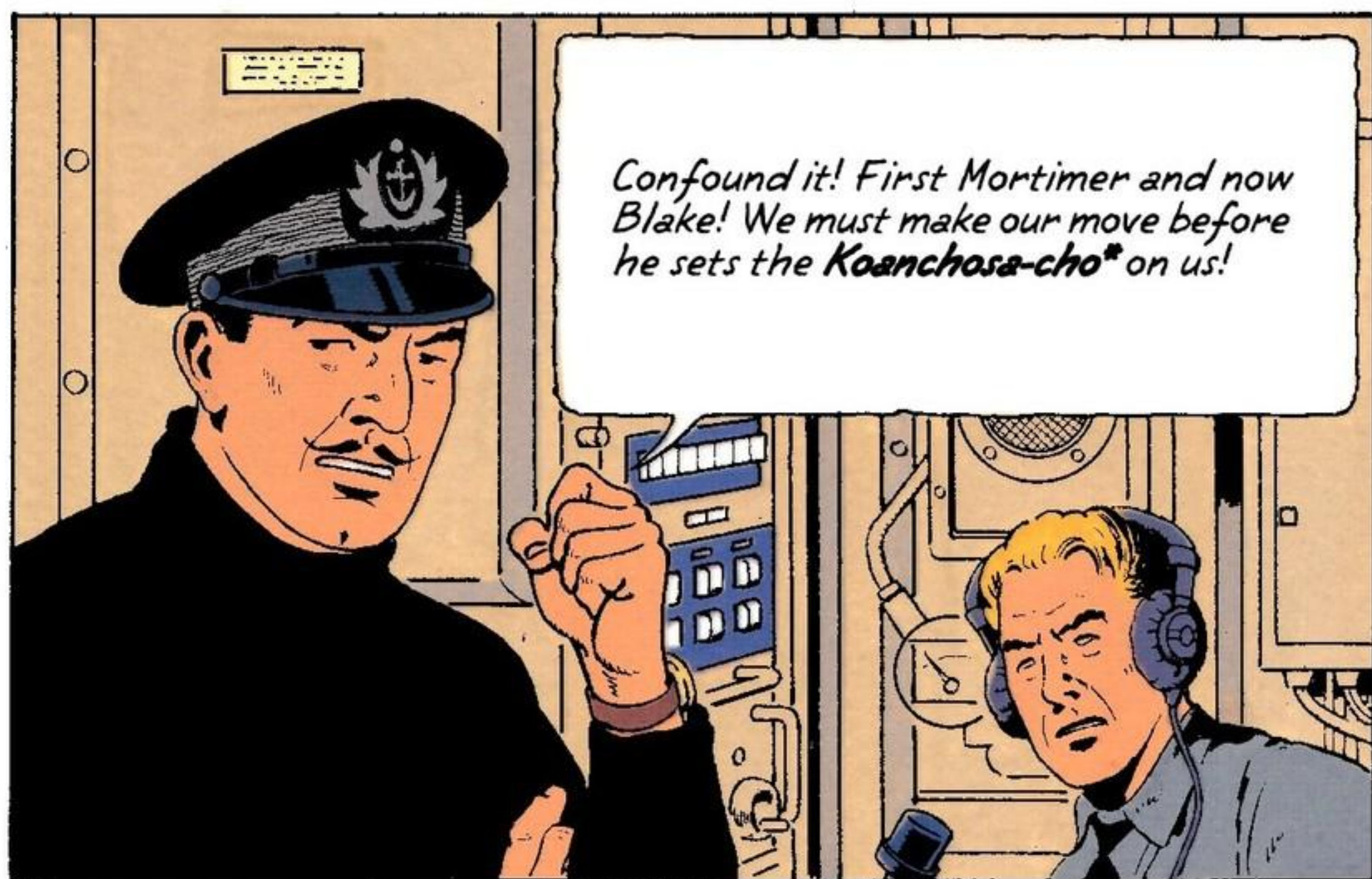


*STOP!









Confound it! First Mortimer and now Blake! We must make our move before he sets the *Koanchosa-cho** on us!



Alert the commando... We're going ashore tonight.

Aye aye, Colonel.

*JAPAN'S PUBLIC SECURITY INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

MEANWHILE, IN TOKYO, MORTIMER CAN'T SLEEP EITHER, AND IS BROODING ON THE EVENTS THAT HAVE OCCURRED SINCE THAT MEMORABLE KABUKI PLAY...



...WHEN SUDDENLY...



Hello?... Oh, it's you, Satō-san! What is it?

SATŌ HURRIEDLY EXPLAINS HIS DISCOVERY TO HIS COLLEAGUE AND CONCLUDES...



Needless to say, I took the precaution of removing the listening device from the phone before calling you - it too had been tampered with. What do we do now?



Come and join me as soon as possible. But be careful. Now that they know our plans, there's a fair chance our opponents might rush things and take action!



Understood. I'll be there at dawn! I'll just pretend I got an urgent call from the Centre. I'll see you soon... *Sayonara!**

UNFORTUNATELY, THE PRECAUTIONS SATŌ TOOK IN HIS COMMUNICATION WITH MORTIMER COME TO NOTHING, AS THE BRITON IS HIMSELF UNDER SURVEILLANCE. FROM THE NEXT ROOM, THE MEN OF YELLOW TATAMI ARE WATCHING HIM THROUGH THE CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV SYSTEM THEY PUT IN PLACE...



Whoa, we can't let the old man give us the slip!

Don't worry. We'll nip this in the bud.

*GOODBYE!

EVEN THOUGH THE SUN HAS LONG SINCE RISEN,
PROFESSOR SATO HASN'T ARRIVED YET...



STILL BEING WATCHED CLOSELY BY HIS SINISTER NEIGHBOURS,
MORTIMER PONDERES THE PROBLEM...



SUDDENLY...



Goodness! Five days - that's a long time.



AT THAT MOMENT...

DRRRING
DRRRING



THE VOICE ON THE OTHER END OF
THE LINE IS BARELY A WHISPER...

Careful! The line is monitored... There's been a new development... Can you come immediately? It's urgent... Don't forget the envelope...

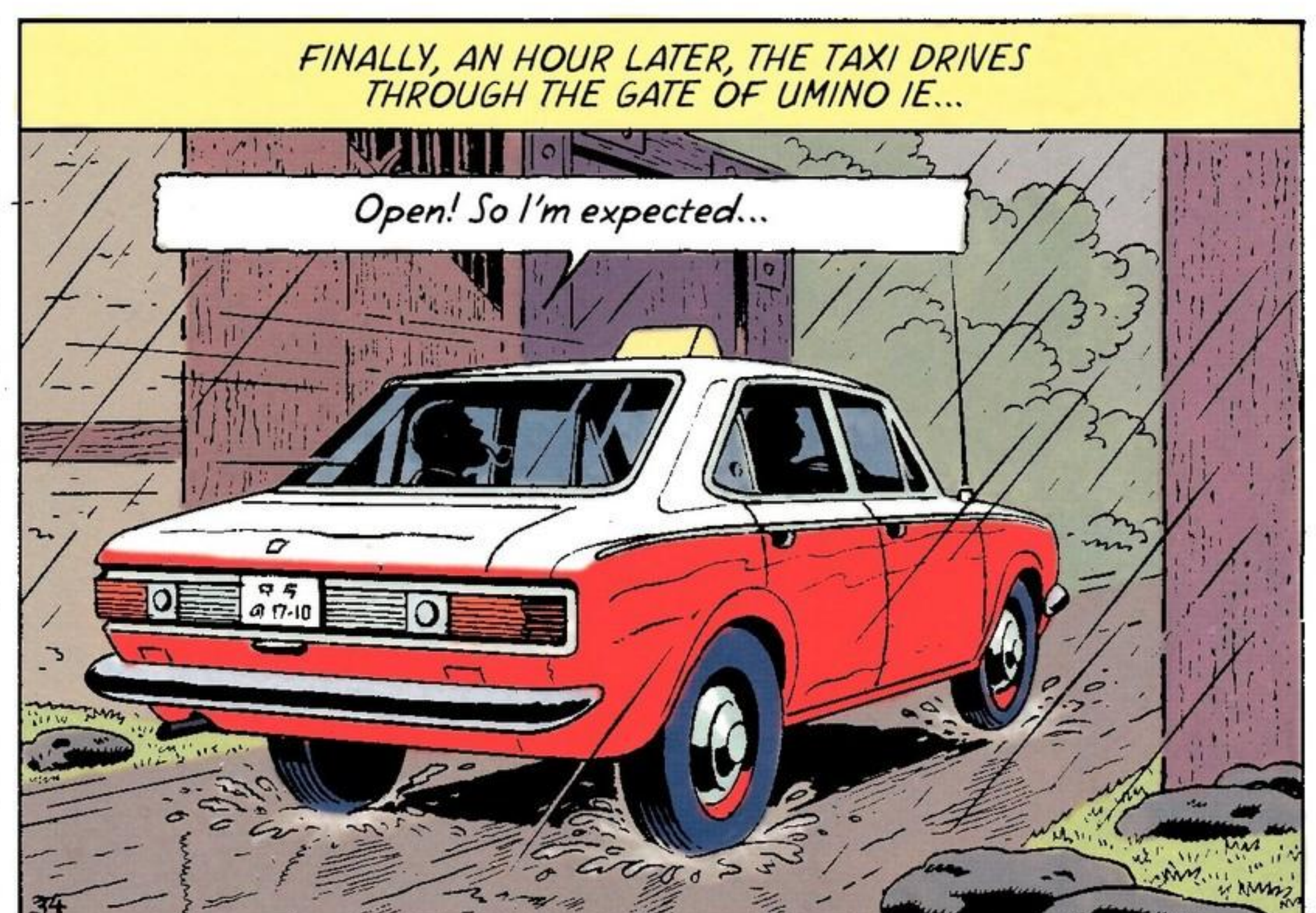
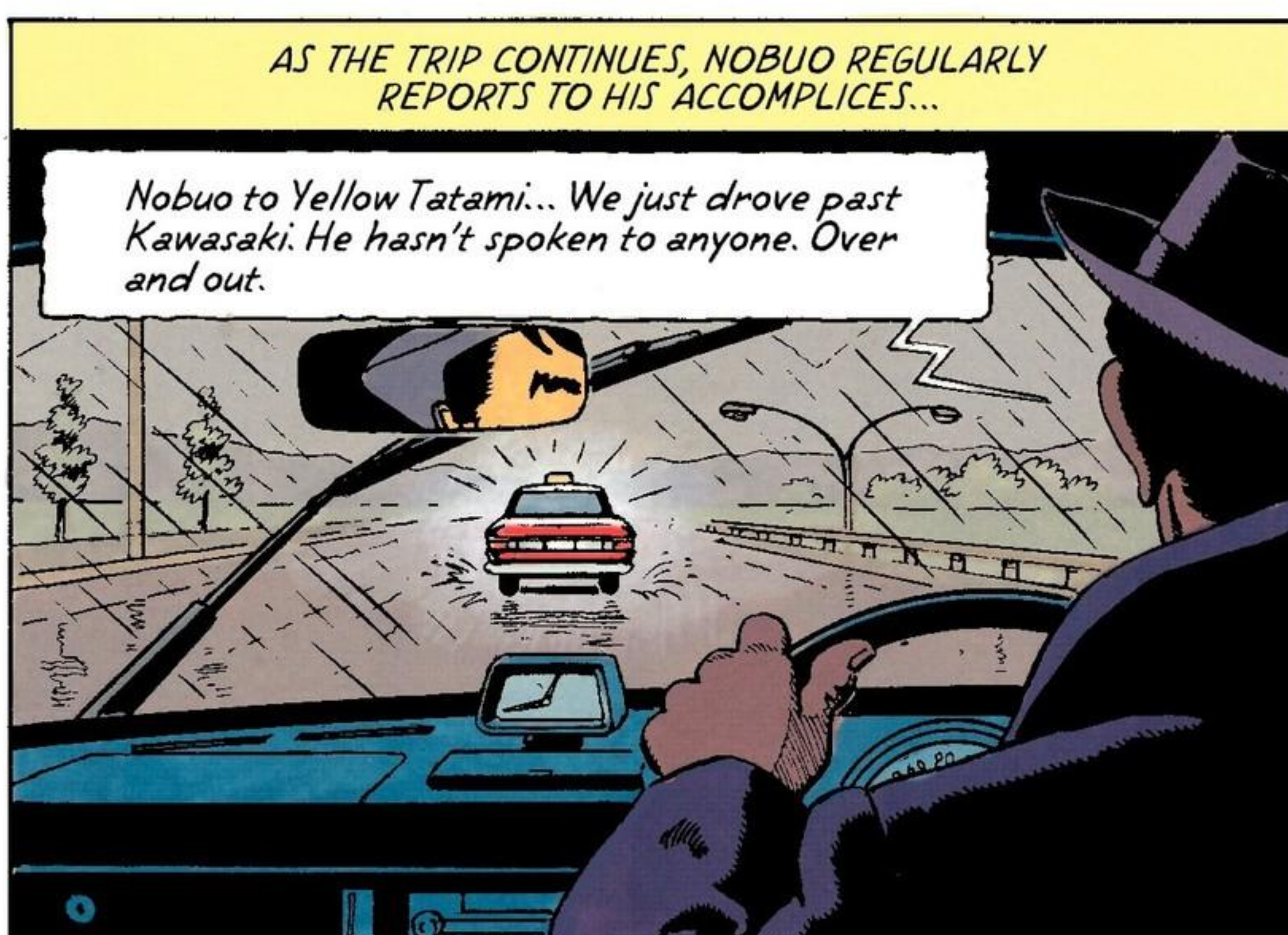
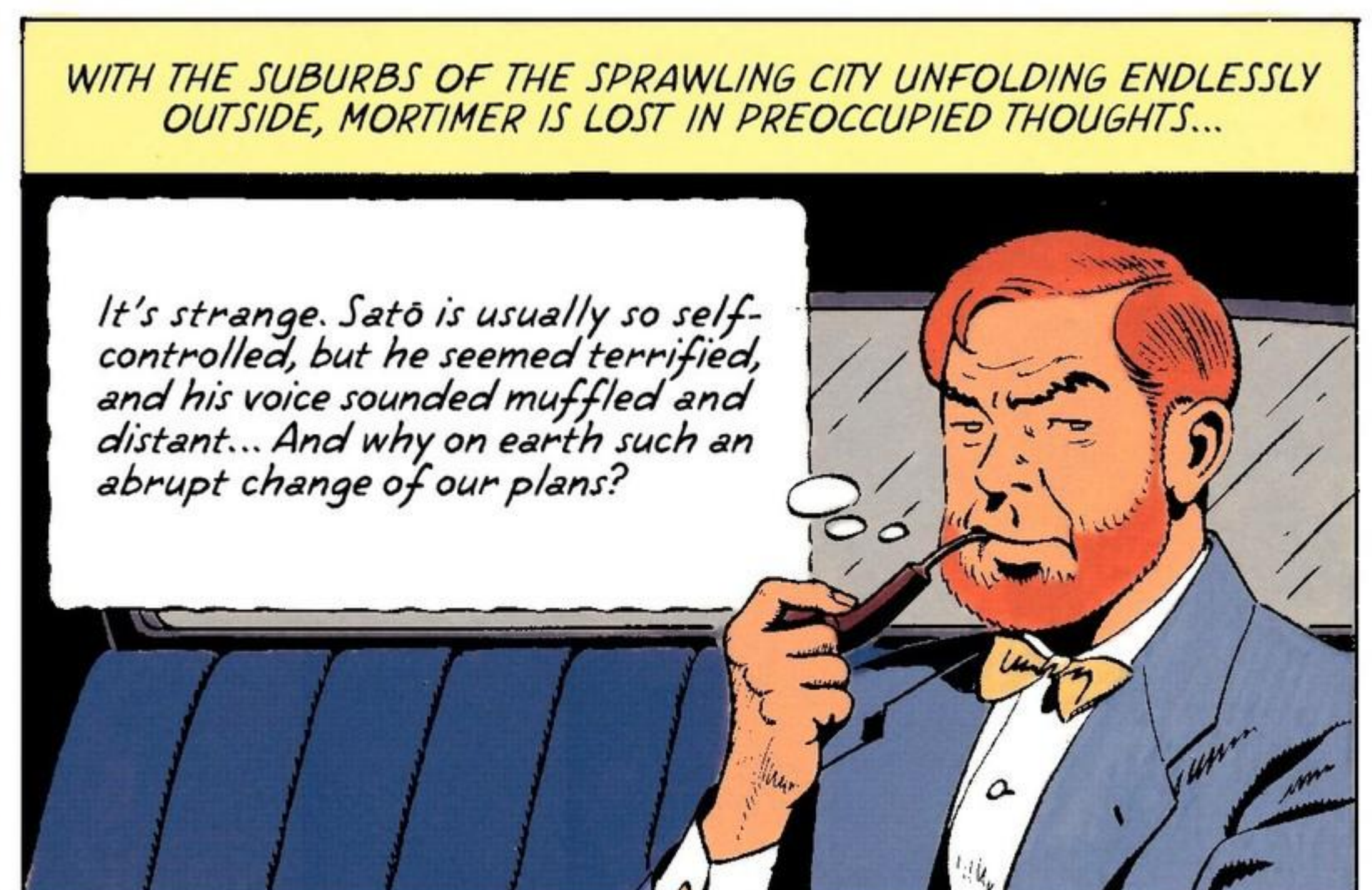
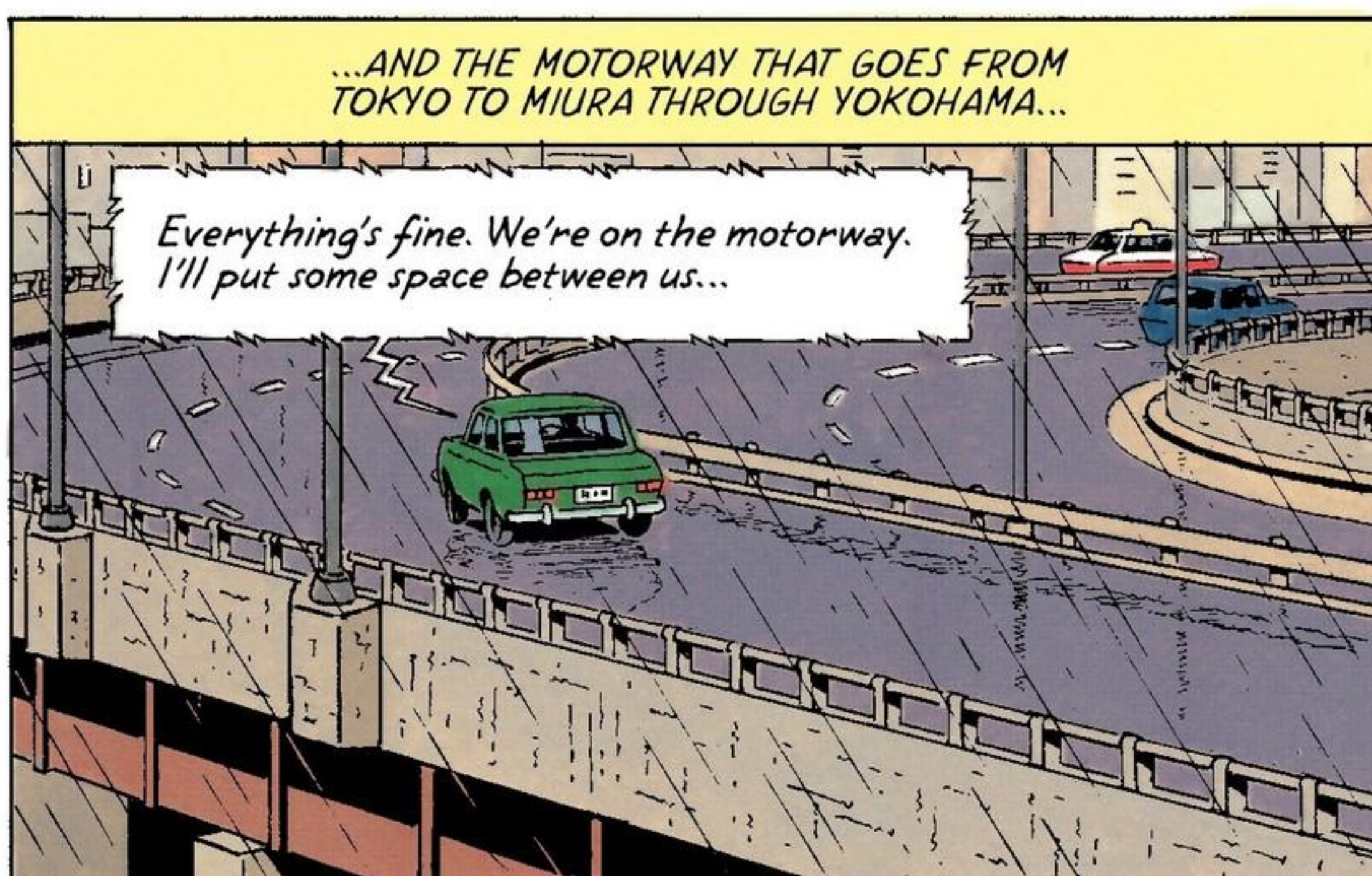
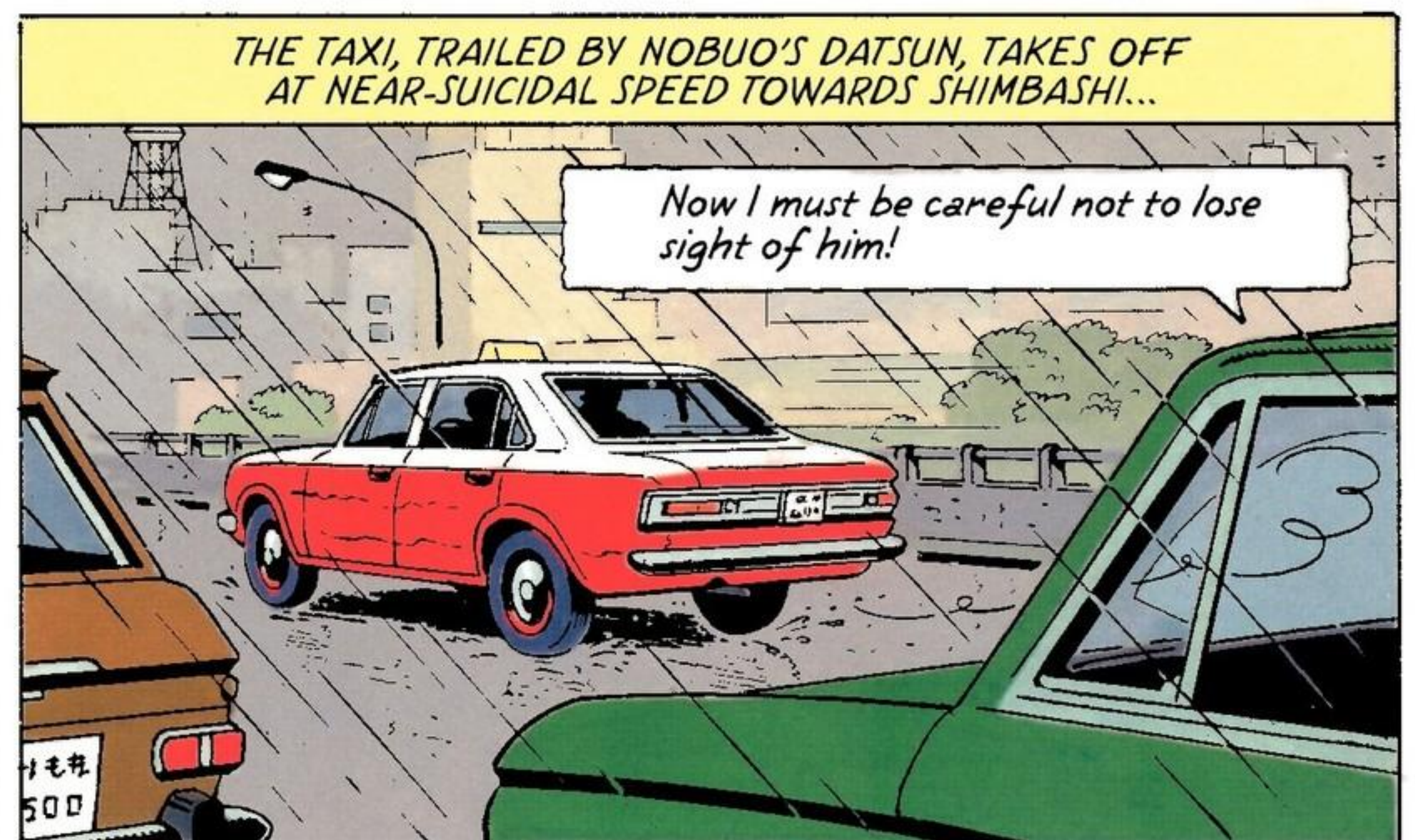
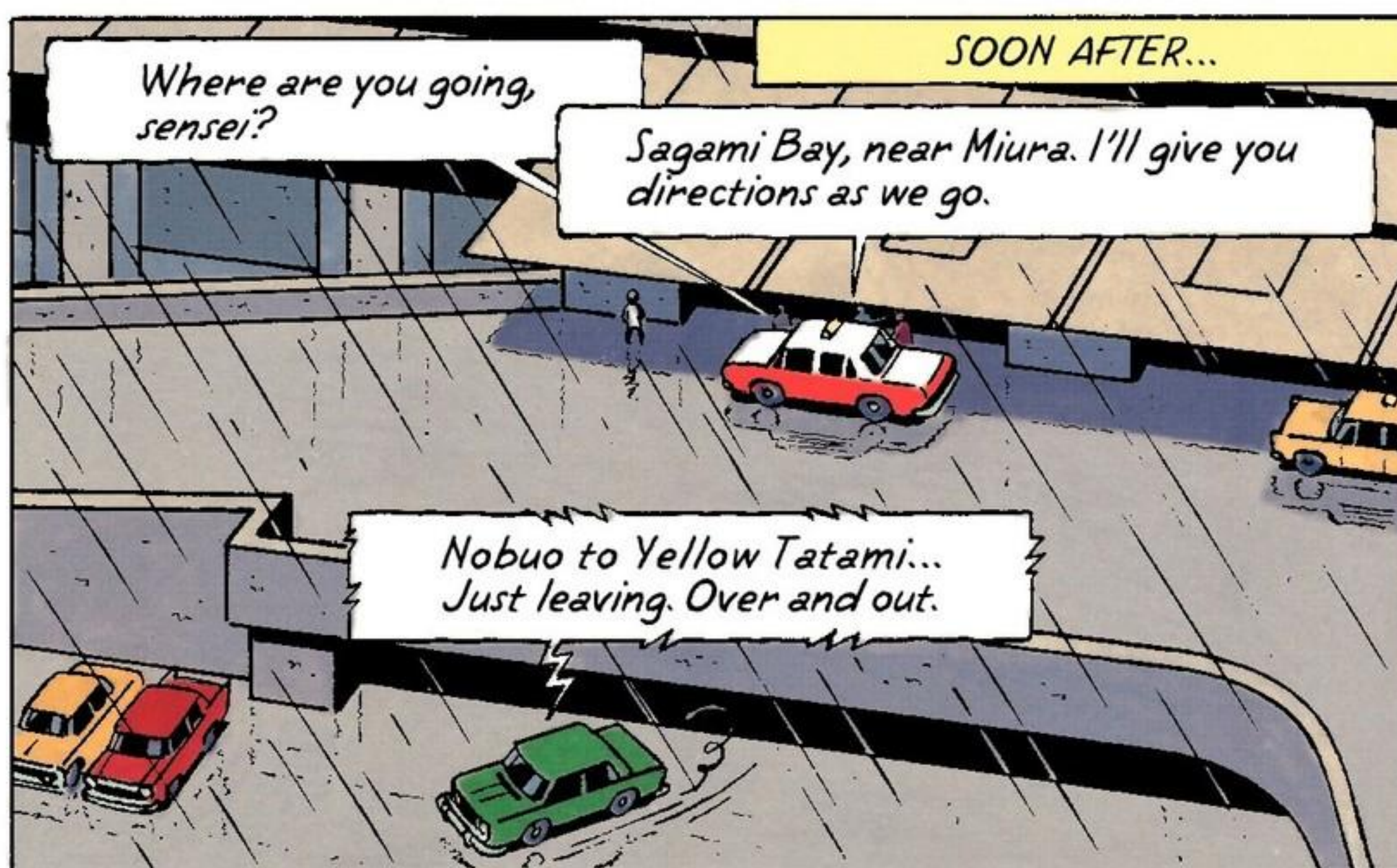


Of course, but...



He hung up? Hmm. Sounds like complications... Well, let's go!





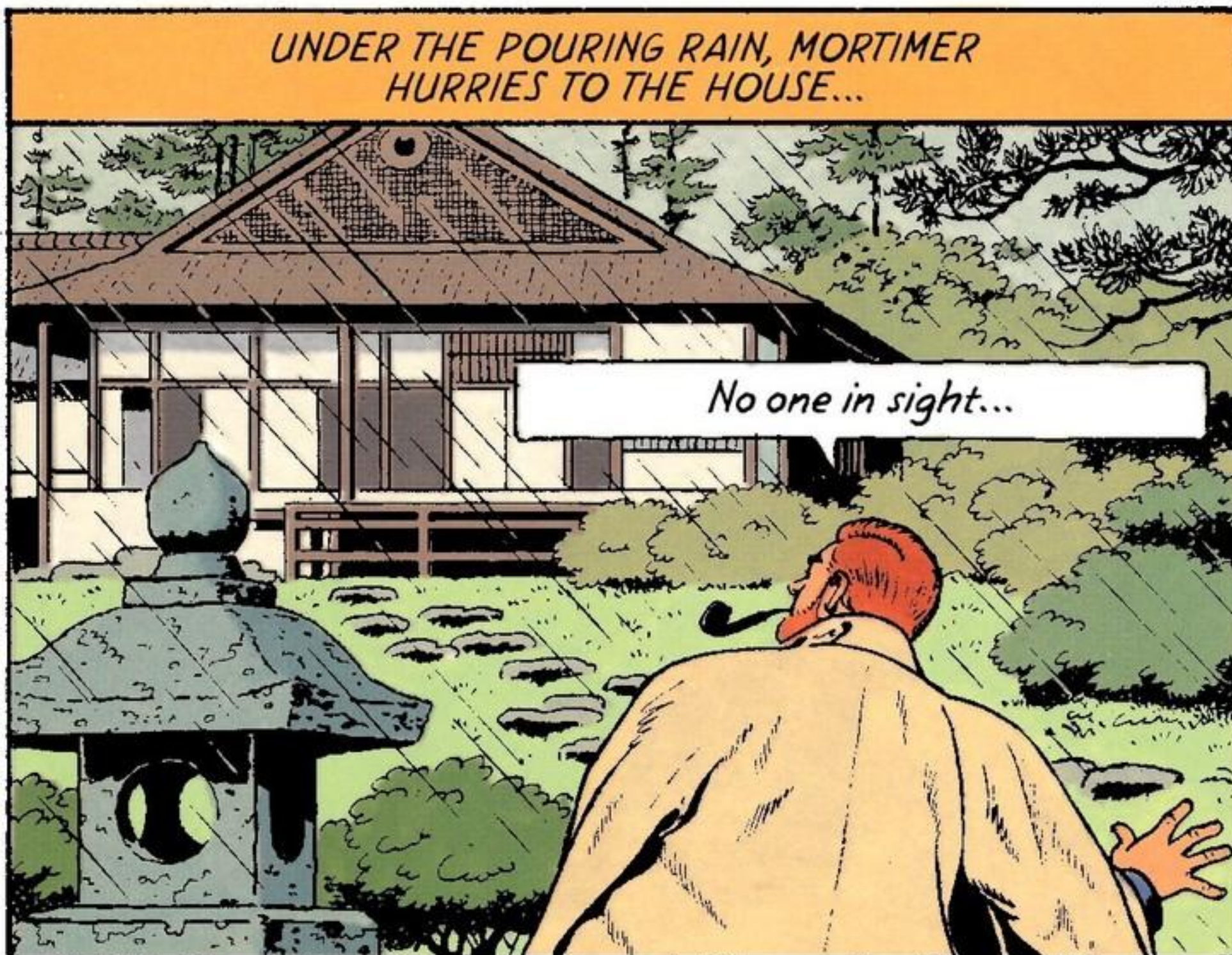
STOPPING BEFORE KIM'S PAVILION, OUR FRIEND SWIFTLY GETS OUT...



Wait for me!

Hai!

UNDER THE POURING RAIN, MORTIMER HURRIES TO THE HOUSE...



No one in sight...

REACHING THE VERANDA, HE HESITATES FOR A MOMENT ON THE THRESHOLD...



Everything is so quiet!

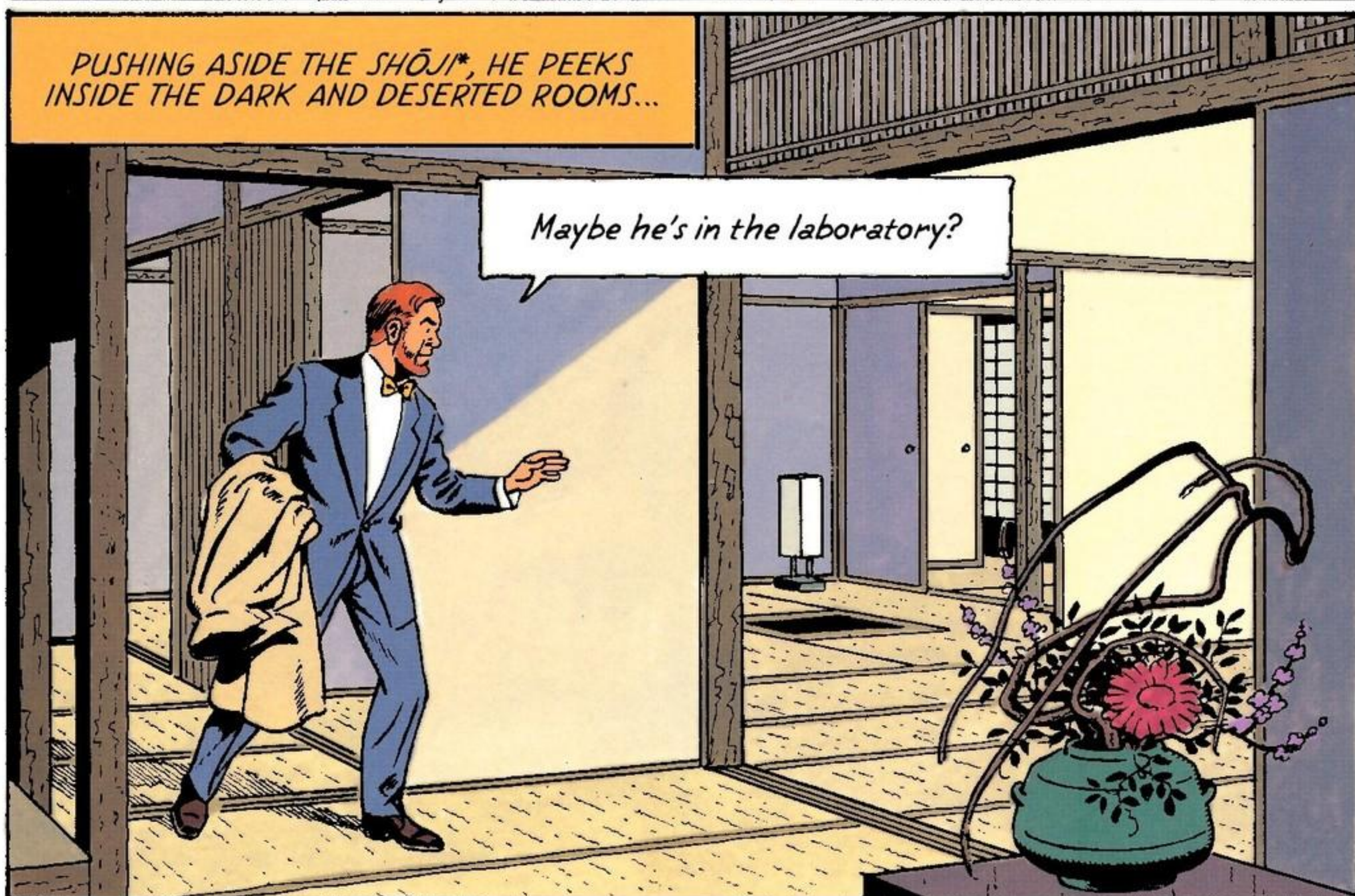
...BEFORE FINALLY WALKING IN...



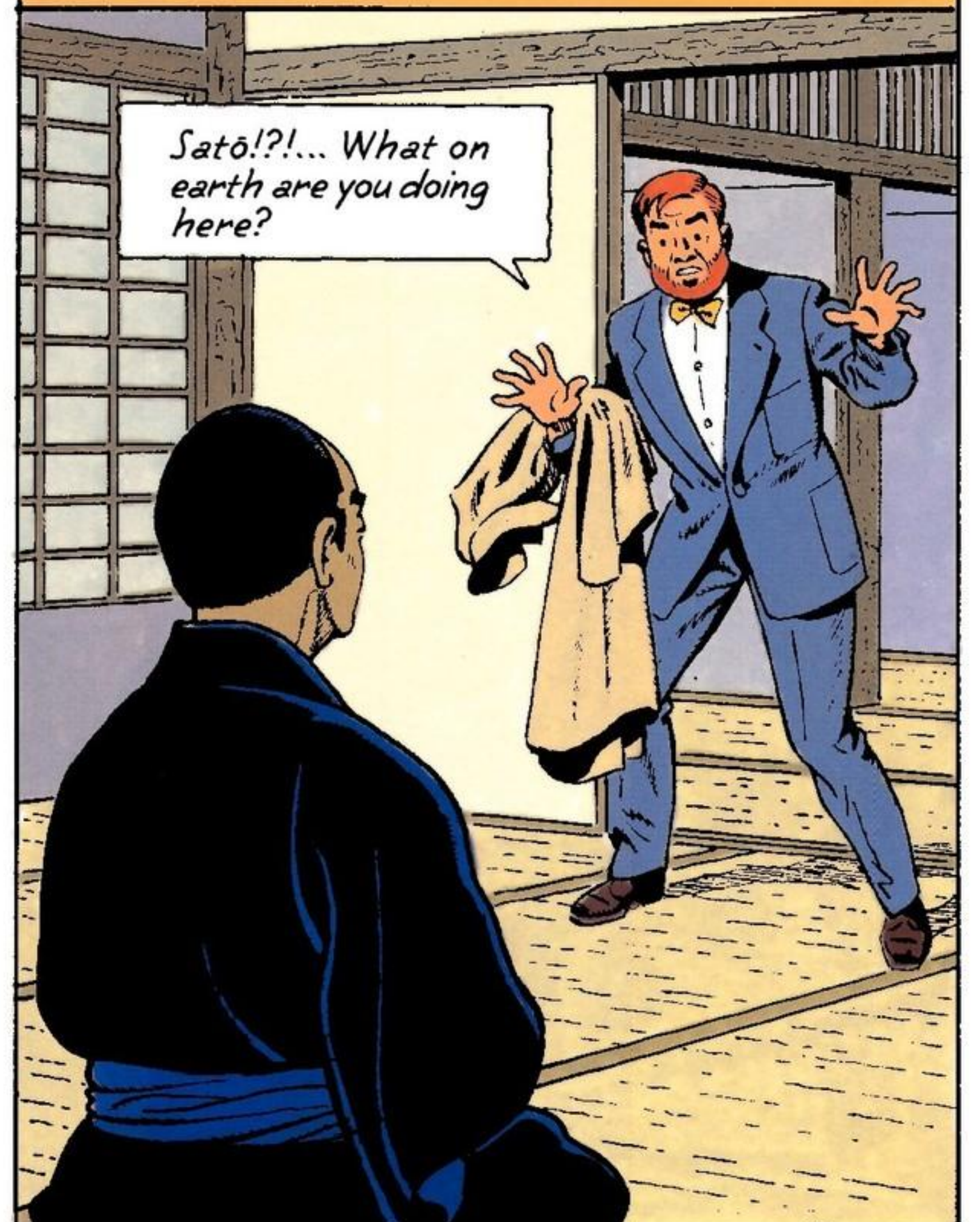
Hello? Satō-san!

BUT HE'S BARELY TAKEN A STEP IN THAT DIRECTION WHEN HE STOPS DEAD, STUNNED. THERE, KNEELING WITHIN THE SHADOWS OF THE TOKONOMA, THE PROFESSOR WAITS, UNMOVING!

PUSHING ASIDE THE SHŌJI*, HE PEEKS INSIDE THE DARK AND DESERTED ROOMS...



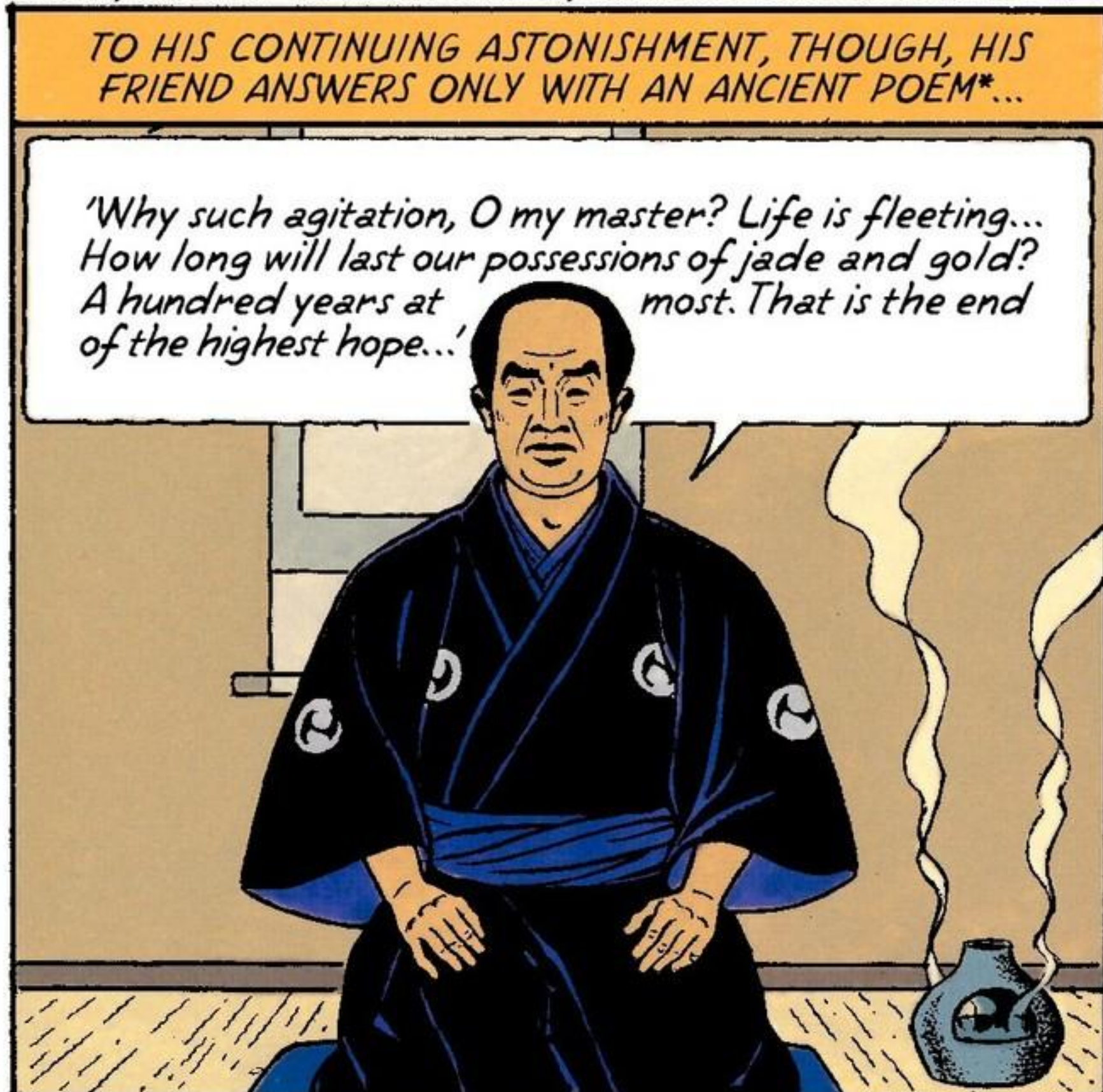
Maybe he's in the laboratory?



Satō?!... What on earth are you doing here?

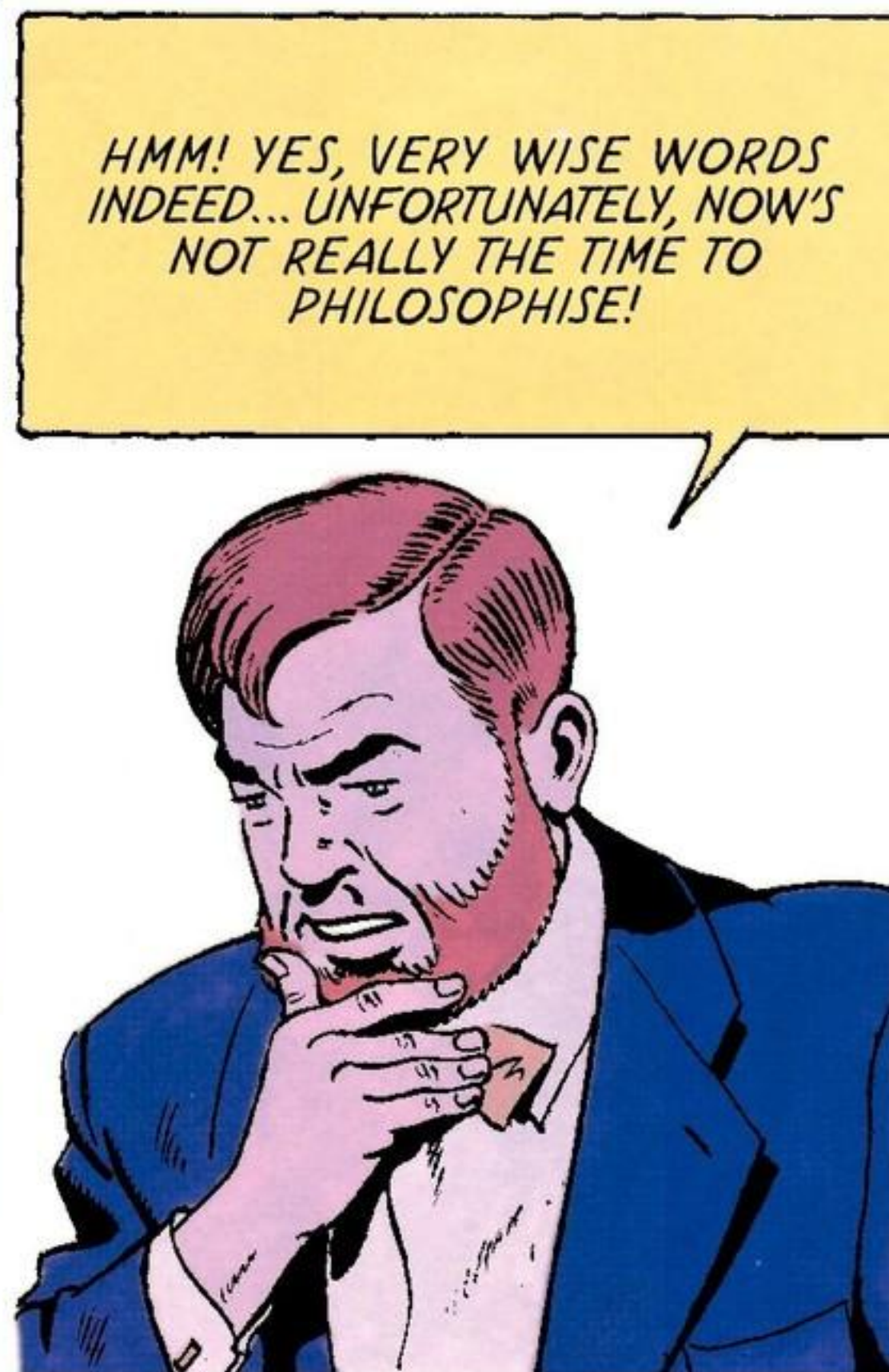
*DOOR, WINDOW OR ROOM DIVIDER, USUALLY DESIGNED TO SLIDE OPEN

TO HIS CONTINUING ASTONISHMENT, THOUGH, HIS FRIEND ANSWERS ONLY WITH AN ANCIENT POEM*...

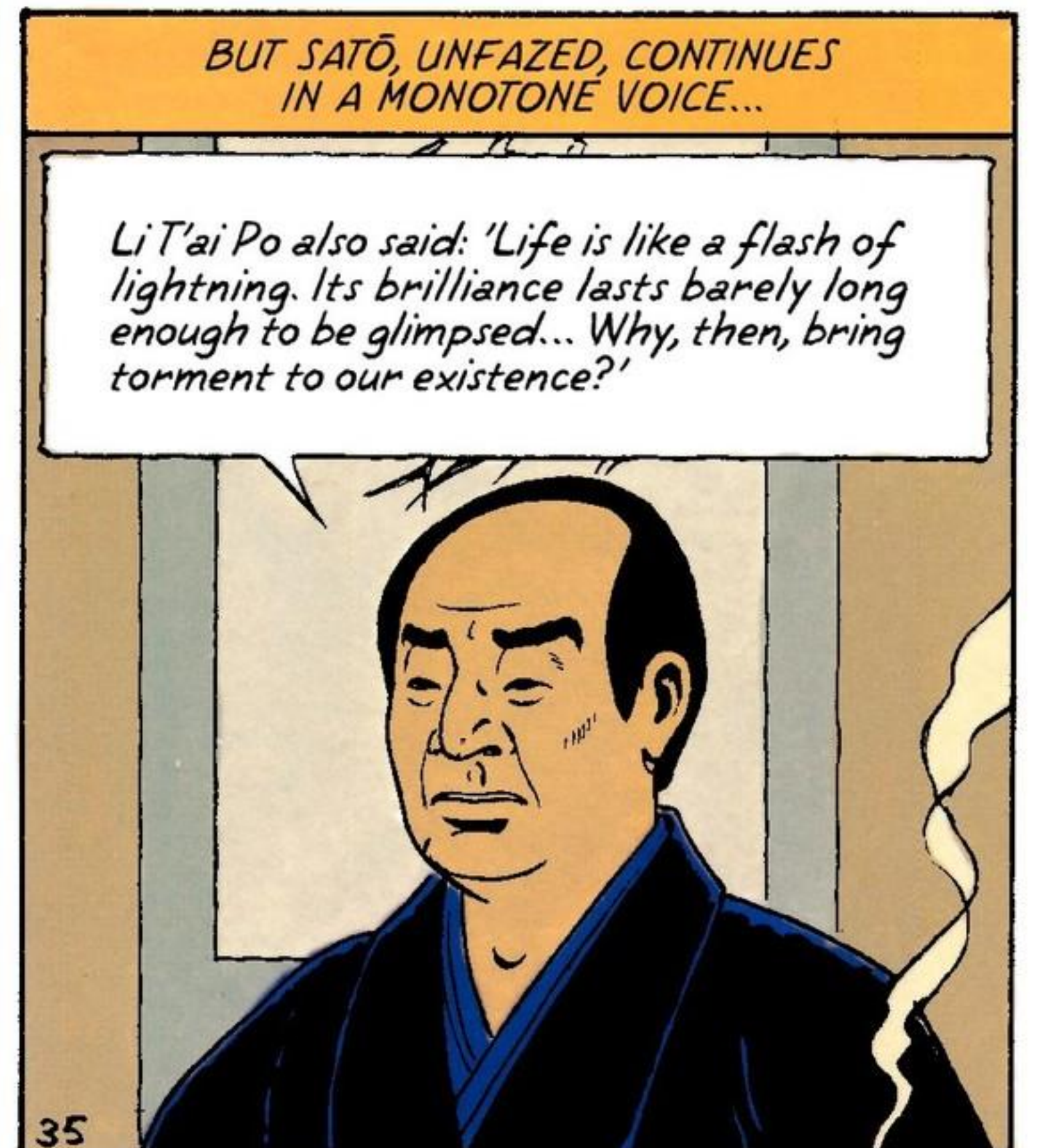


'Why such agitation, O my master? Life is fleeting... How long will last our possessions of jade and gold? A hundred years at most. That is the end of the highest hope...'

HMM! YES, VERY WISE WORDS INDEED... UNFORTUNATELY, NOW'S NOT REALLY THE TIME TO PHILOSOPHISE!

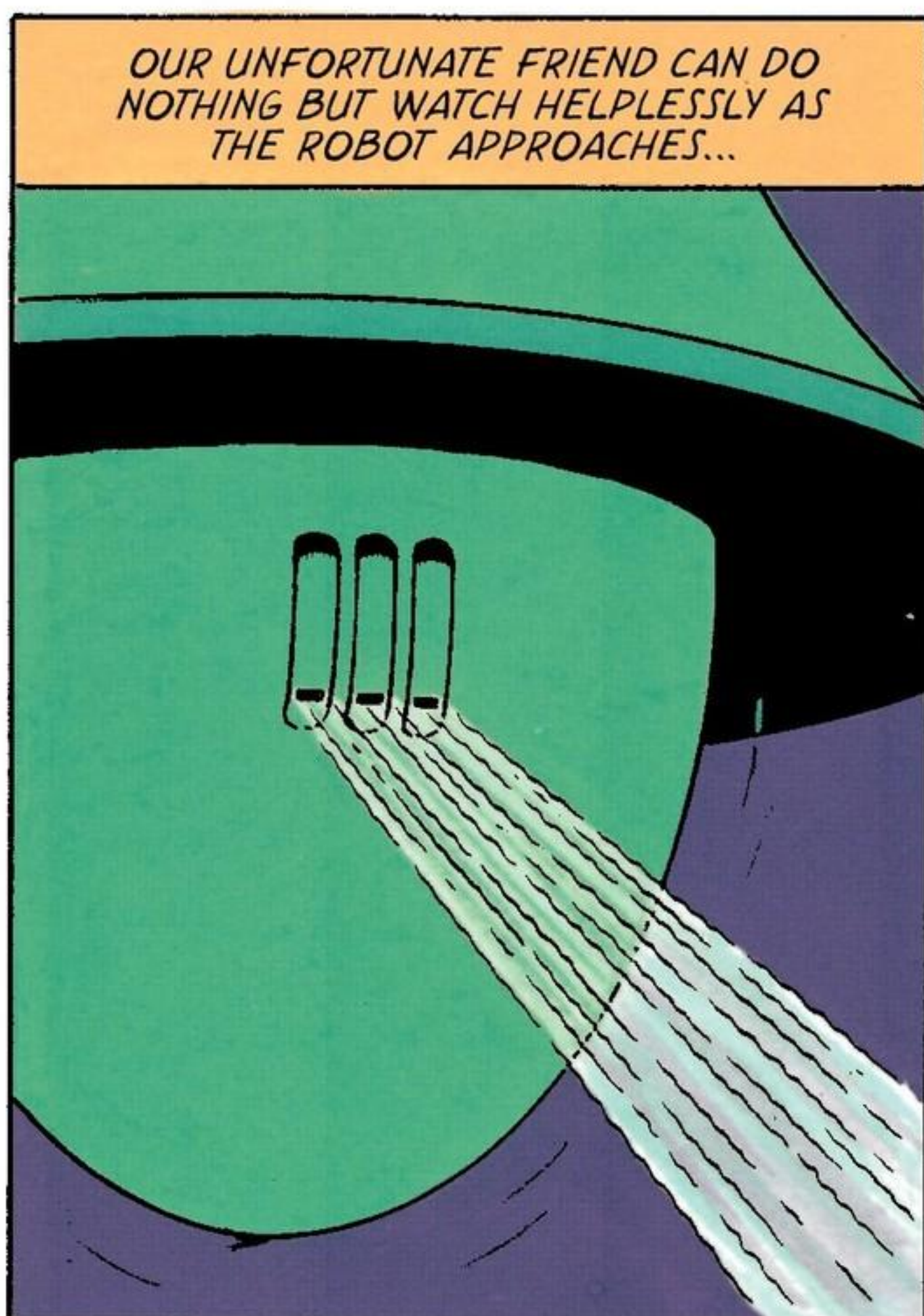
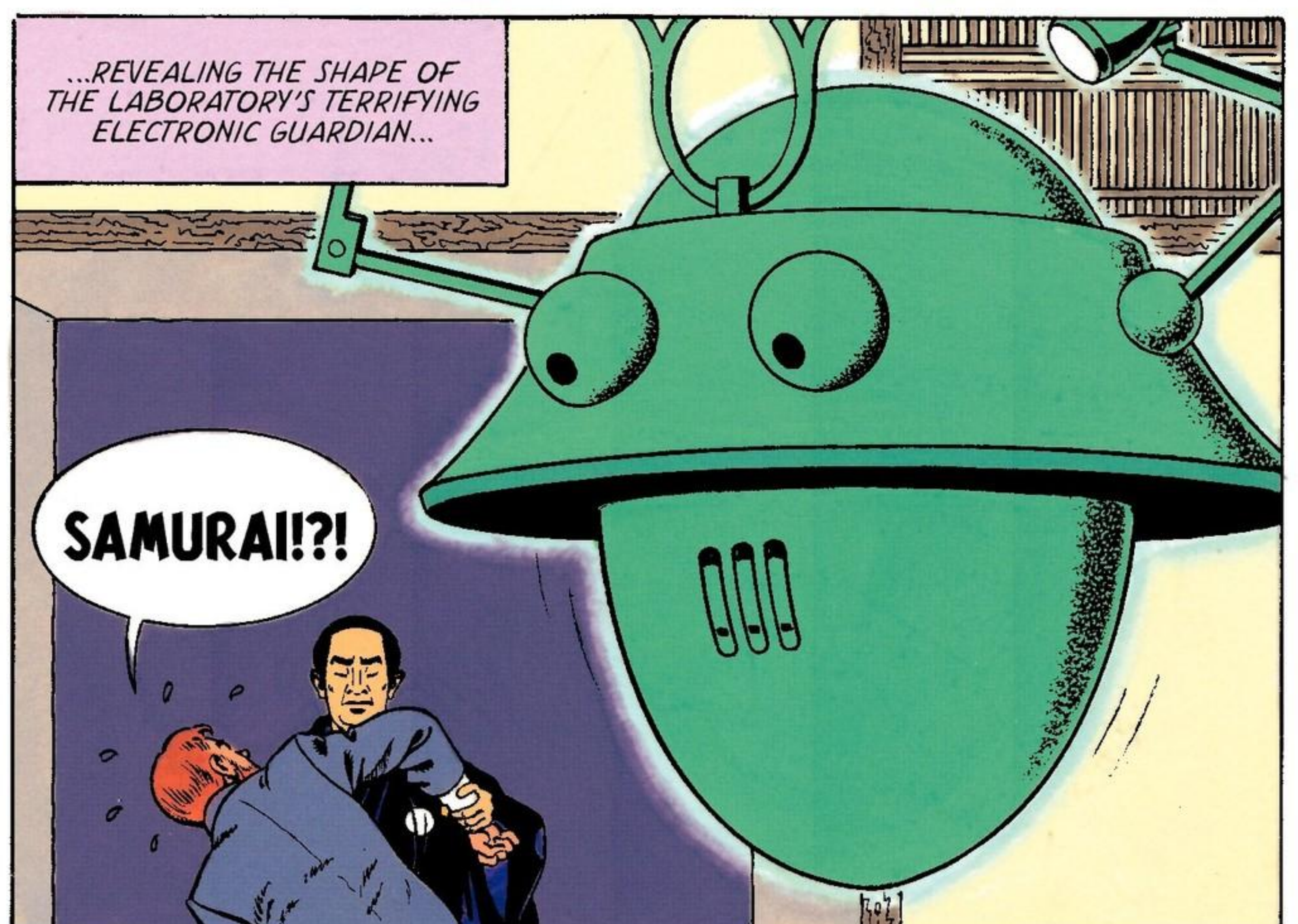
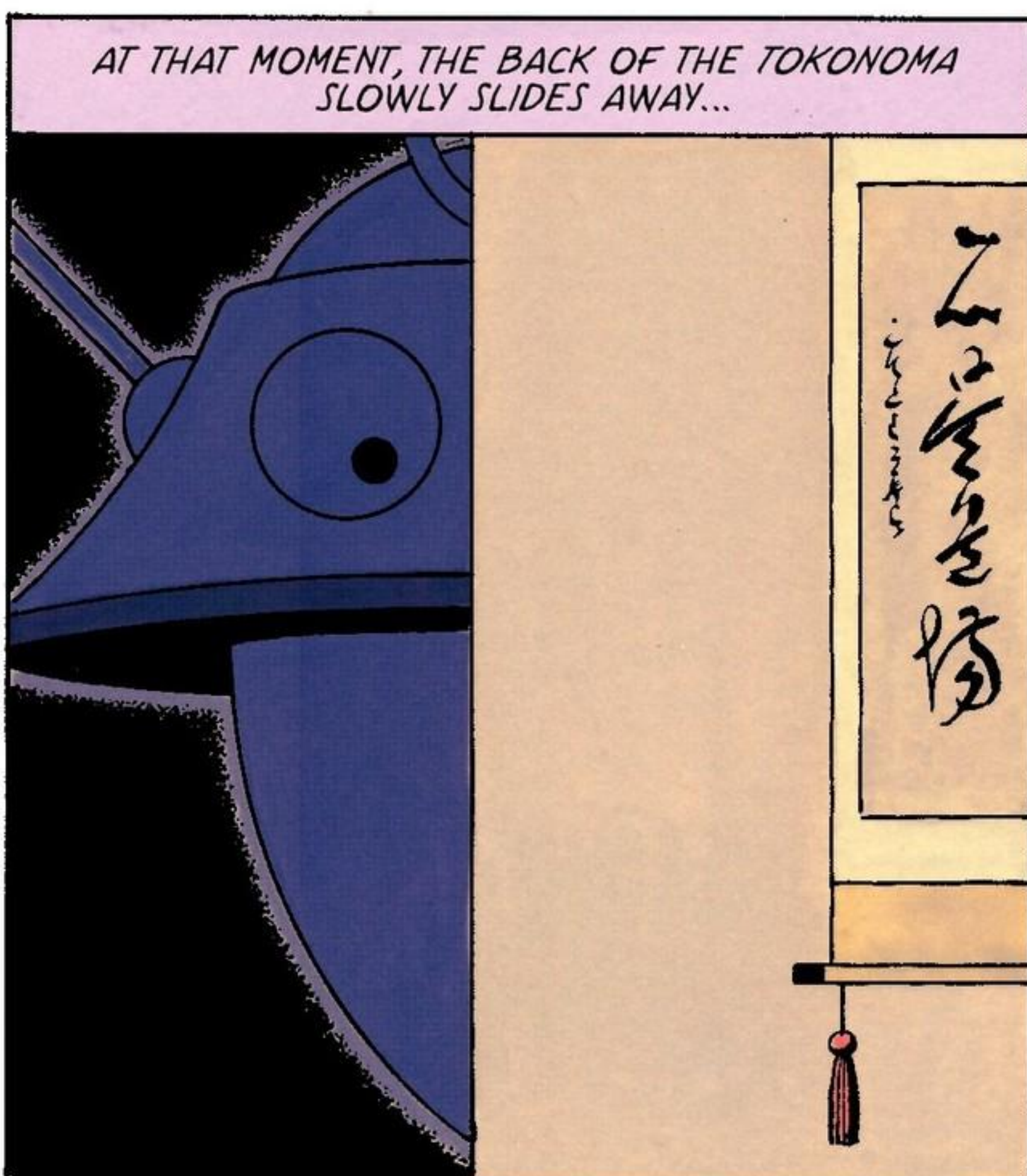
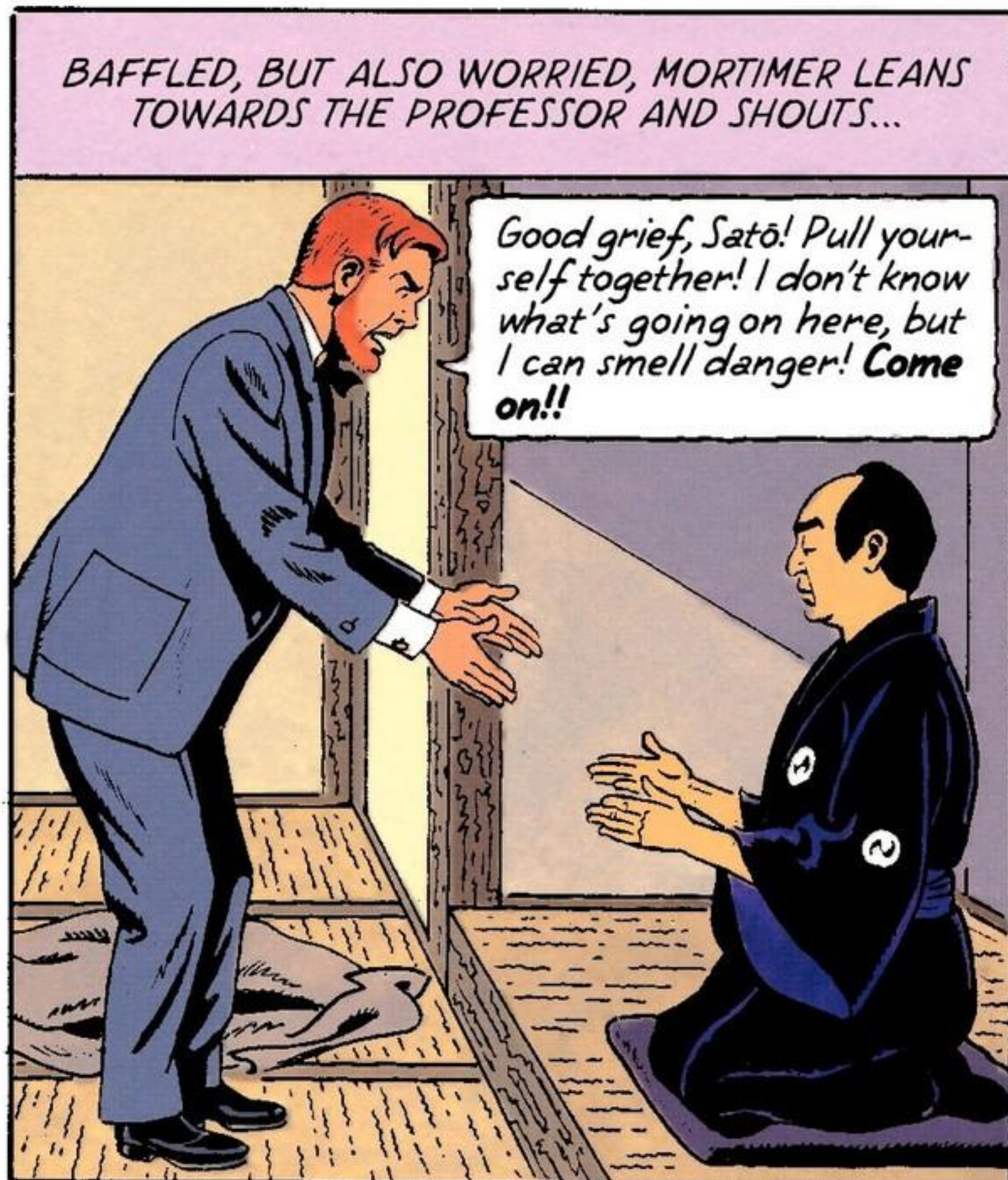


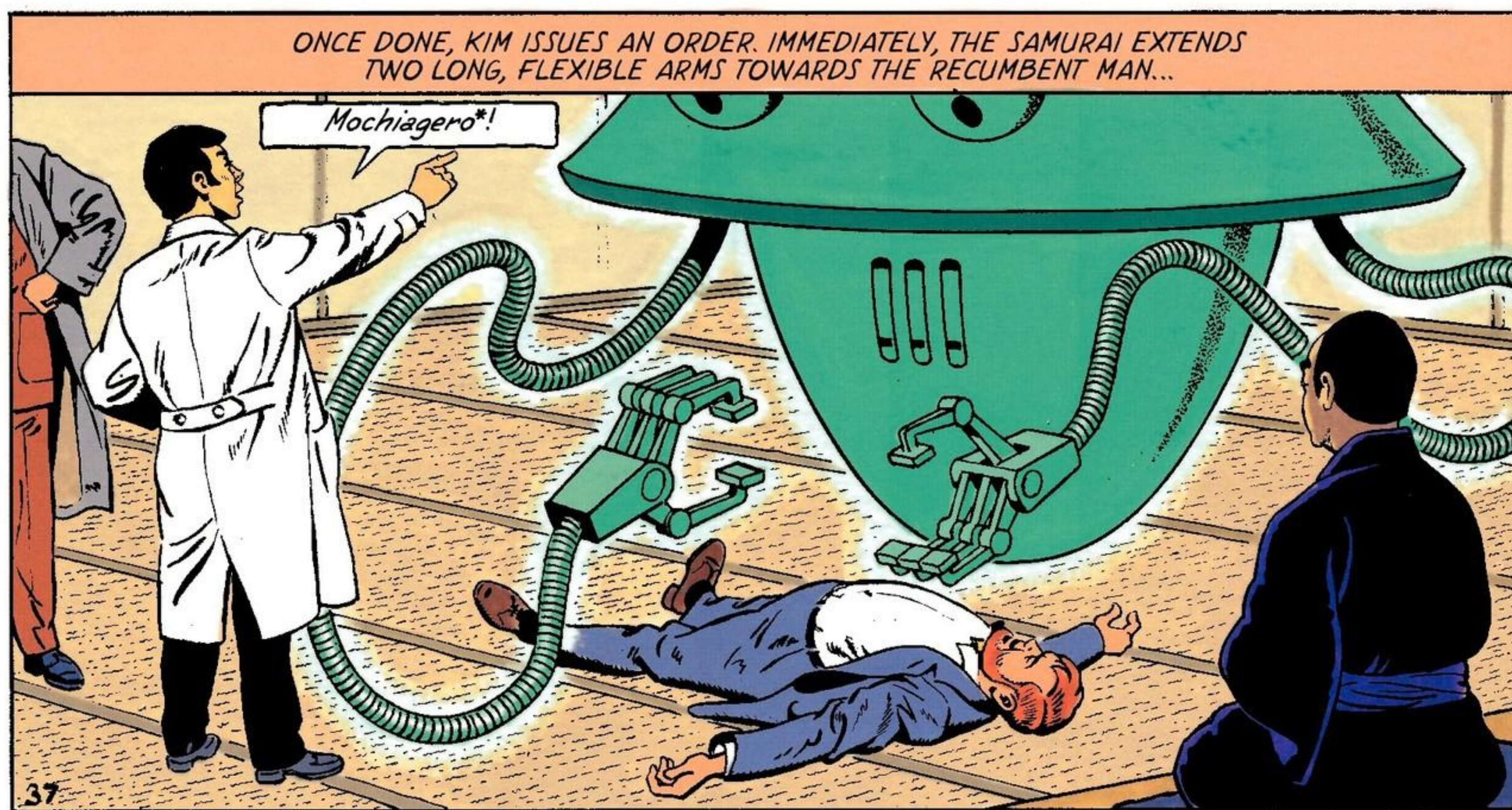
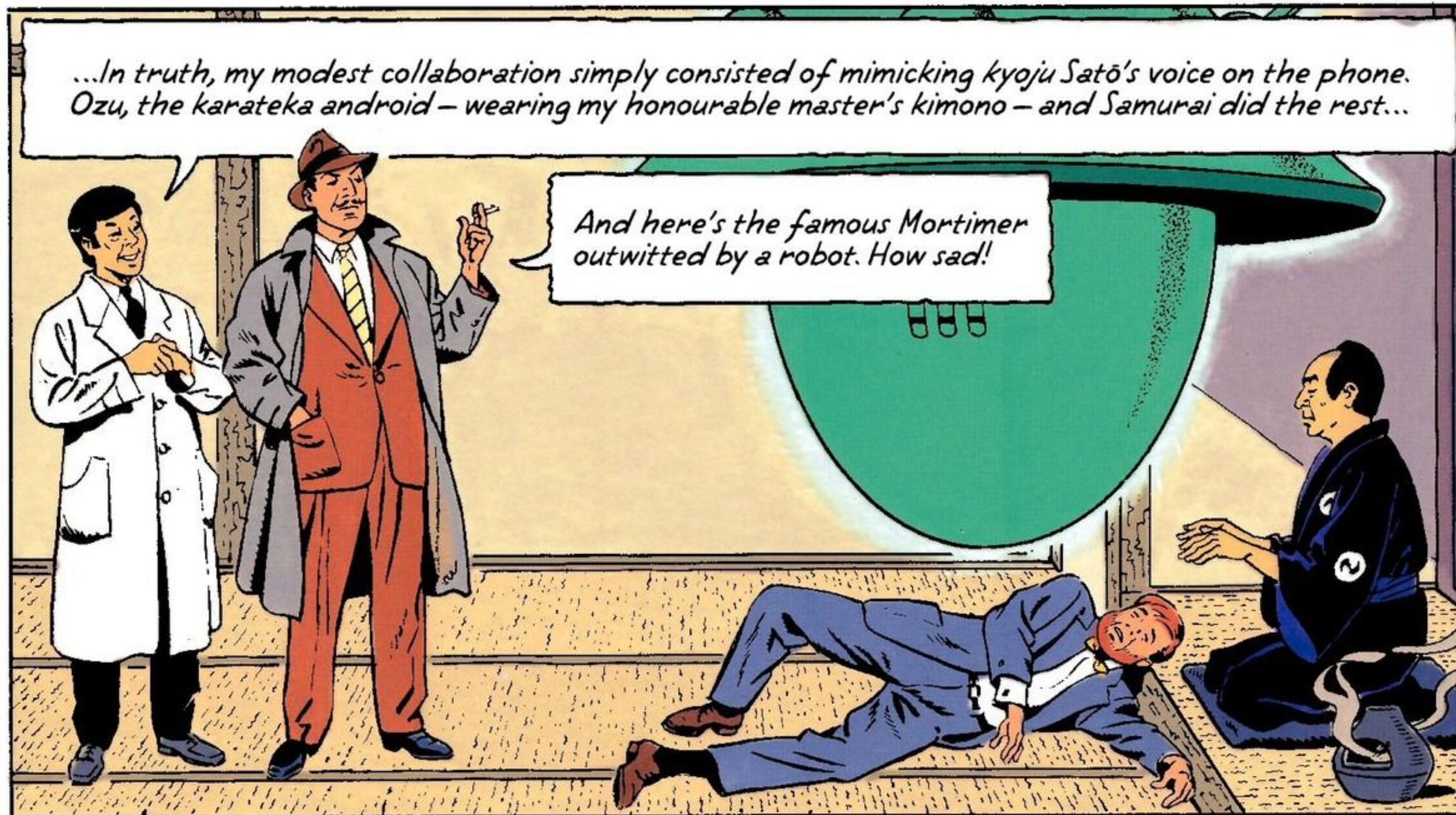
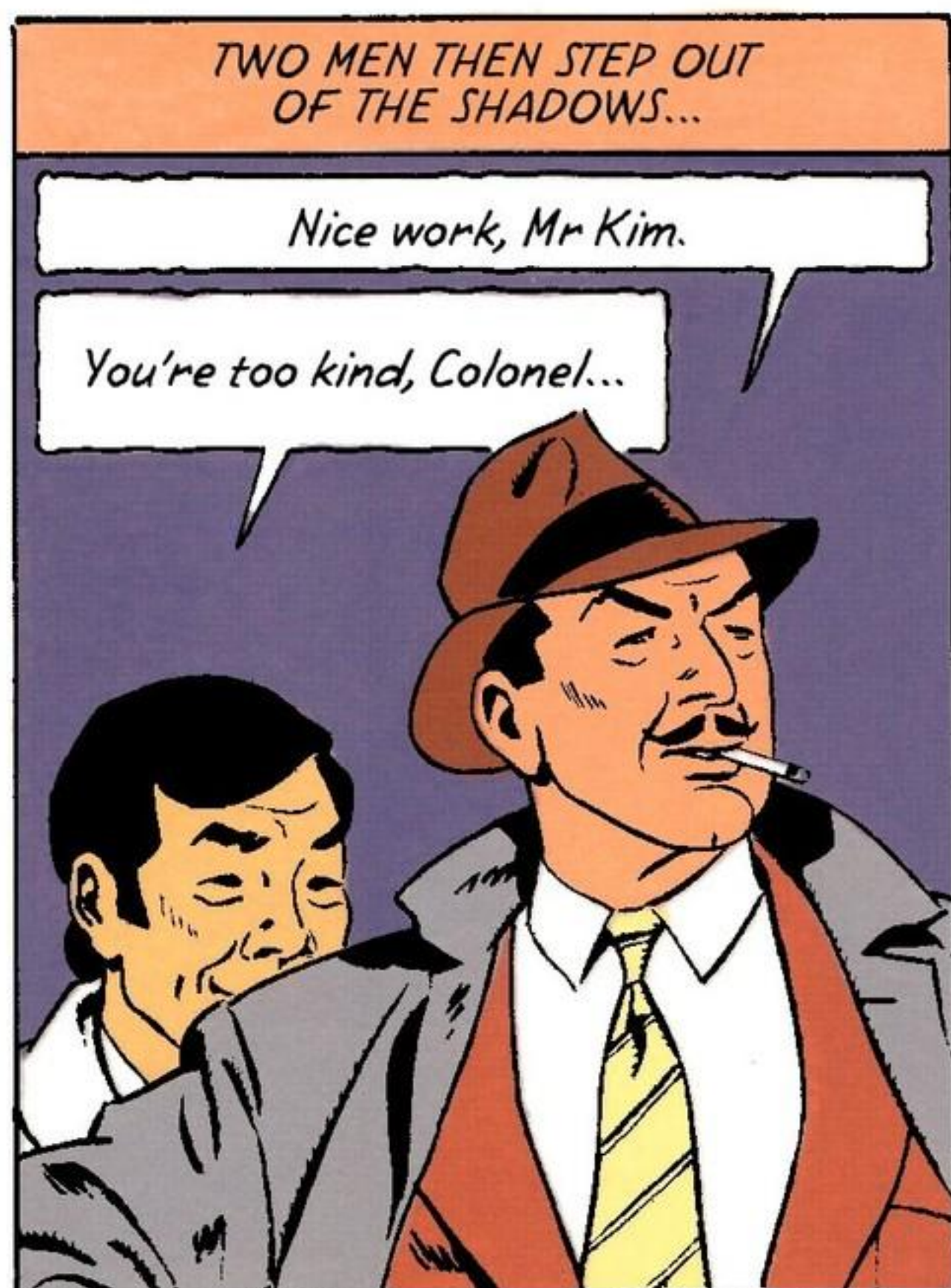
BUT SATŌ, UNFAZED, CONTINUES IN A MONOTONE VOICE...



Li T'ai Po also said: 'Life is like a flash of lightning. Its brilliance lasts barely long enough to be glimpsed... Why, then, bring torment to our existence?'

*EIGHTH-CENTURY CHINESE POEM

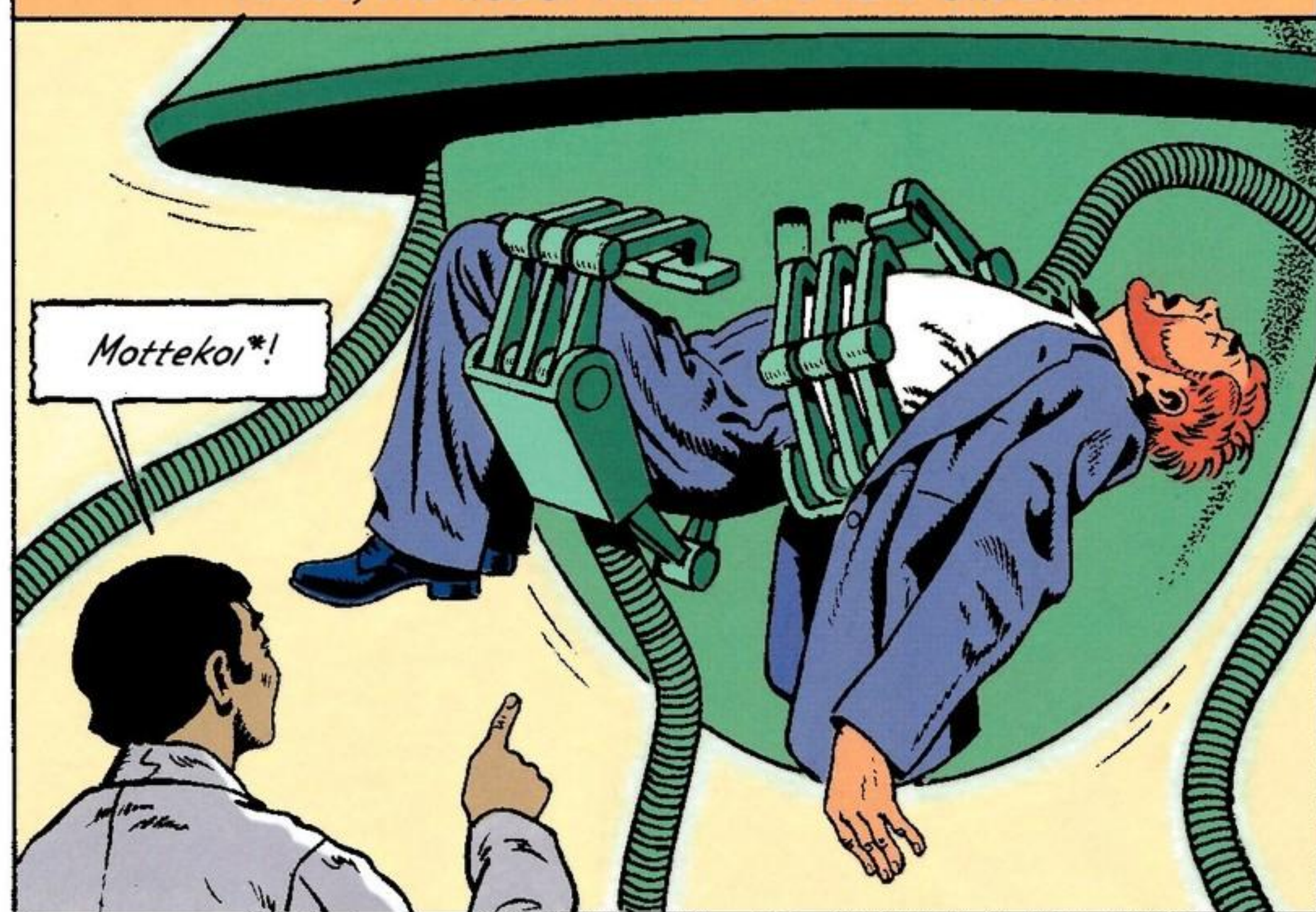




37

*PICK HIM UP!

THEN, HAVING LIFTED MORTIMER IN HIS POWERFUL HANDS, THE ROBOT HEEDS KIM'S NEXT ORDER...



*TAKE HIM AWAY!

...CARRYING HIS BURDEN AWAY AND DISAPPEARING, ALONG WITH THE FAKE SATO...



Hmm. How sure are you of your machine's effectiveness?



Completely sure. It emits low frequency waves at regular intervals. They'll keep our prisoner dazed indefinitely.



Moreover, the transmitter I pinned to his jacket is tuned to the robot's frequency. That way, at the slightest move from the Englishman, Samurai will react immediately.



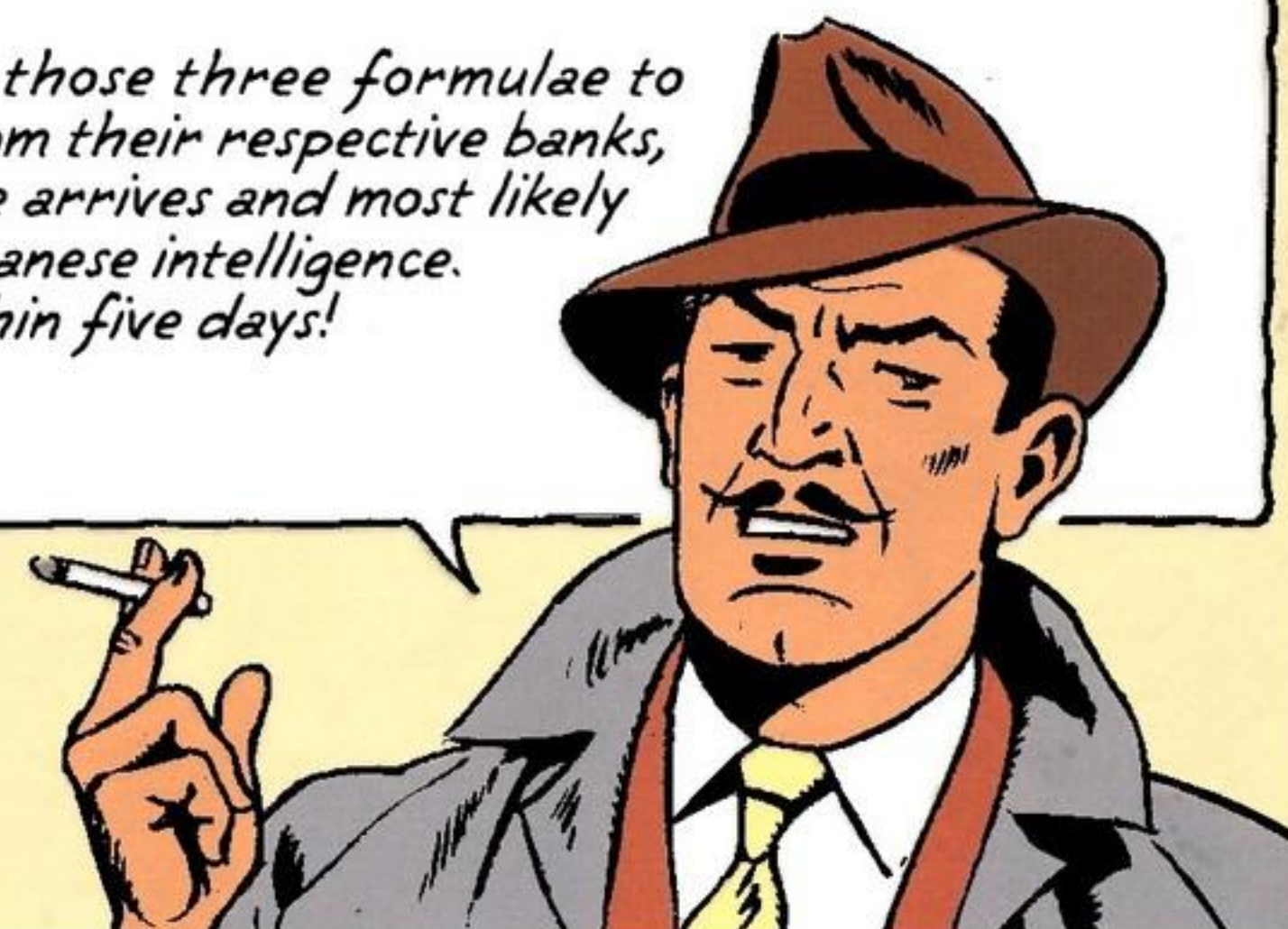
Good!... As for Satō, make sure nothing happens to him. It's essential that he arrives at his destination intact.



Count on me. In fact, he already seems resigned to his fate.



That leaves those three formulae to retrieve from their respective banks, before Blake arrives and most likely involves Japanese intelligence. Meaning within five days!



Since it's out of the question to get Satō or Mortimer to do it for us, the only way is to use ... an android! Not Satō's double, unfortunately. Not only because it wasn't designed for such a task, but also because of the risk of some friend of the original model speaking to it - or even some random Japanese person!



On the other hand, the hesitant behaviour of a foreigner such as Mortimer - remotely controlled by you - won't seem overly out of place, even if he commits some breach of Japanese etiquette...



Consequently, Mr Kim, the time has come for you to demonstrate your skill... You are going to build me a **robo-Mortimer** forthwith!

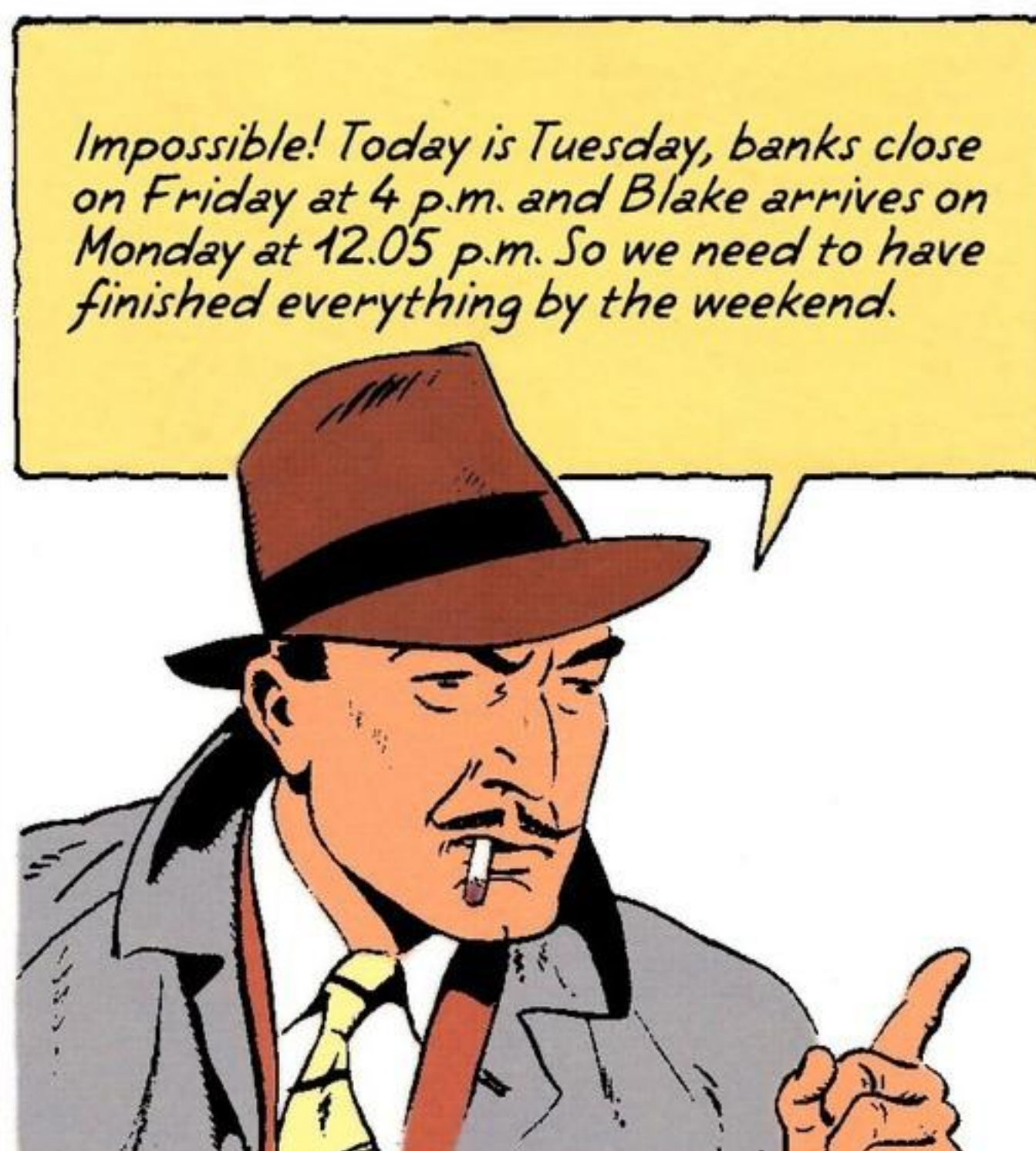
A robo-Mortimer!?!?



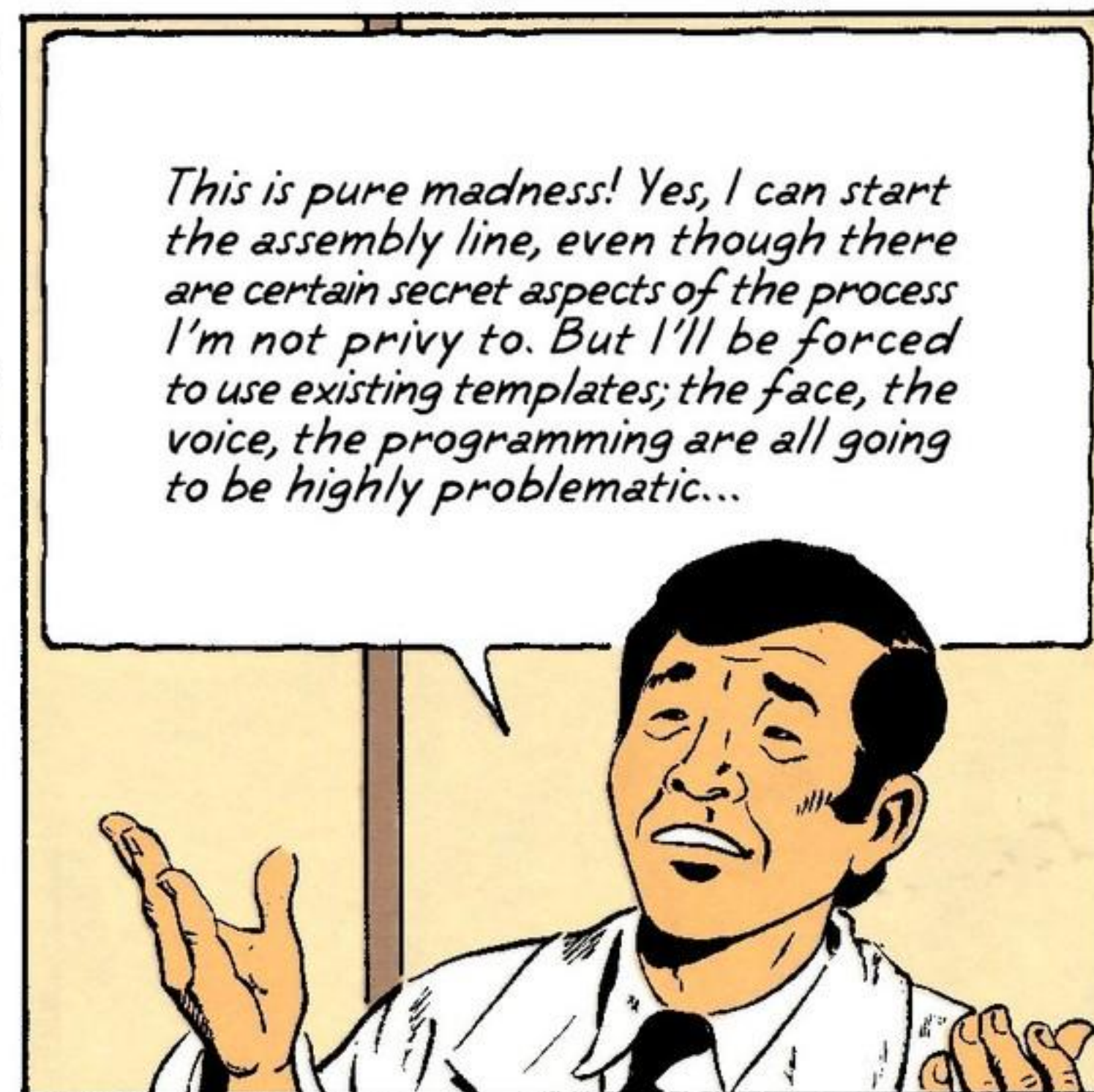


Yes, my dear fellow, a robo-Mortimer.

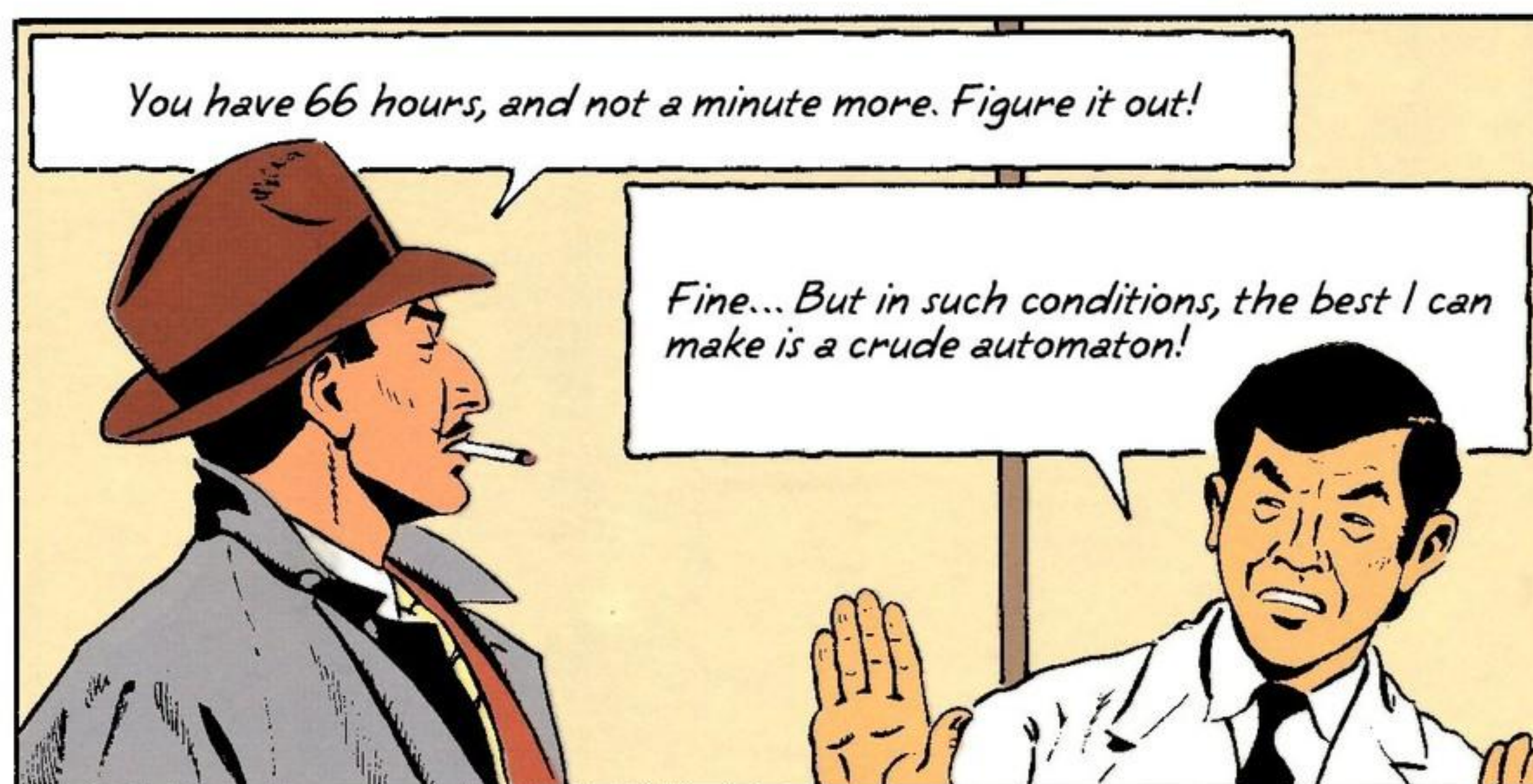
Very well, but that will take several weeks!



Impossible! Today is Tuesday, banks close on Friday at 4 p.m. and Blake arrives on Monday at 12.05 p.m. So we need to have finished everything by the weekend.



This is pure madness! Yes, I can start the assembly line, even though there are certain secret aspects of the process I'm not privy to. But I'll be forced to use existing templates; the face, the voice, the programming are all going to be highly problematic...



You have 66 hours, and not a minute more. Figure it out!

Fine... But in such conditions, the best I can make is a crude automaton!



Well, some friendly advice, Mr Kim: make sure your automaton works! And ... don't forget: **66 hours!**

ABANDONING THE DISMAYED KOREAN, OLRİK STEPS OUT ONTO THE VERANDA WHERE TWO MEN ARE WAITING FOR HIM...



How'd everything go, boss?

Very well.

THE MAN WHO JUST SPOKE IS NONE OTHER THAN SHARKEY, THE COLONEL'S LOYAL MUSCLE MAN*...



Ha ha! I can't wait to see Old Beardsy's face when he recognises me!

In due time, old boy... Right now we have work to do.

*SEE THE MYSTERY OF THE GREAT PYRAMID, S.O.S. METEORS AND THE AFFAIR OF THE NECKLACE



By the way, Nobuo, who knows about Mortimer coming here?

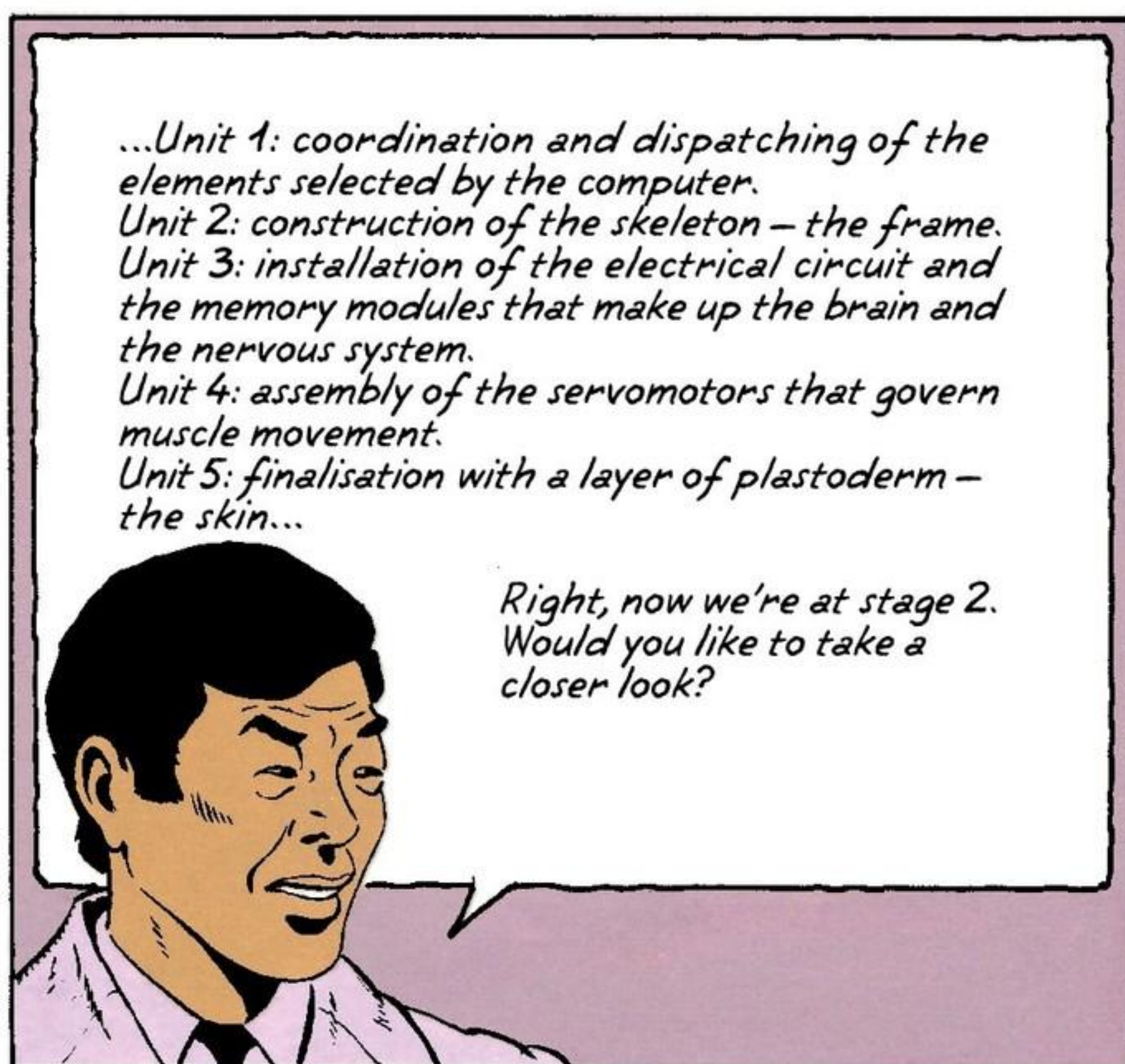
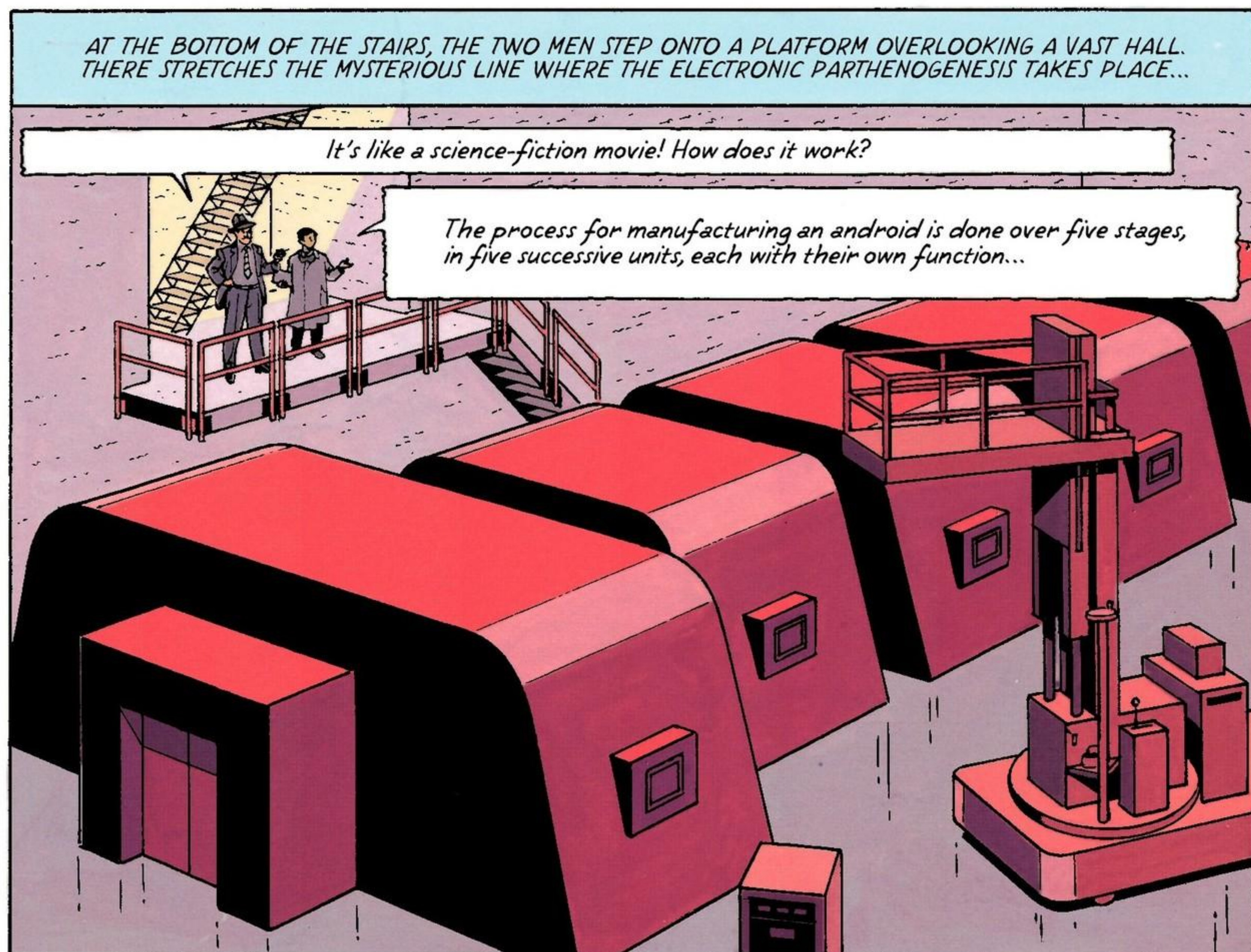
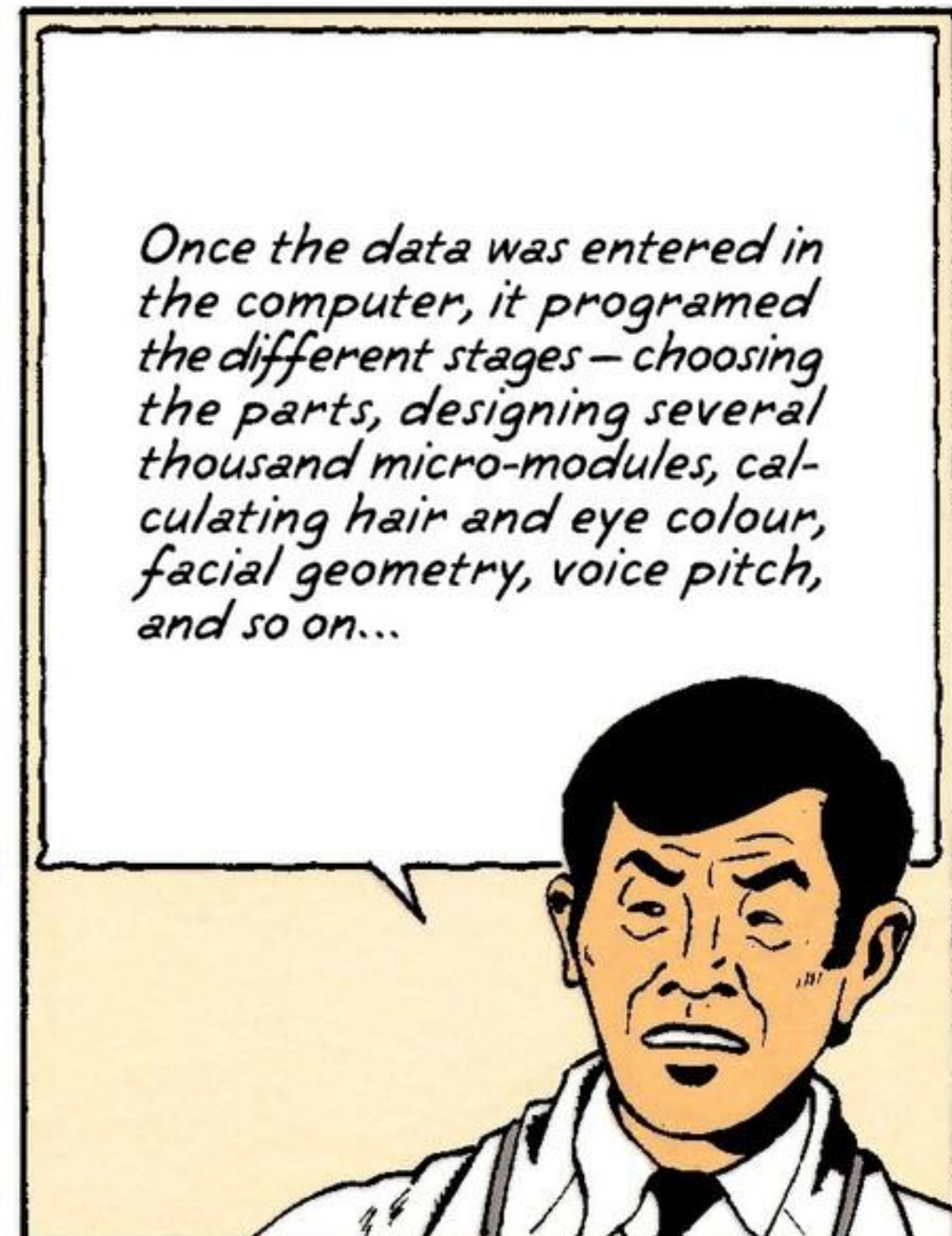
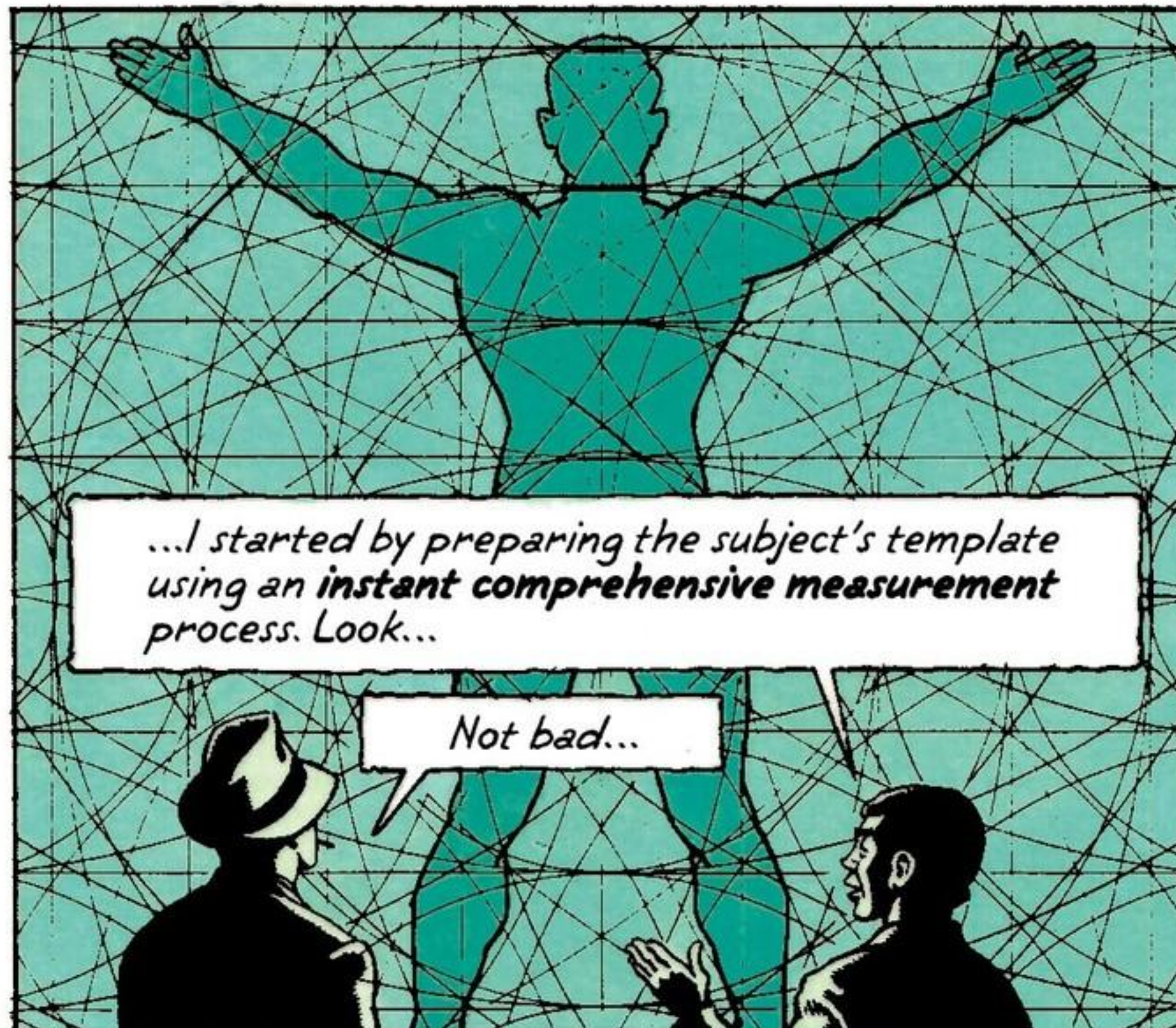
Kobayashi, the hotel doorman, and Inoue, the taxi driver. But don't worry about them. Yellow Tatami is doing what needs to be done for the former, and I'll take care of the latter myself...



Right! Go back to the New Otani with the others to prepare Blake's welcome. You, Sharkey, join the men and keep a close watch. Good evening.

We're on the case, boss!

You can count on us, Colonel.



OLRIK APPROACHES IT, AND...

Incredible!!!

...BEFORE HIS EYES, IN A DANTE-ESQUE VISION, AN ANDROID IS BEGINNING TO TAKE SHAPE...

What do you think?

That Satō of yours is an absolute magician – and far too valuable to serve the plebs! We'll find some field commensurate with his talents!...

...Speaking of which, I'm glad to see that you apparently solved your little manufacturing problems...?

Er... Most likely... It'd be reckless to say it will be 100% operational, though...

It will be! If only to spare you a reprimand from on high ... along with its inevitable consequences, if you see what I mean...?

Very clearly, Colonel...

Perfect! It's all sorted, then. Well, I'll let you work. Goodnight!

TIME HAS PASSED. ARTIFICIALLY KEPT UNCONSCIOUS BY THE DIABOLICAL PROCESS PREVIOUSLY DESCRIBED, MORTIMER IS STILL LYING ON THE FLOOR, UNDER SAMURAI'S WATCHFUL GUARD...

FOR A LITTLE WHILE, THOUGH, HE'S BEEN DISPLAYING SIGNS OF COMING TO...

What am I doing here?...

AFTER MUCH EFFORT, HE MANAGES TO SIT UP AND DISCOVERS, STANDING BEFORE HIM, A SILHOUETTE THAT SEEMS STRANGELY FAMILIAR...

Who... Who are you?

AS HIS EYES SLOWLY GROW MORE ACCUSTOMED TO THE AMBIENT LIGHT, HE KEEPS THEM TRAINED ON THE PERSON'S FACE ... UNTIL SUDDENLY...

NO!?!

BEFORE A STUNNED MORTIMER STANDS **ANOTHER VERSION OF HIMSELF**, WHO ADDRESSES HIM IN JOVIAL TONES!...



Hello! How are you, my dear chap?

THE PROFESSOR GRABS AT HIS HAIR AS PANIC THREATENS TO OVERWHELM HIM...



I'm going mad!?!

BUT A BURST OF SARCASTIC LAUGHTER BRINGS HIM BACK TO REALITY...



Hahaha! Don't worry, Professor, you haven't lost your mind!

That voice!?!

EMERGING FROM THE SHADOWS, OLRİK APPEARS, JEERING...



Well, dear fellow, how do you like your doppelgänger?

OLRIK?!



That's right. You've had the misfortune of crossing my path once too often, I'm afraid. Through this double, you're going to collaborate with us and recover the precious documents the good Mr Satō entrusted to your care...

What!?!

...And what's perfect is that you, the upstanding Professor Mortimer, will be accused – and rightly so – of being a turncoat. Oh, I can already see those wonderful headlines: 'Mortimer double agent'... 'Mortimer in league with the Masterminds gang'... 'Mortimer was working for the mysterious Scorpio Group'... It's true that the Group will owe you a lot!...



...The Group?... You command a group now?

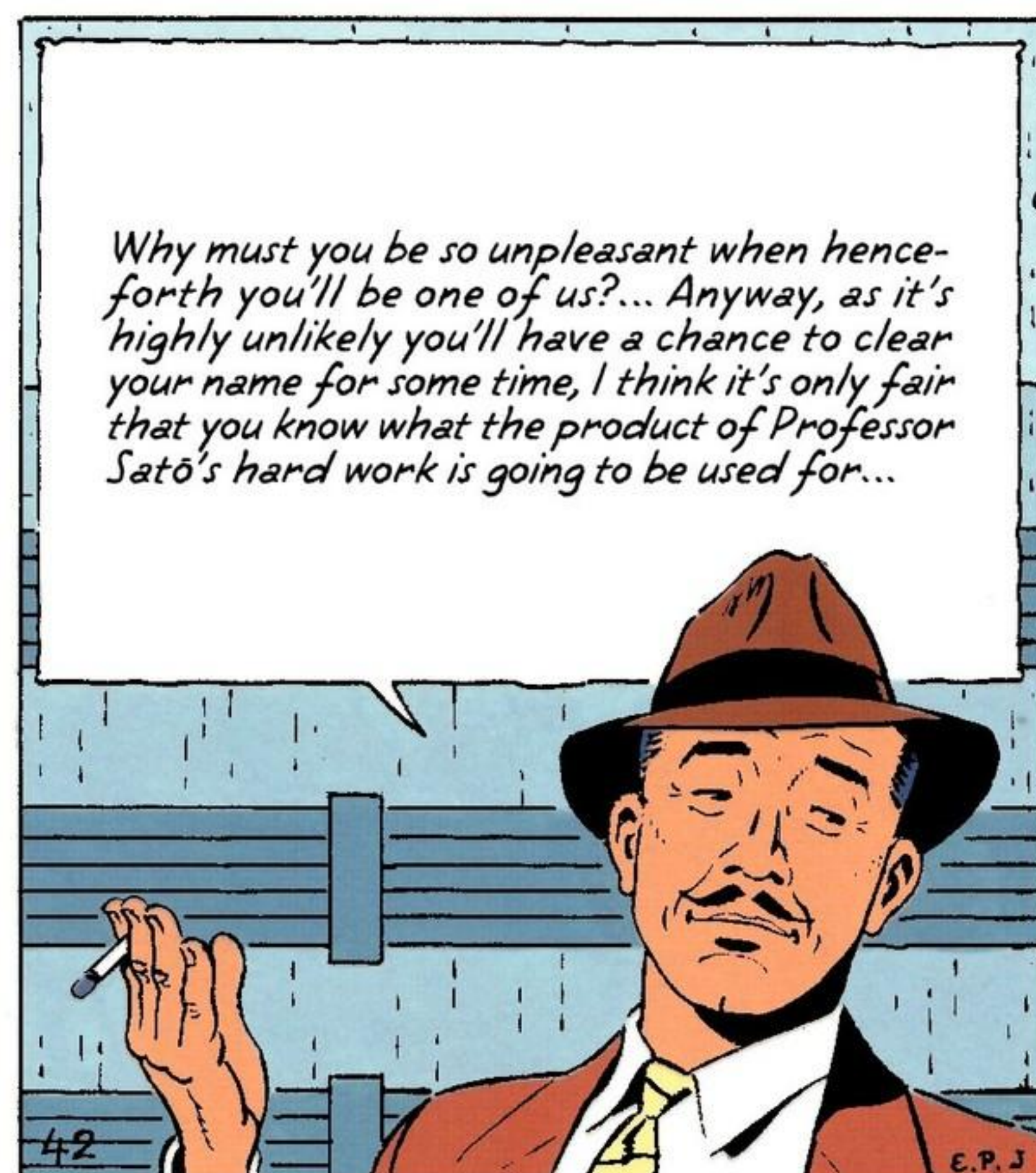


You flatter me, dear fellow. I am merely the head of its Operations division. Much the same role I once played for the late Emperor Basam Damdu*...



...I see... A good little henchman!

Why must you be so unpleasant when henceforth you'll be one of us?... Anyway, as it's highly unlikely you'll have a chance to clear your name for some time, I think it's only fair that you know what the product of Professor Satō's hard work is going to be used for...



*SEE THE SECRET OF THE SWORDFISH

So then, under the nondescript name **Scorpio Group** hides a powerful, shadowy organisation that brings together a number of leading international figures, all as gifted in their respective specialities as they are devoid of scruples. This group aims at installing a world power of a new kind: a **cybertechnocracy** – thus its interest in Professor Satō's research... Needless to say, the group's ultimate objective is the total and methodical exploitation of the planet's resources – exclusively to its own profit...

No need to specify that – you work for them, after all...



Such an incorrigible Boy Scout you are, dear fellow! But forgive me. Your alter ego is impatient to go into action; I must go!

You devil! If you think I'm going to let you...



MORTIMER HAS LEAPT TO HIS FEET, BUT FROM THE END OF THE CORRIDOR, KIM GIVES A SHORT ORDER...

Mahisasero*!



IMMEDIATELY, SAMURAI EMITS A FLOW OF PARALYSING WAVES...

AH!



...AND THE UNFORTUNATE PROFESSOR COLLAPSES ONCE AGAIN, UNCONSCIOUS...

Hahaha!



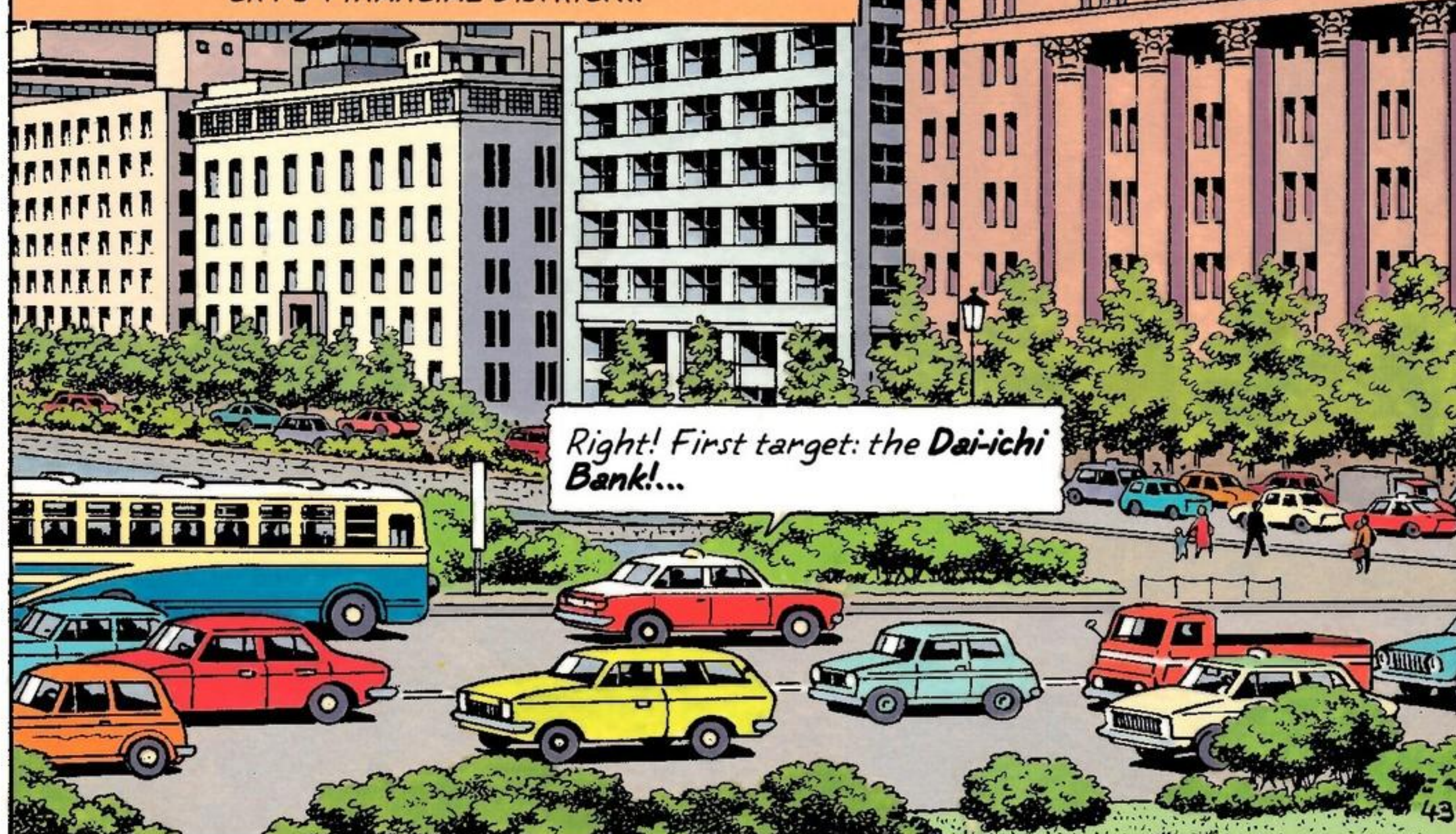
*NEUTRALISE HIM!

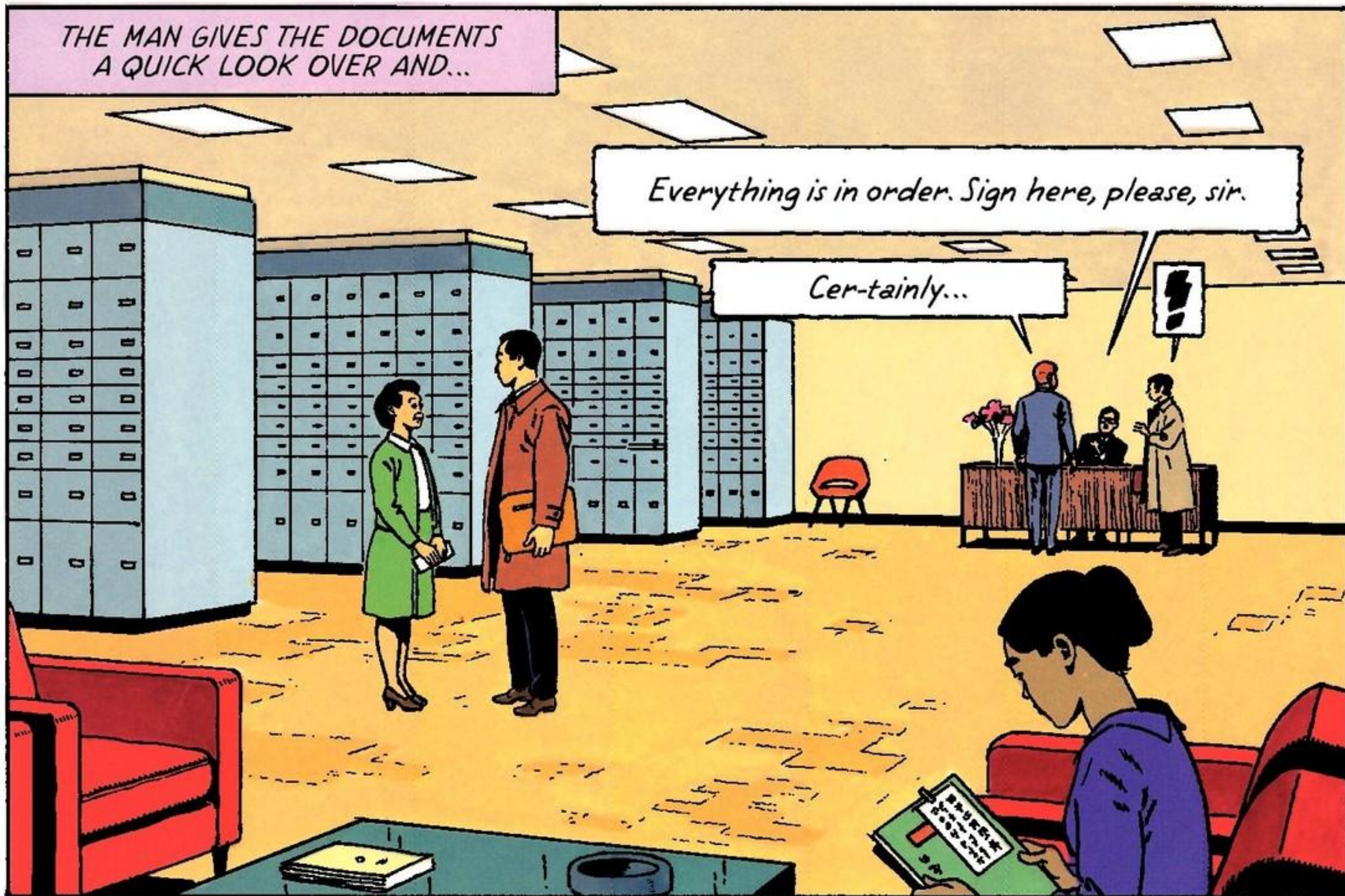
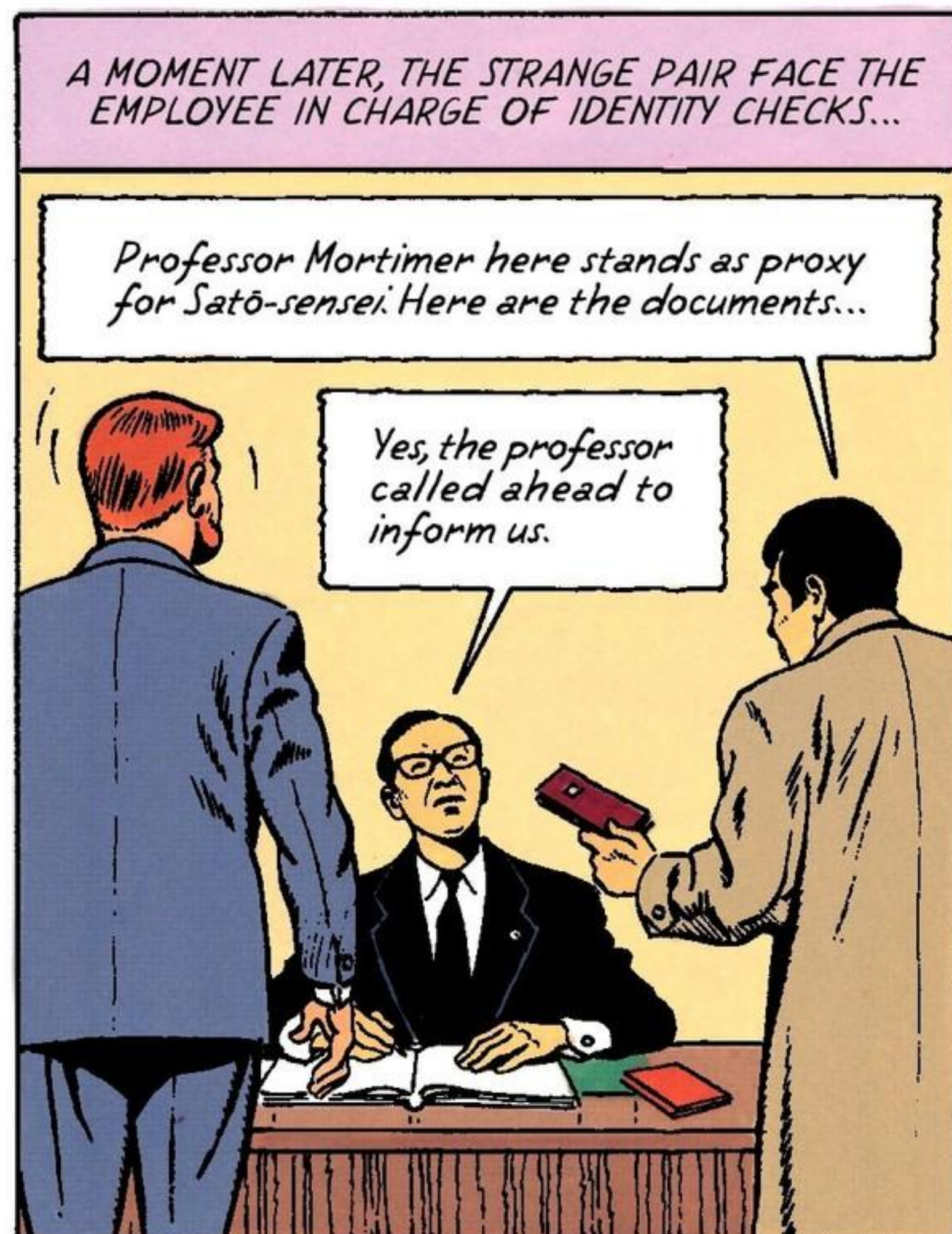
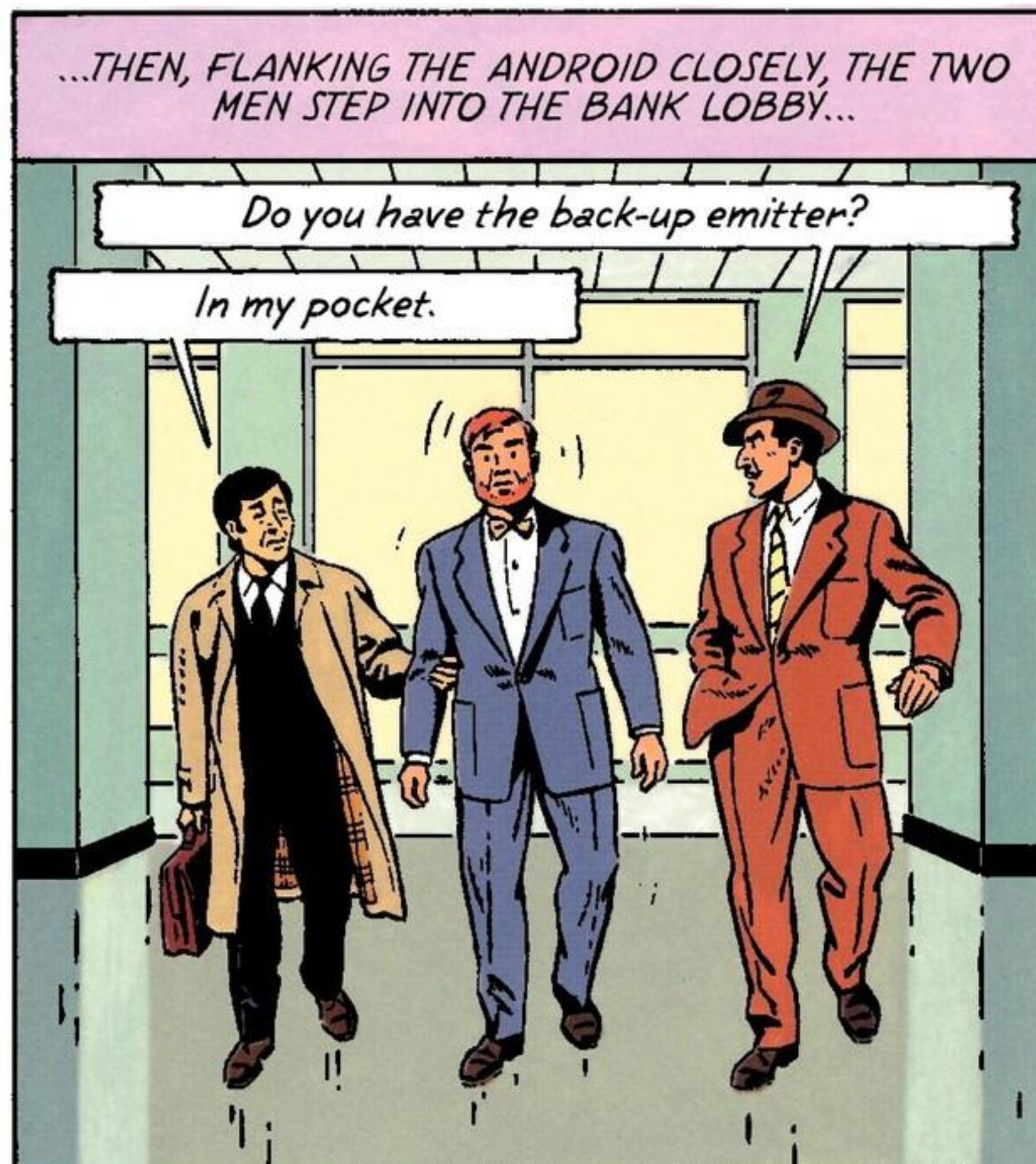
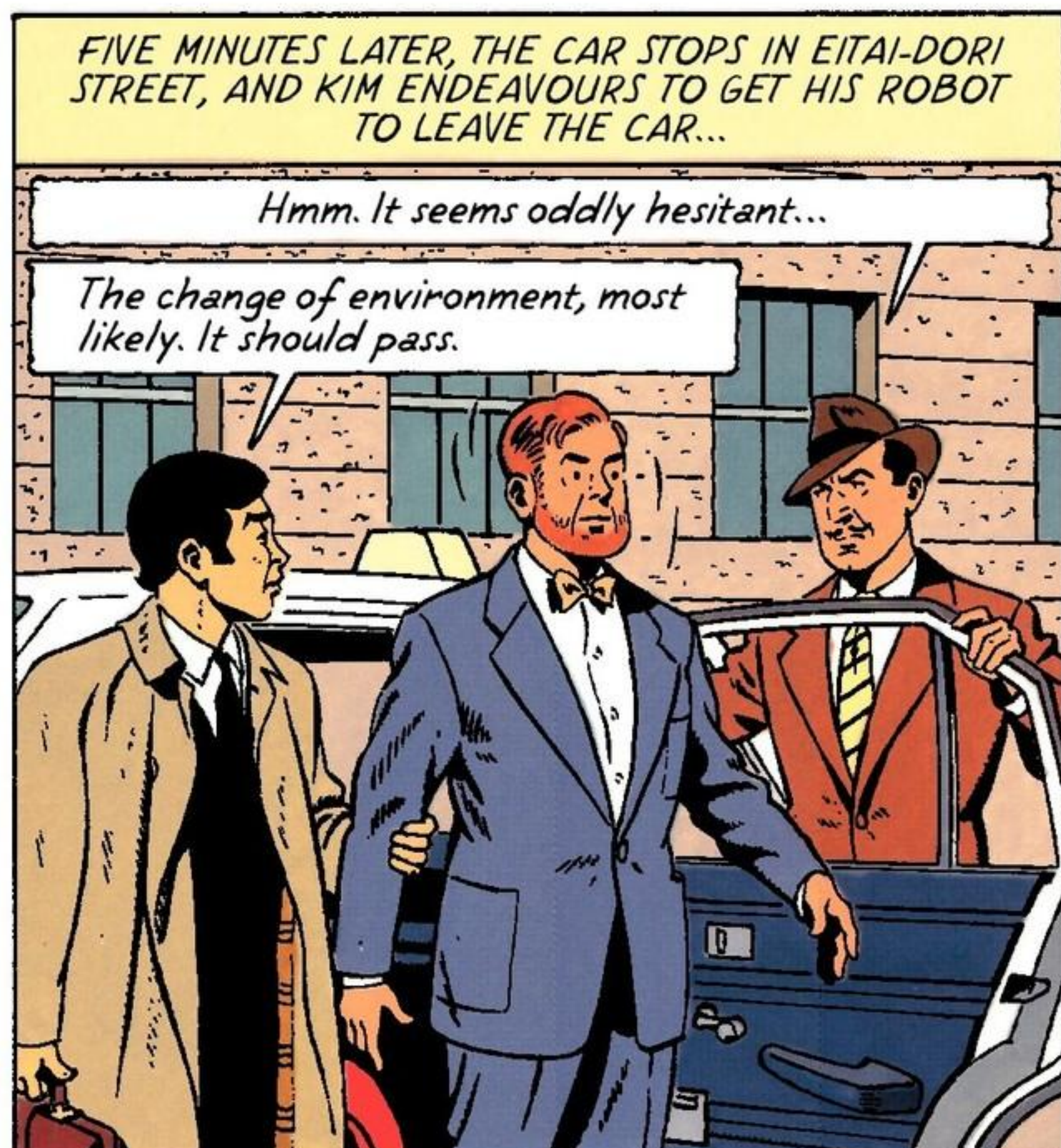
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, OLRİK AND THE FAKE MORTIMER LEAVE THE ESTATE FOR TOKYO IN THE TAXI, NOW DRIVEN BY KIM.



AN HOUR AND A HALF LATER, THE SMALL COMMANDO ENTERS MARUNOUCHI, THE CAPITAL CITY'S FINANCIAL DISTRICT...

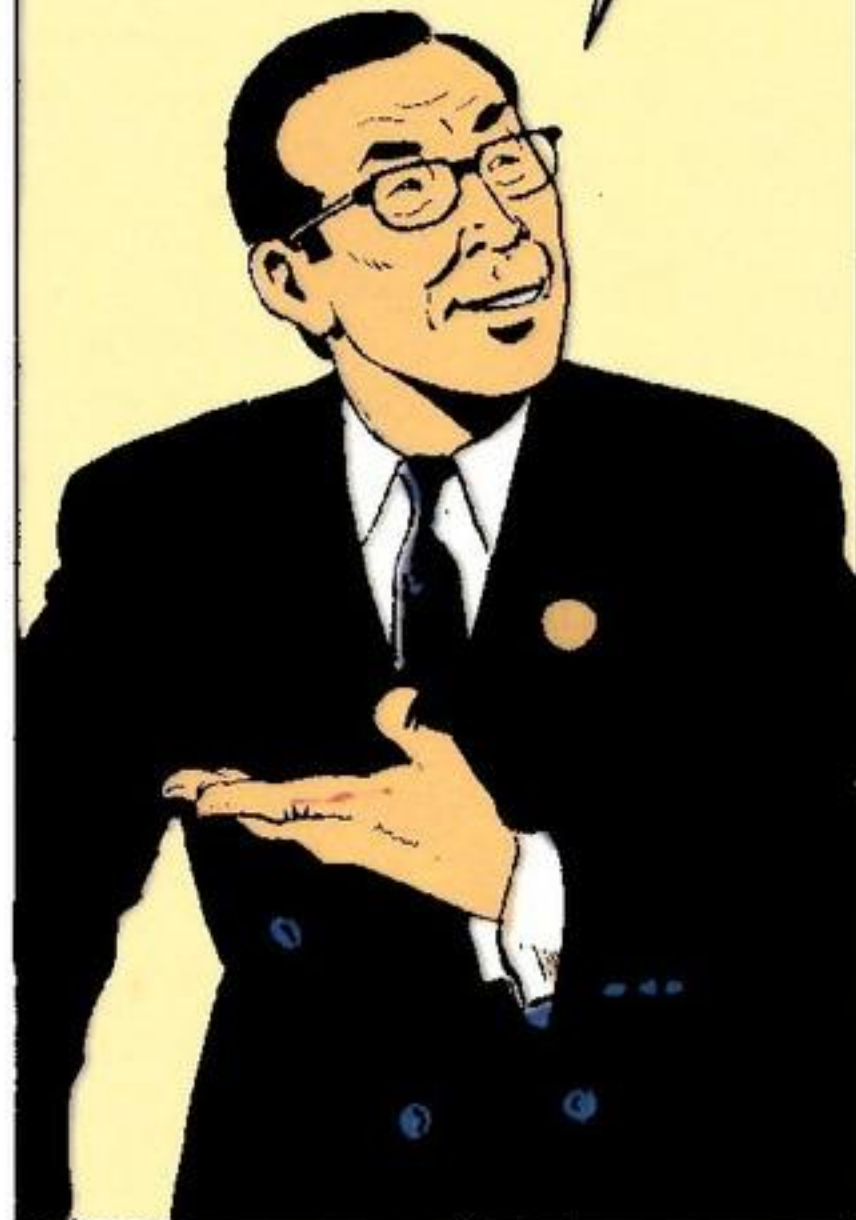
Right! First target: the *Dai-ichi Bank*!...





TO THE KOREAN'S GREAT RELIEF, THOUGH, THE ANDROID PASSES THE 'SIGNATURE' TEST WITH FLYING COLOURS...

Excellent. If you would care to follow me, gentlemen...



...AND THE EMPLOYEE TAKES THEM TO PROFESSOR SATŌ'S SAFE, WHICH HE OPENS WITH THE USUAL PRECAUTIONS...

There. To close it, just push the door back all the way.

Thank ... you...

Thank you very much.



ONCE ALONE, KIM SNATCHES THE PRECIOUS DOCUMENTS AND SWIFTLY SLIPS THEM INTO HIS BRIEFCASE!...



THEN...

Thank ... you very ... much...

Thanks again.

At your service...



FIVE MINUTES LATER, THE TRIO MEET UP IN THE STREET...

It's overheating somewhat. I'm worried about its circuits...

All the more reason to hurry. To the next one, quick! It's nearby!



INDEED, THEY MERELY HAVE TO CROSS HONGO-DORI AND ARE IN FRONT OF THE FUJI BANK...

This temperature increase worries me. I hope it holds up...

Tut tut tut! Think positive thoughts, Mr Kim!



OLRIK IS RIGHT, AND THE SAME OPERATION GOES WITHOUT A HITCH. SOON...



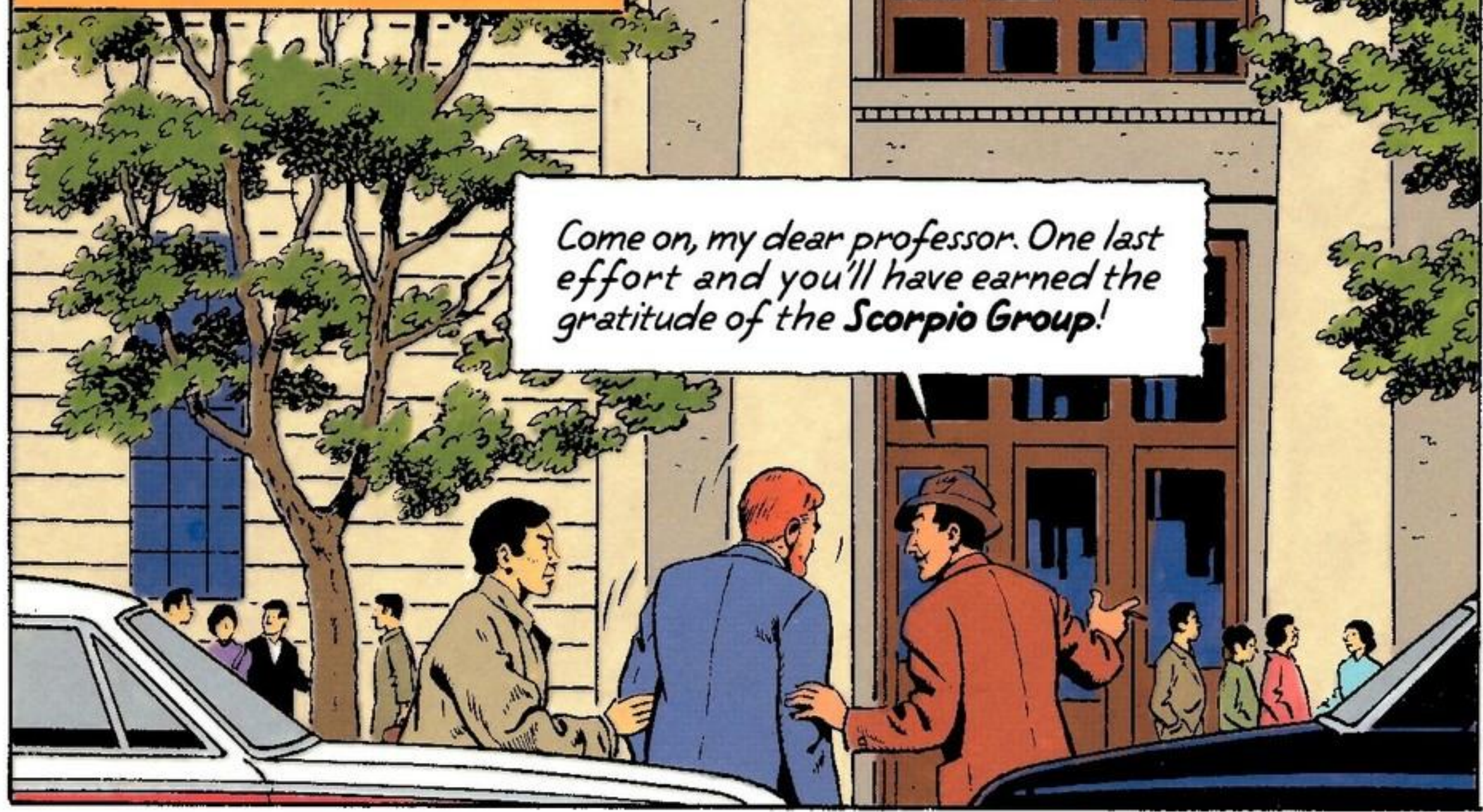
They never suspected a thing!

Didn't I tell you? And now to the Sumitomo!

AFTER A BRIEF SLALOM THROUGH THE BUSY STREETS, OLRIK, KIM AND THEIR DOCILE ASSISTANT STOP BEFORE THE IMPOSING ENTRANCE OF THEIR THIRD AND LAST OBJECTIVE: THE SUMITOMO BANK...

SUMITOMO BANK

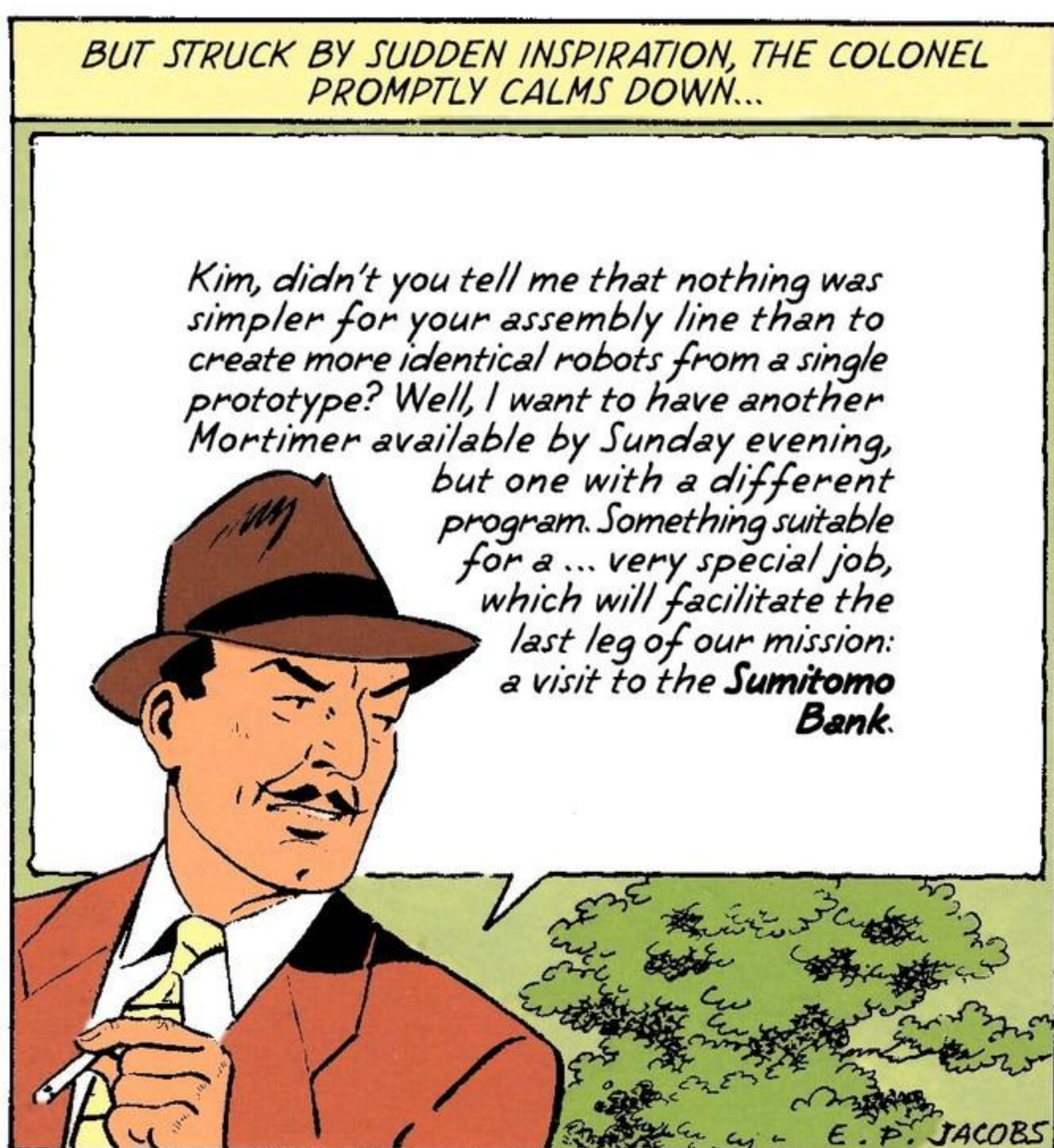
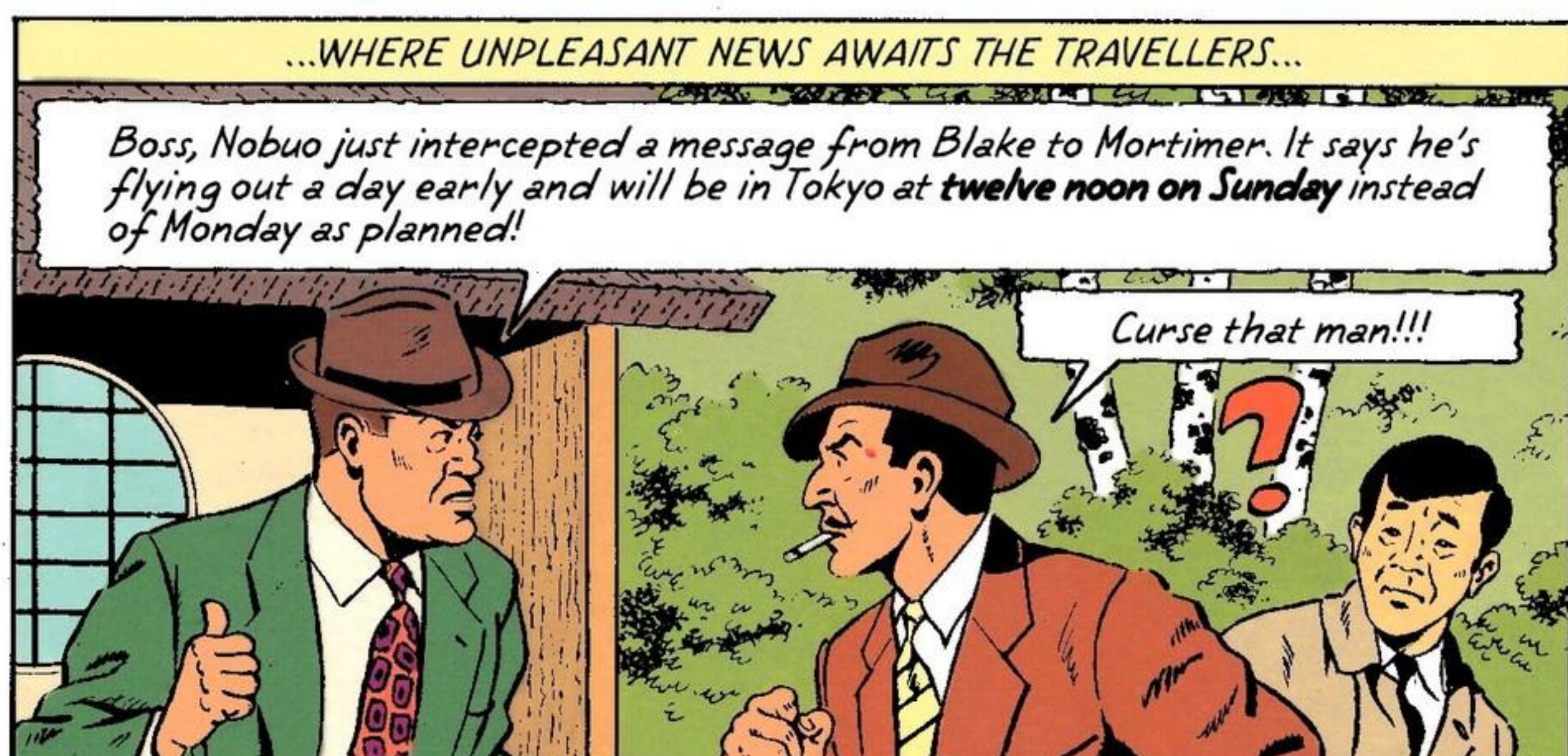
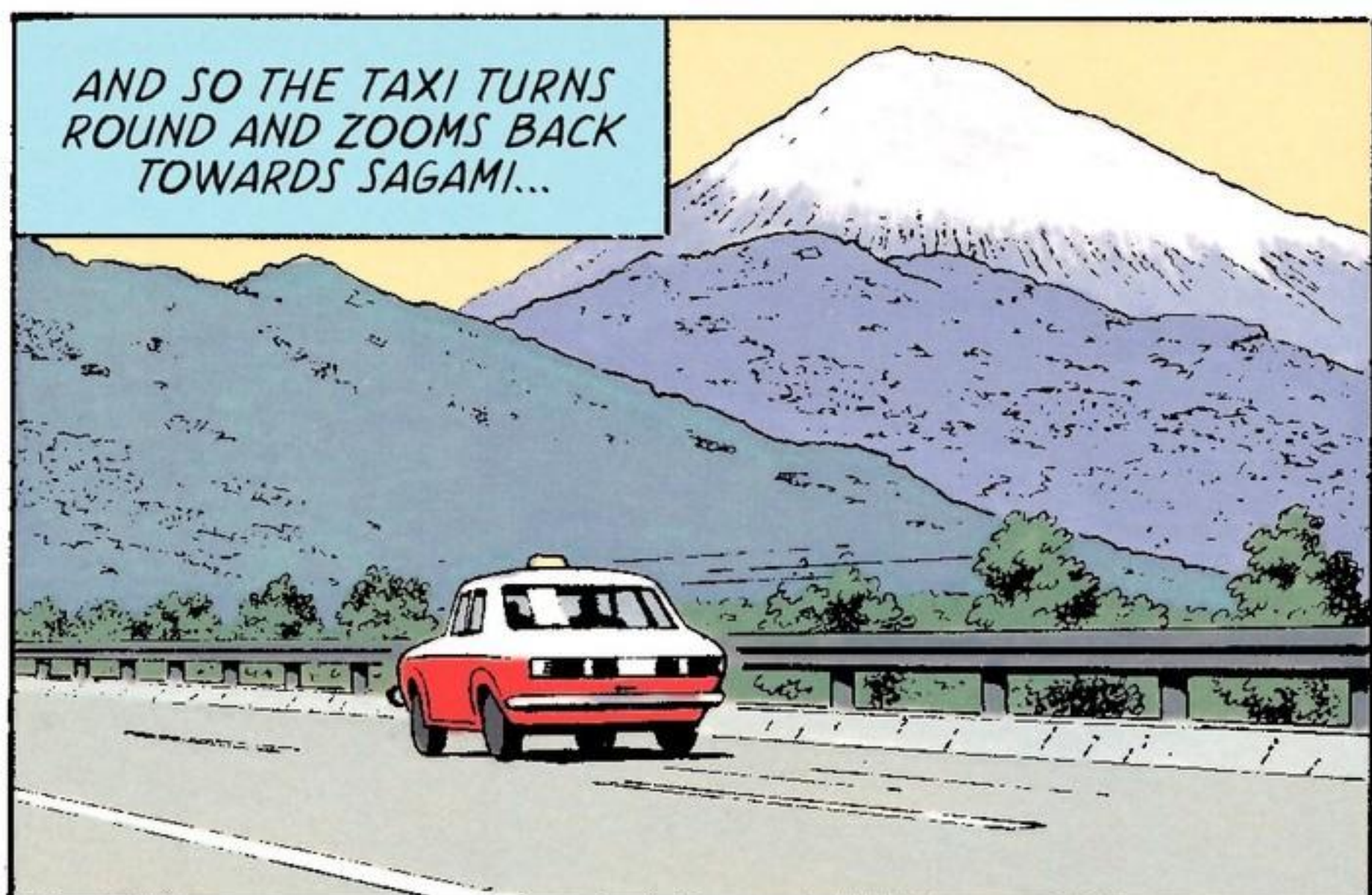
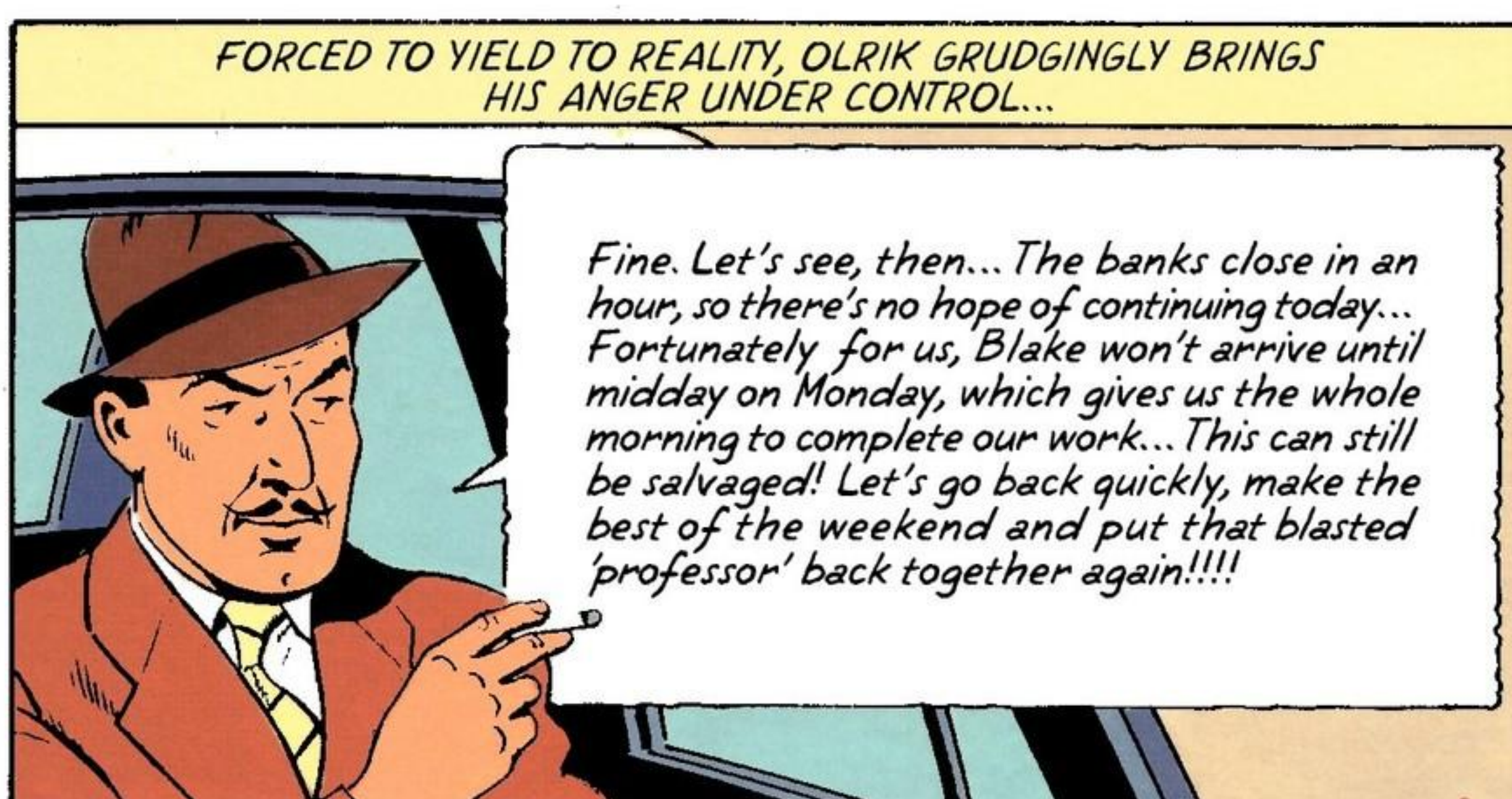
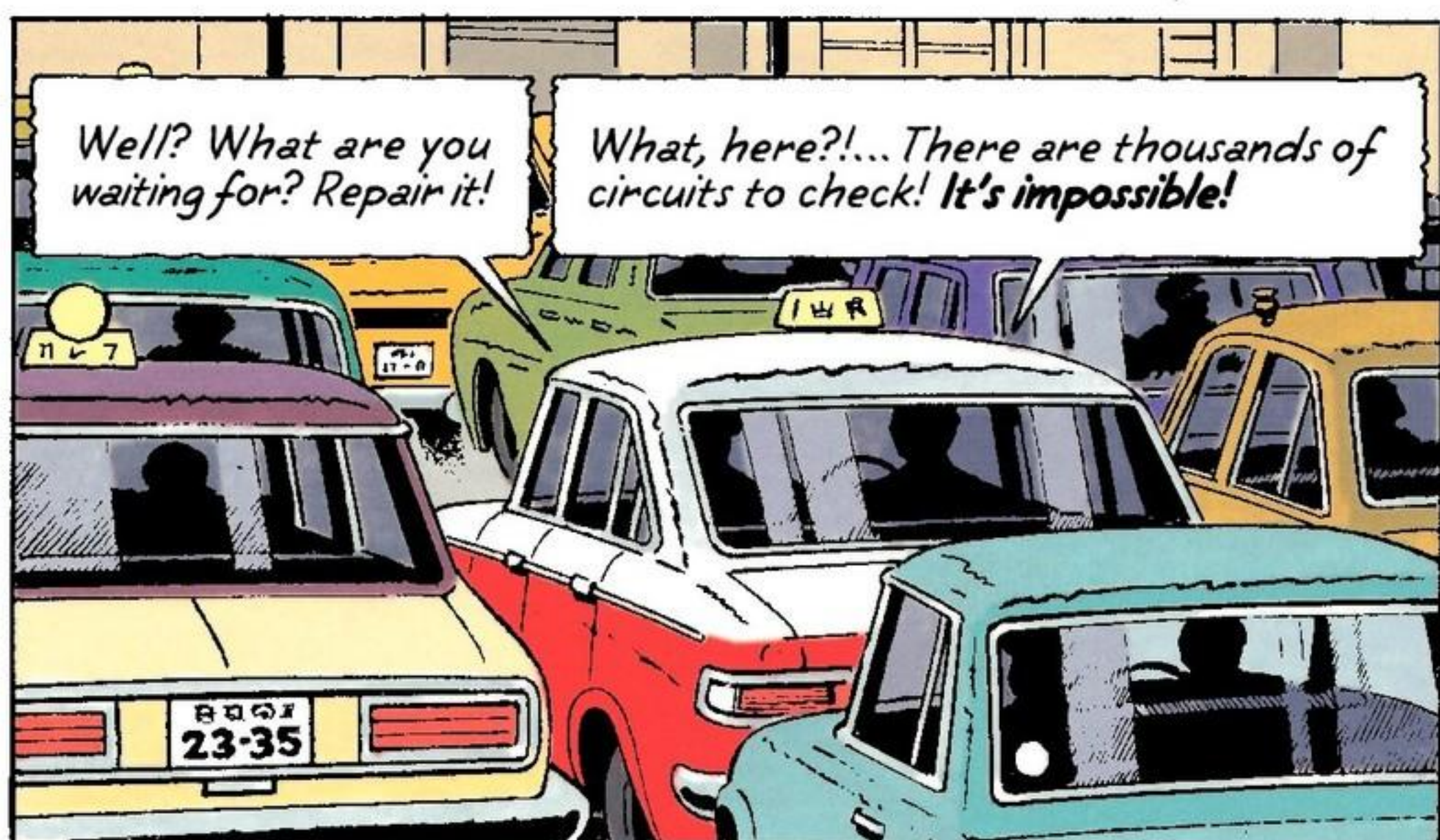
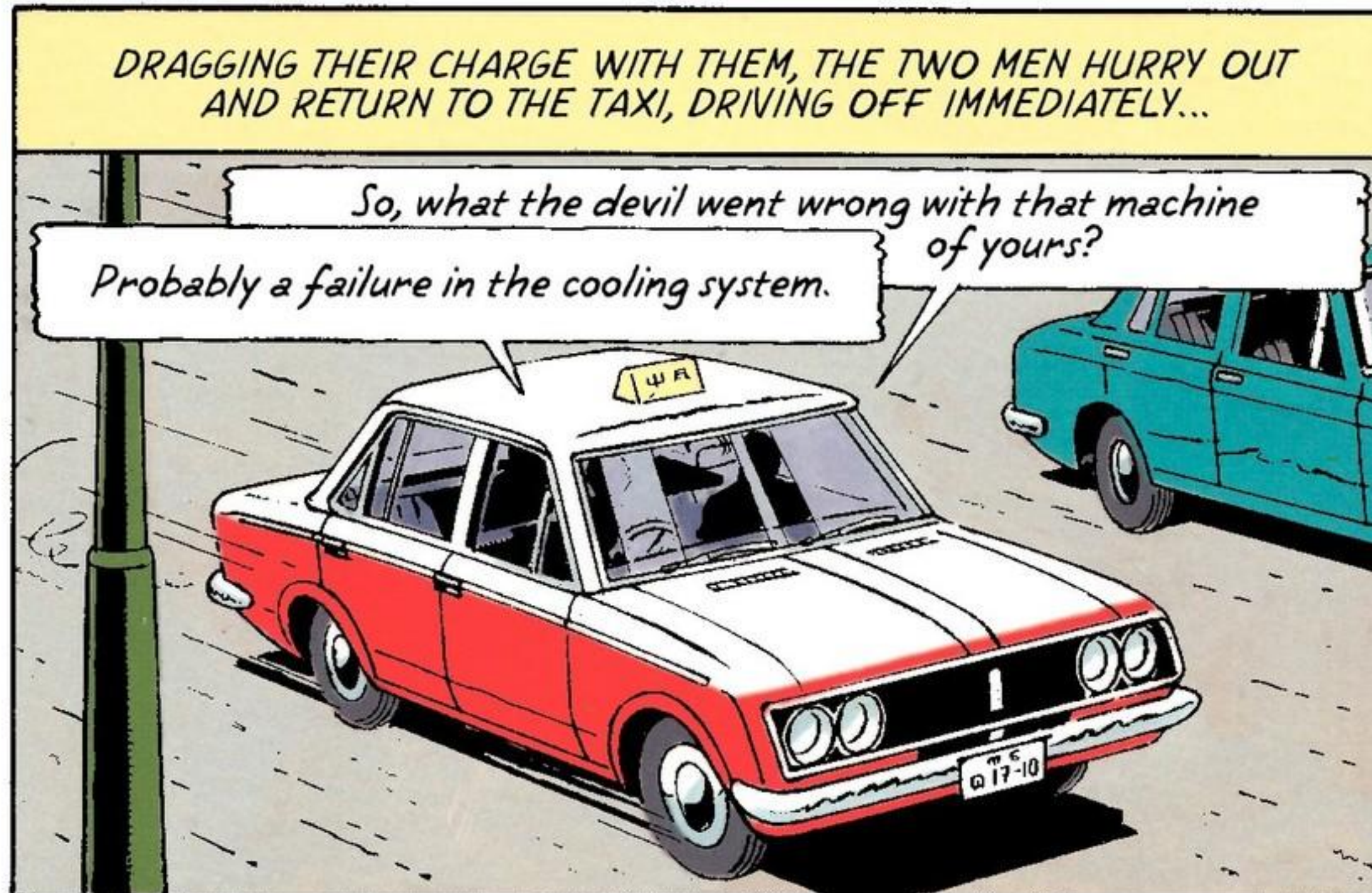
Come on, my dear professor. One last effort and you'll have earned the gratitude of the Scorpio Group!



FROM THE LOBBY WHERE HE'S REMAINED, OLRIK WATCHES KIM WALK AWAY WITH THE ROBOT WHEN THE MACHINE SUDDENLY STARTS WOBBLING!!!!...



Blast it!



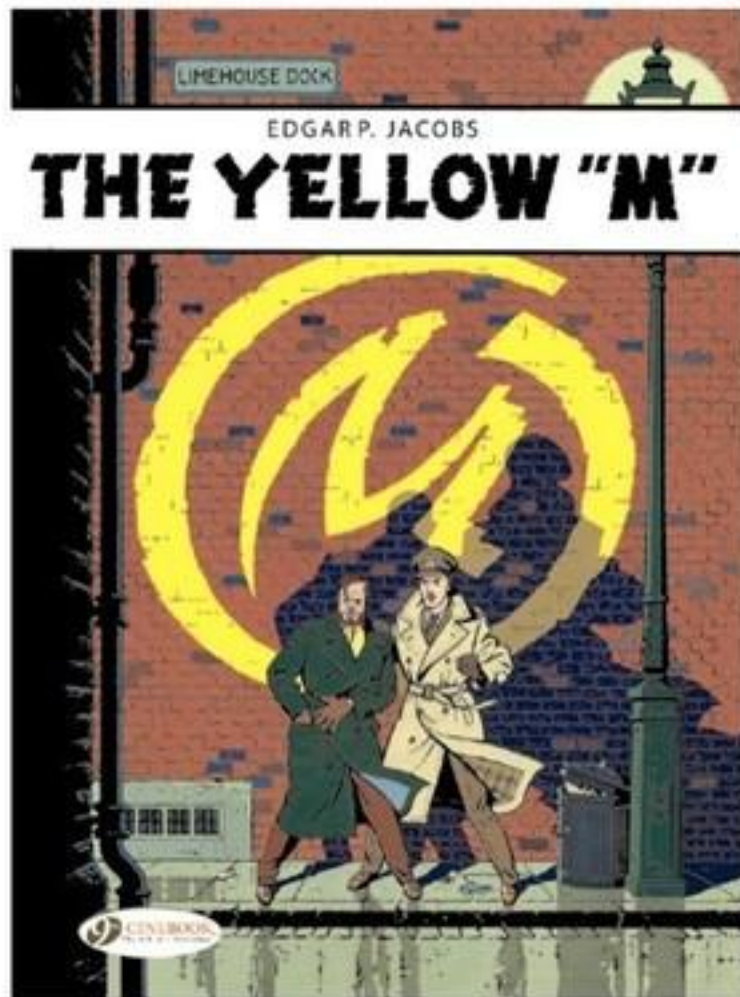
*AN HONORIFIC SUFFIX USED FOR PEOPLE OF MUCH SUPERIOR STATUS

END OF PART 1

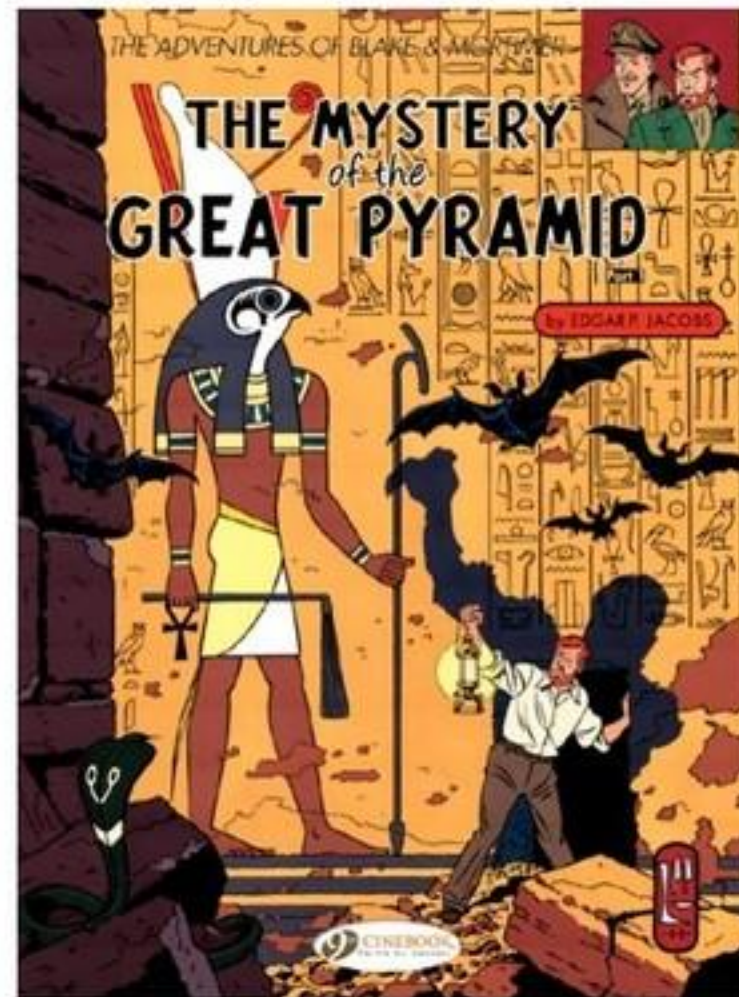
What new villainy has taken seed in Olrík's Machiavellian mind? What evil scheme is he now hatching? Will he succeed in stealing Professor Satō's three precious formulae? Find out in part 2 of this exciting adventure:

MORTIMER VERSUS MORTIMER

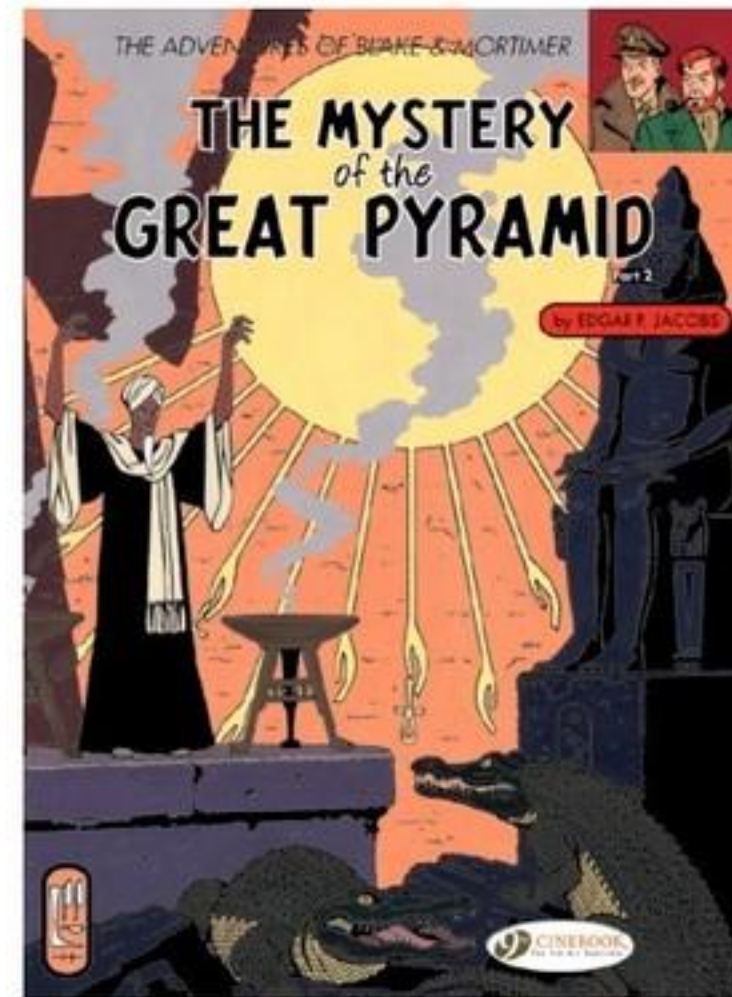
THE ADVENTURES OF BLAKE & MORTIMER



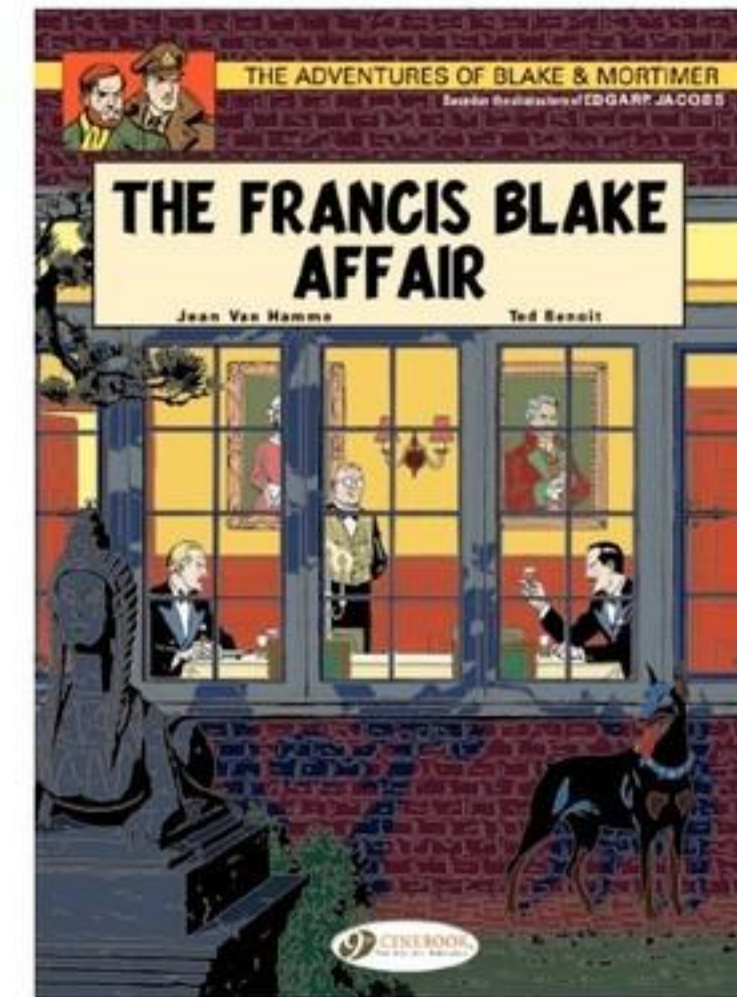
1-The Yellow "M"
EDGAR P. JACOBS



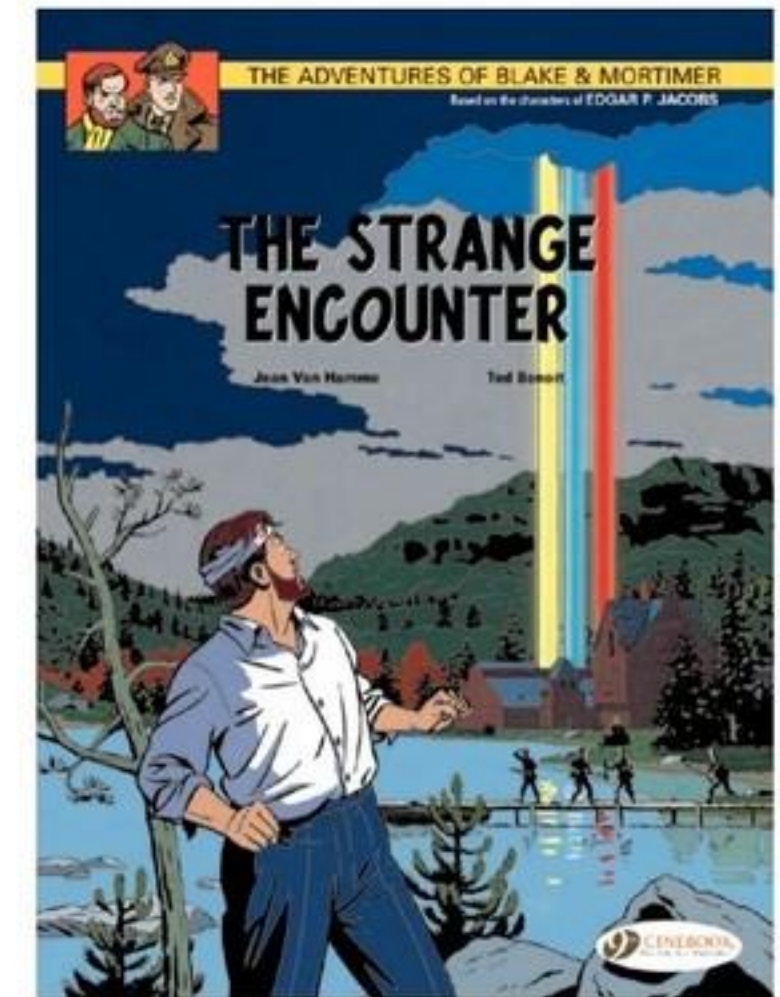
2-The Mystery of the Great Pyramid Part 1
EDGAR P. JACOBS



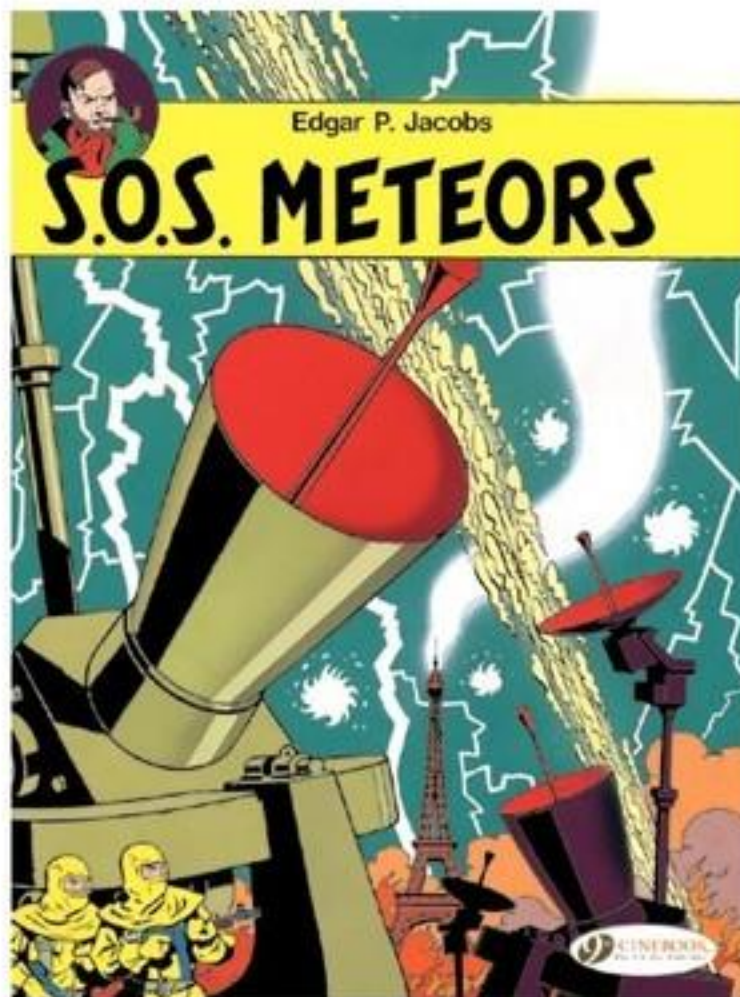
3-The Mystery of the Great Pyramid Part 2
EDGAR P. JACOBS



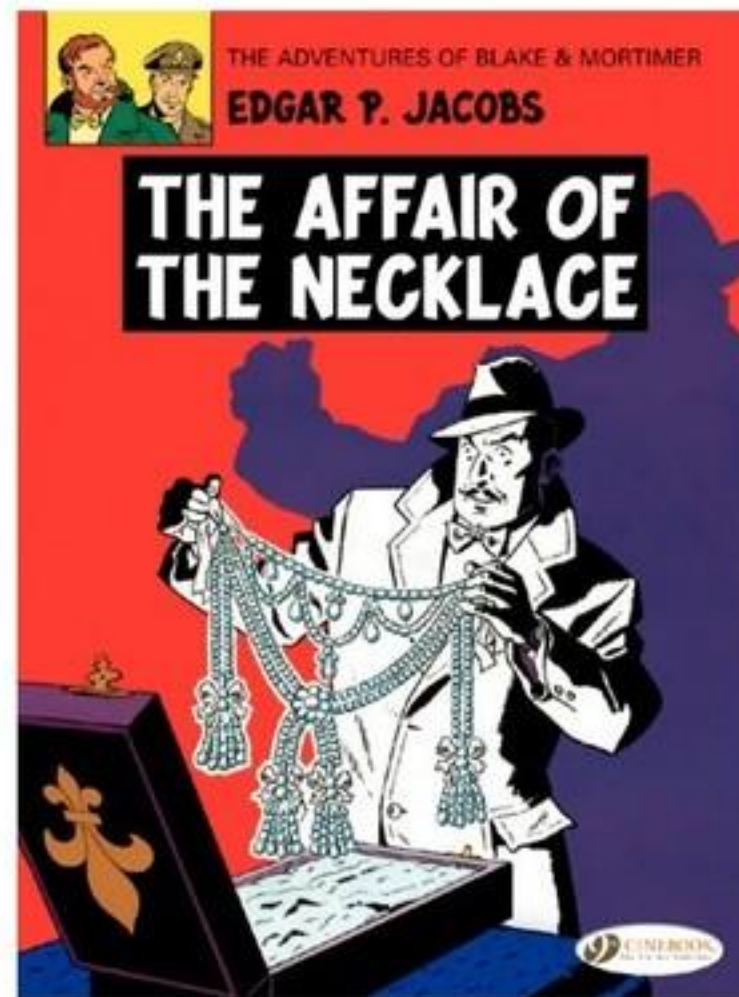
4-The Francis Blake Affair
VAN HAMME - BENOIT



5-The Strange Encounter
VAN HAMME - BENOIT



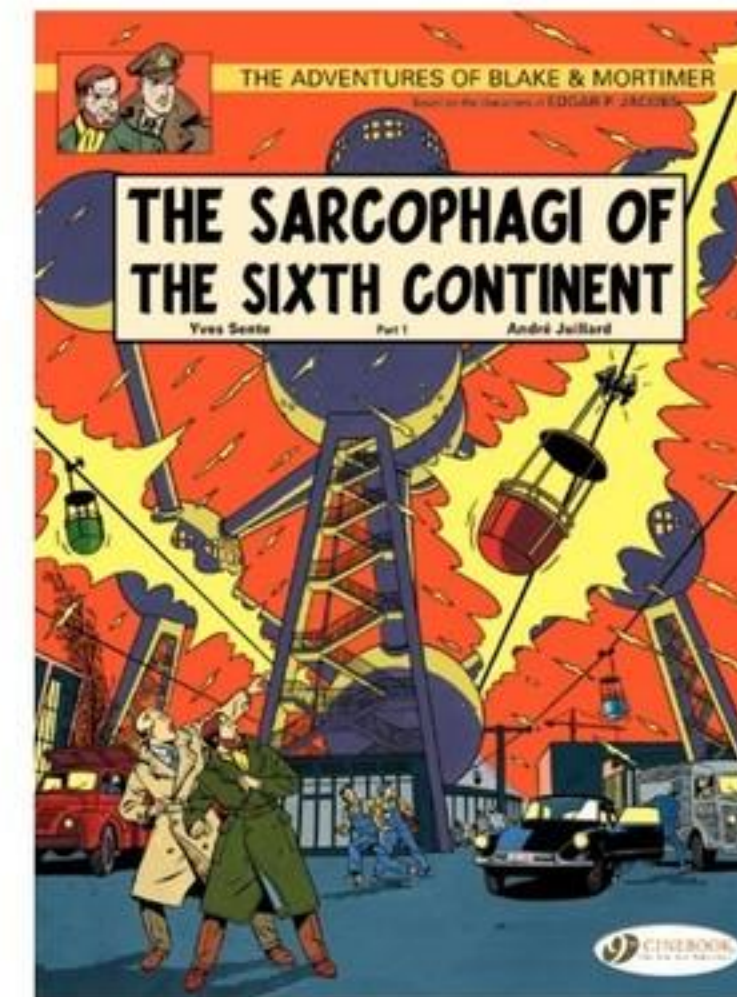
6-S.O.S. Meteors
EDGAR P. JACOBS



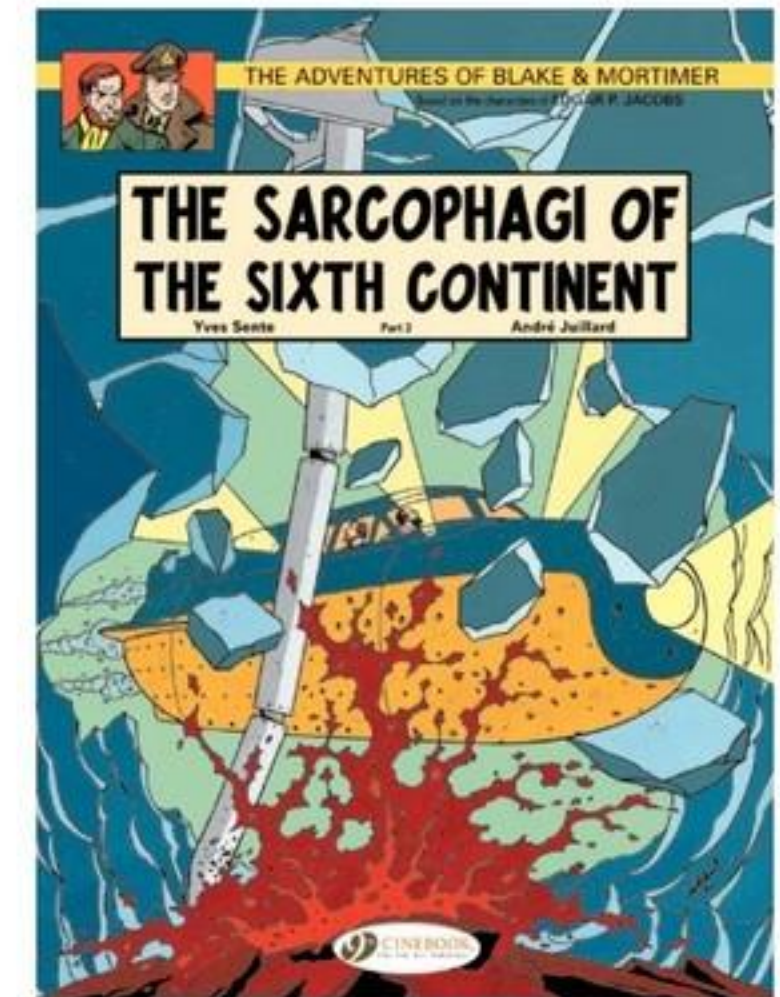
7-The Affair of the Necklace
EDGAR P. JACOBS



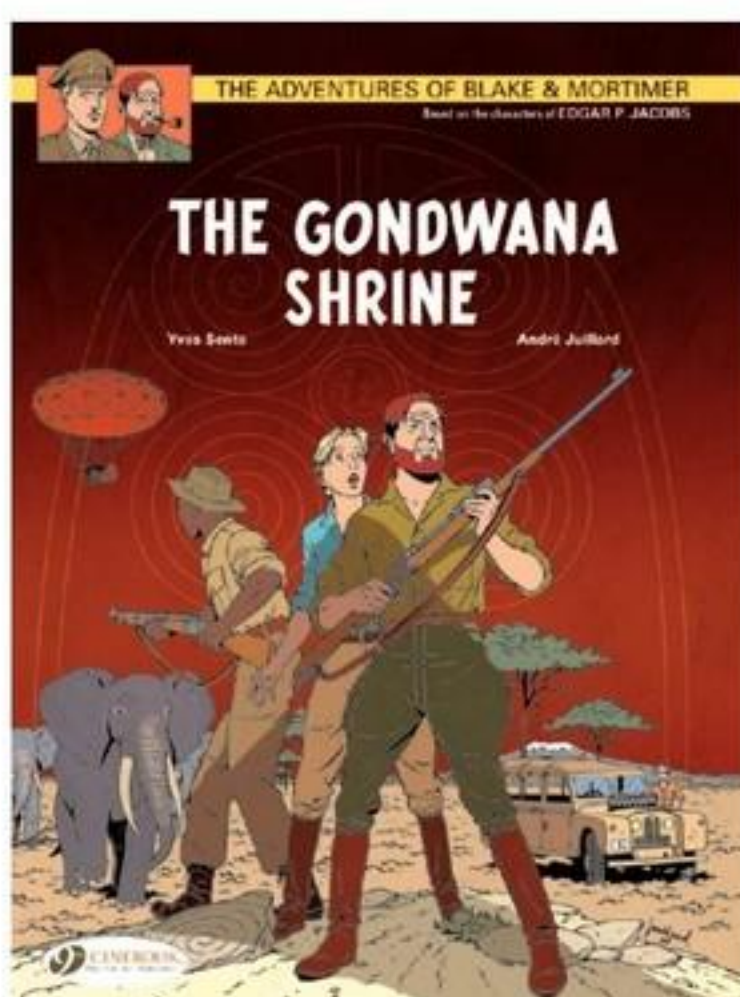
8-The Voronov Plot
SENTE - JUILLARD



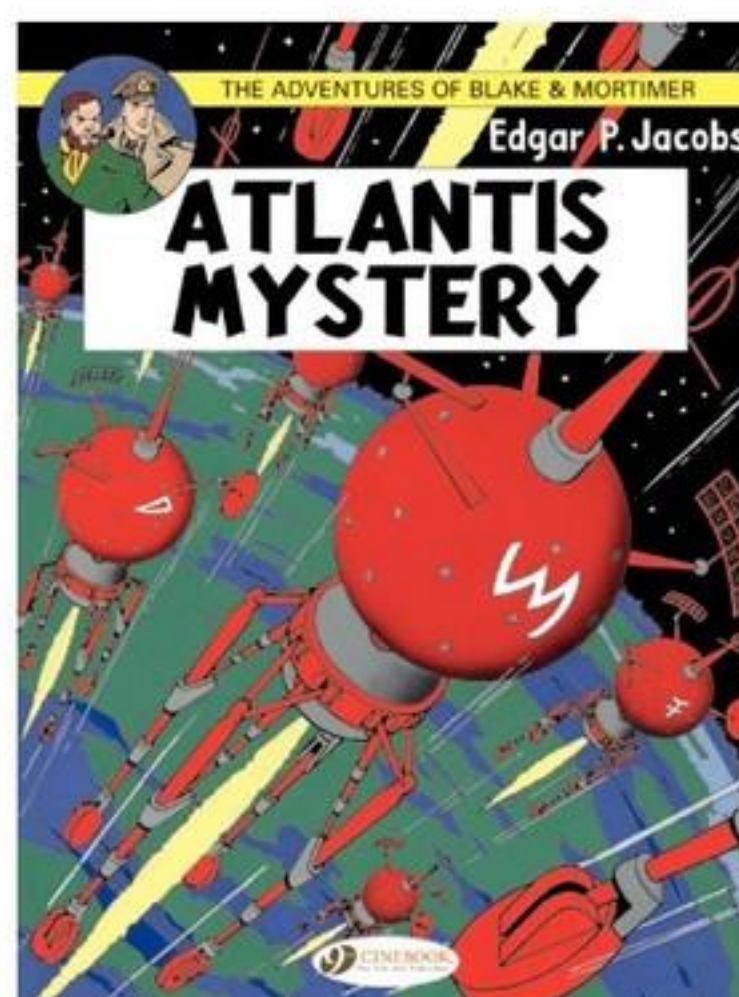
9-The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent Part 1
SENTE - JUILLARD



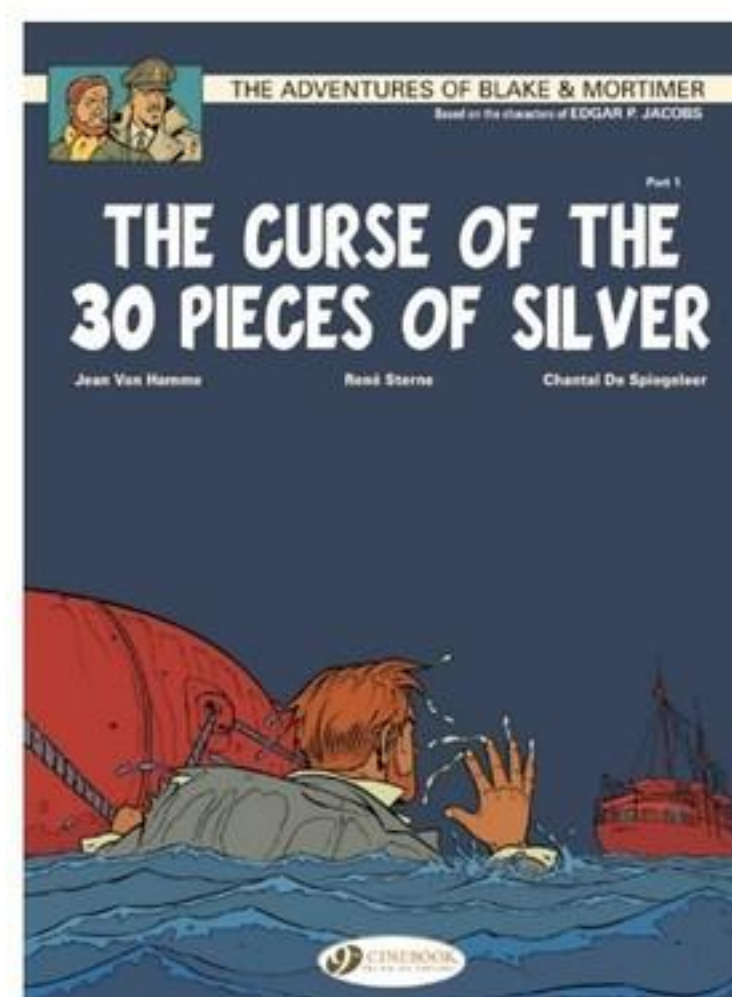
10-The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent Part 2
SENTE - JUILLARD



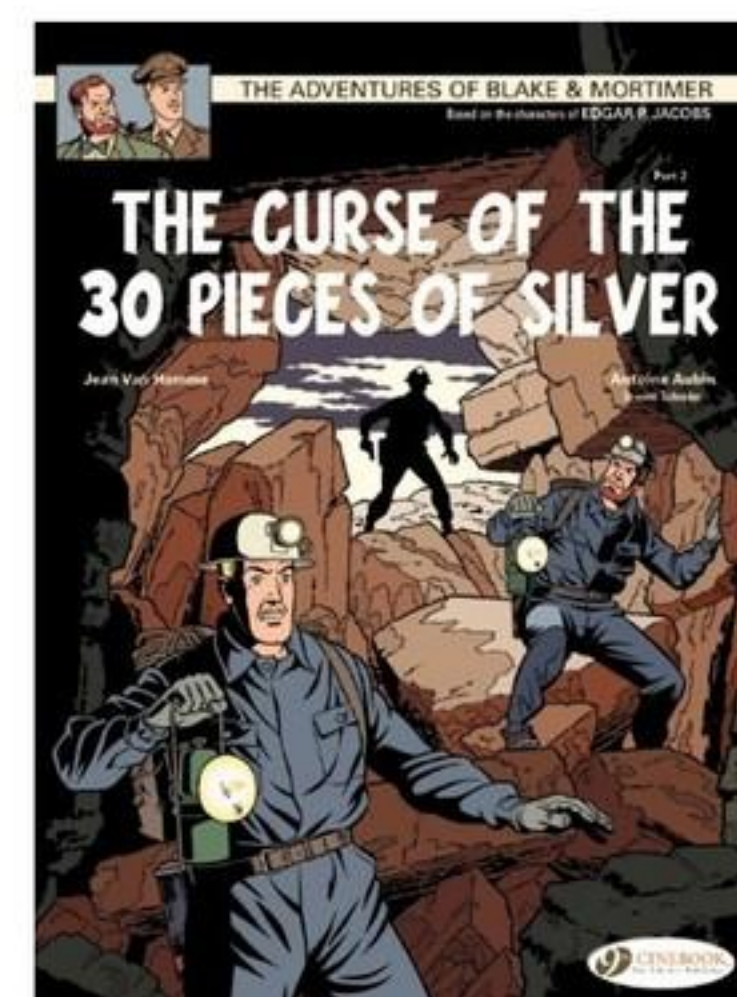
11-The Gondwana Shrine
SENTE - JUILLARD



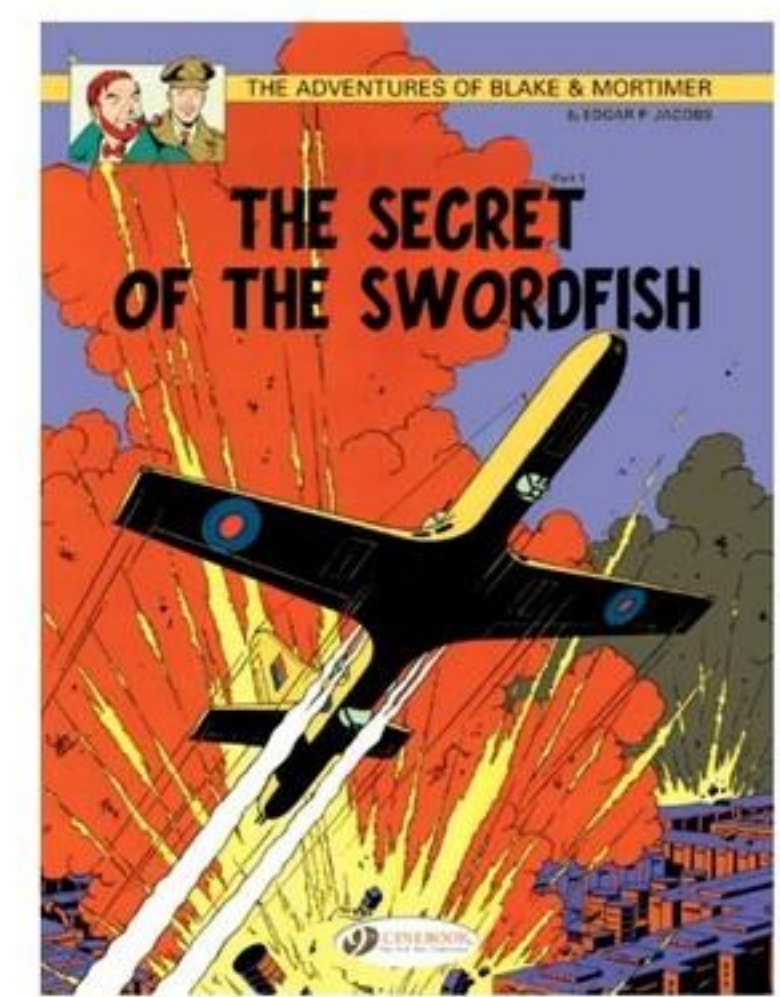
12-Atlantis Mystery
EDGAR P. JACOBS



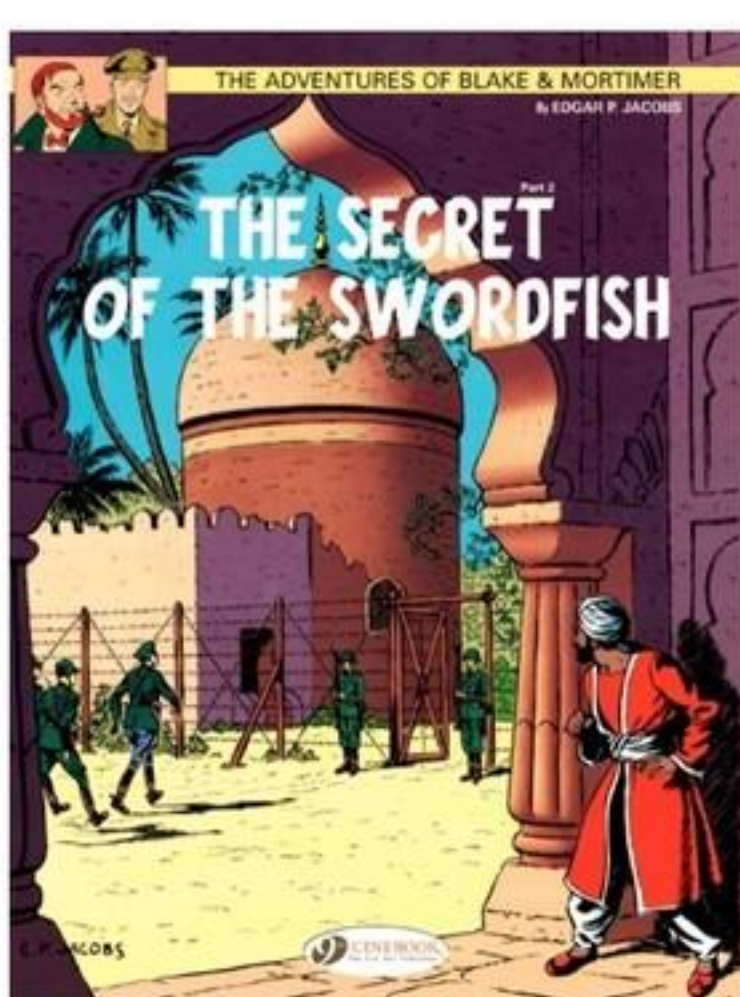
13-The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver Part 1
VAN HAMME - STERNE - DE SPIEGELEER



14-The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver Part 2
VAN HAMME - AUBIN - SCHREDER



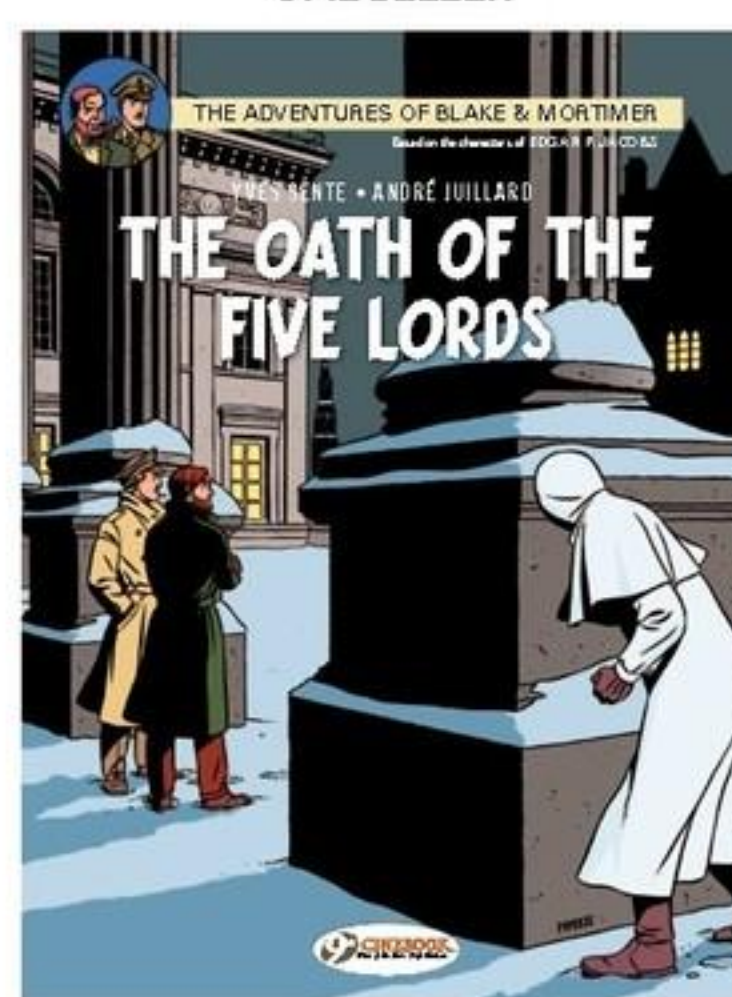
15-The Secret of the Swordfish Part 1
EDGAR P. JACOBS



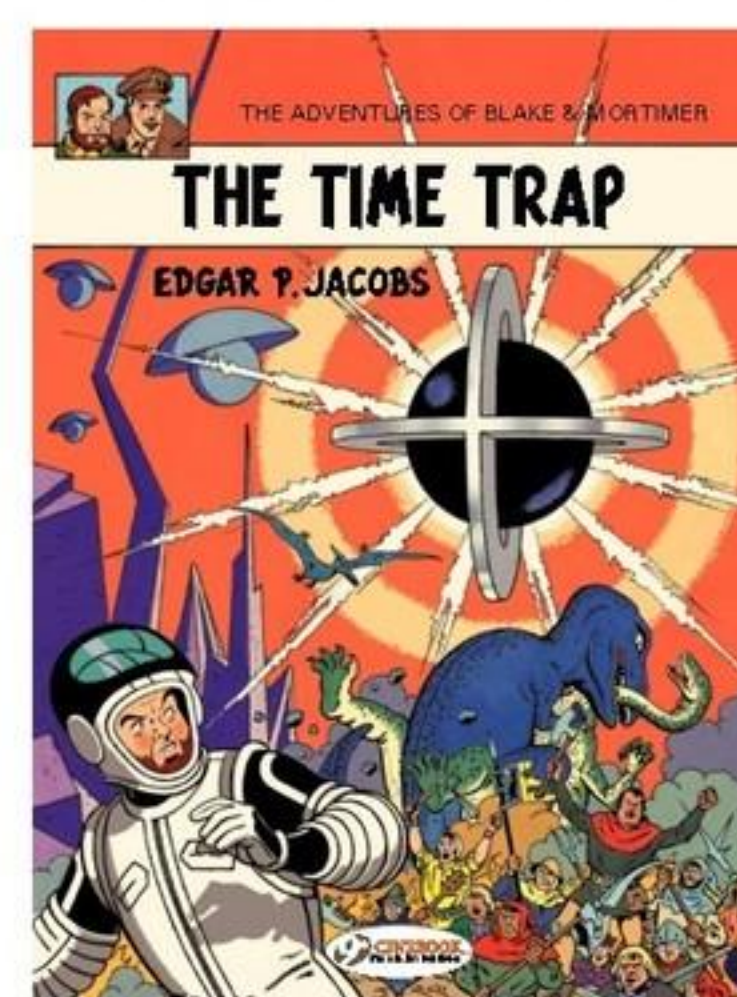
16-The Secret of the Swordfish Part 2
EDGAR P. JACOBS



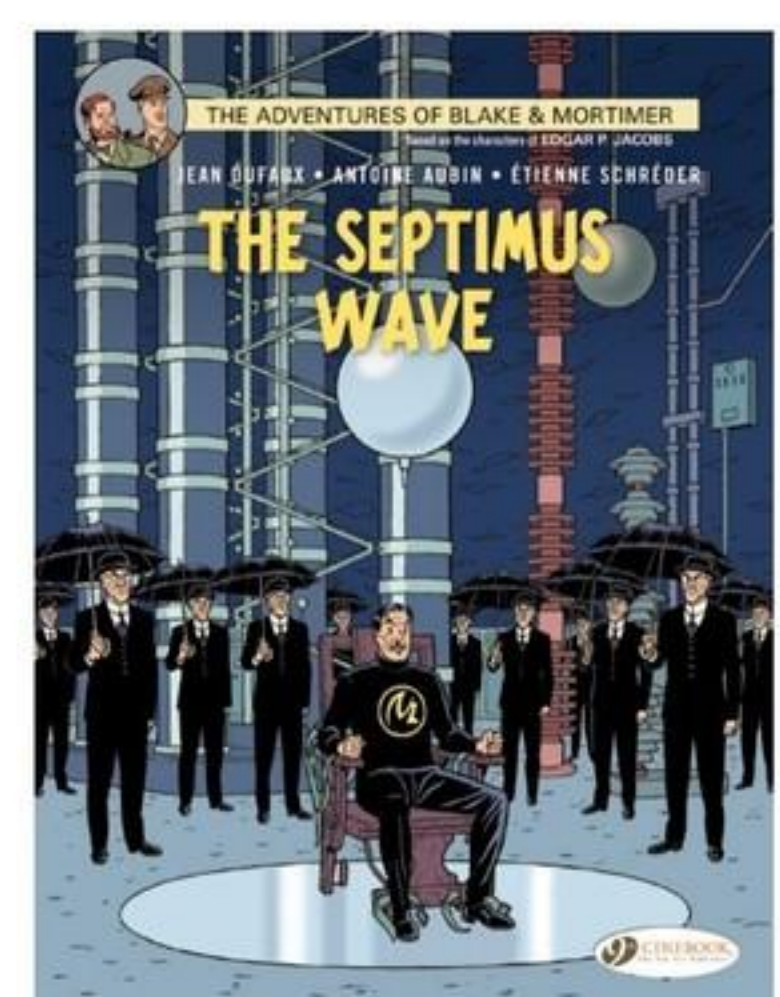
17-The Secret of the Swordfish Part 3
EDGAR P. JACOBS



18-The Oath of the Five Lords
SENTE - JUILLARD



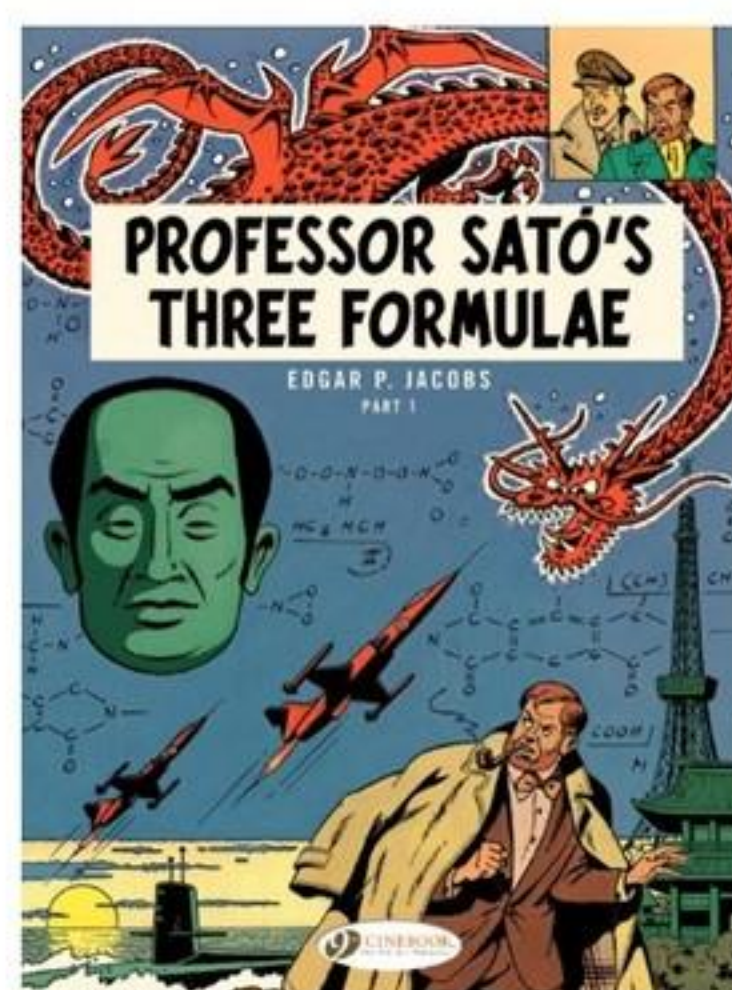
19-The Time Trap
EDGAR P. JACOBS



20-The Septimus Wave
DUFAUX - AUBIN - SCHREDER



20-Plutarch's Staff
SENTE - JUILLARD



22-Professor Sató's Three Formulae
Part 1
EDGAR P. JACOBS

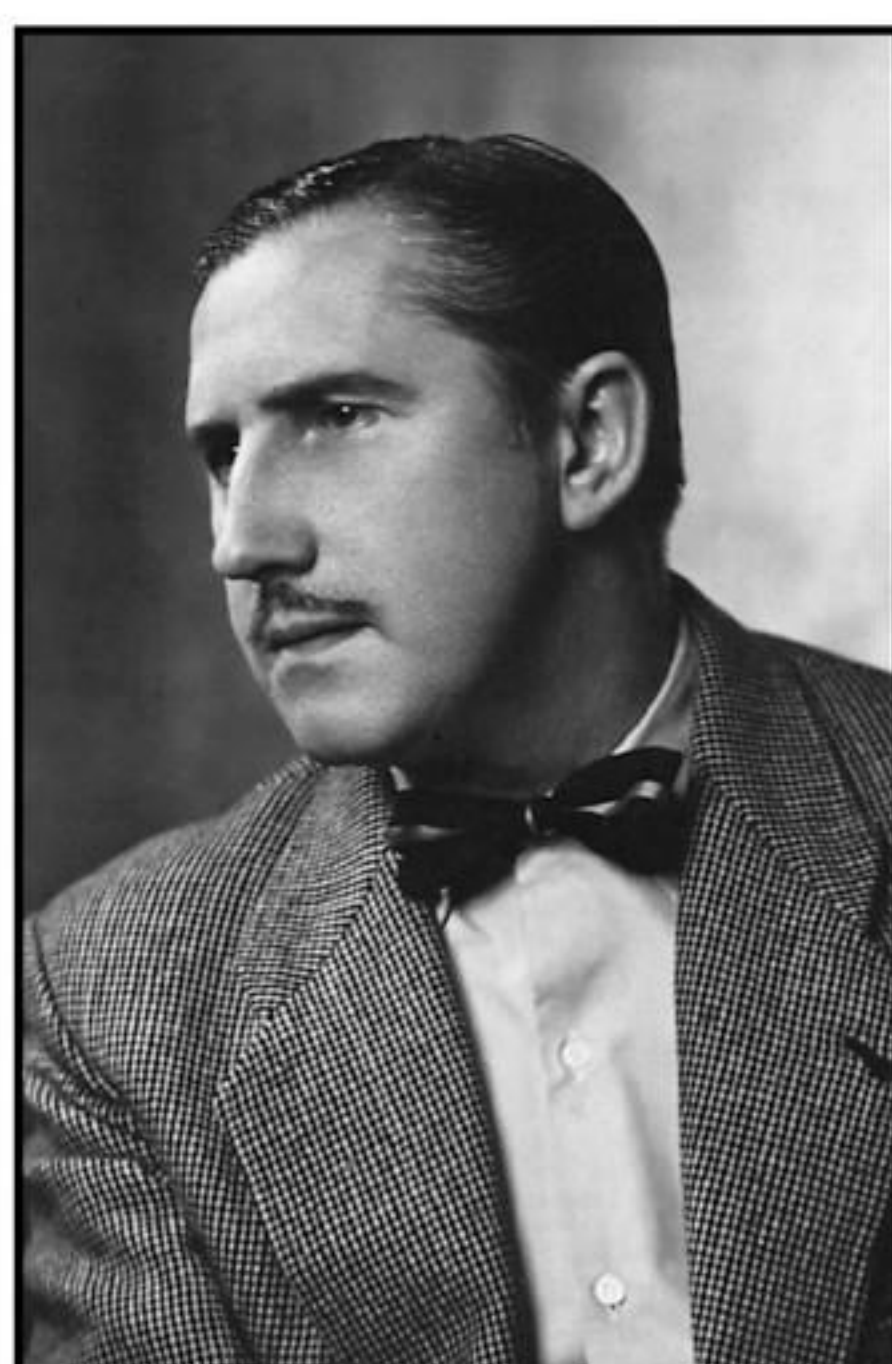


23-Professor Sató's Three Formulae
Part 2
JACOBS - DE MOOR

TIME FOR CAPTAIN BLAKE TO ENTER THE SCENE AND FACE ... ROBO-MORTIMER!



© 2013- Editions Blake & Mortimer / Studio Jacobs (Dargaud-Lombard s.a.)



EDGARP. JACOBS – 1946

PROFESSOR SATŌ'S THREE FORMULAE

Part 2

MAY 2016

PUBLISHED BY





EDGAR P. JACOBS
BOB DE MOOR

PROFESSOR SATO'S THREE FORMULAE

PART 2



THAT SUNDAY AT 12.05 P.M. PRECISELY, THE JAL DC-8 FROM HONG KONG LANDS ON RUNWAY B AT HANEDA, TOKYO'S AIRPORT...



FROM ONE OF THE TERRACES, TWO MEN – ONE OF THEM NOBUO – ARE WATCHING THE BOARDING RAMP WHERE THE FIRST PASSENGERS HAVE JUST APPEARED...



HE'S REFERRING TO CAPTAIN BLAKE WHO, JUST AS HE'D PROMISED, IS COMING TO LEND HIS FRIEND PHILIP MORTIMER A HAND...



HAVING QUICKLY CLEARED CUSTOMS...



...THE OFFICER ENTERS THE HALL, BUT...

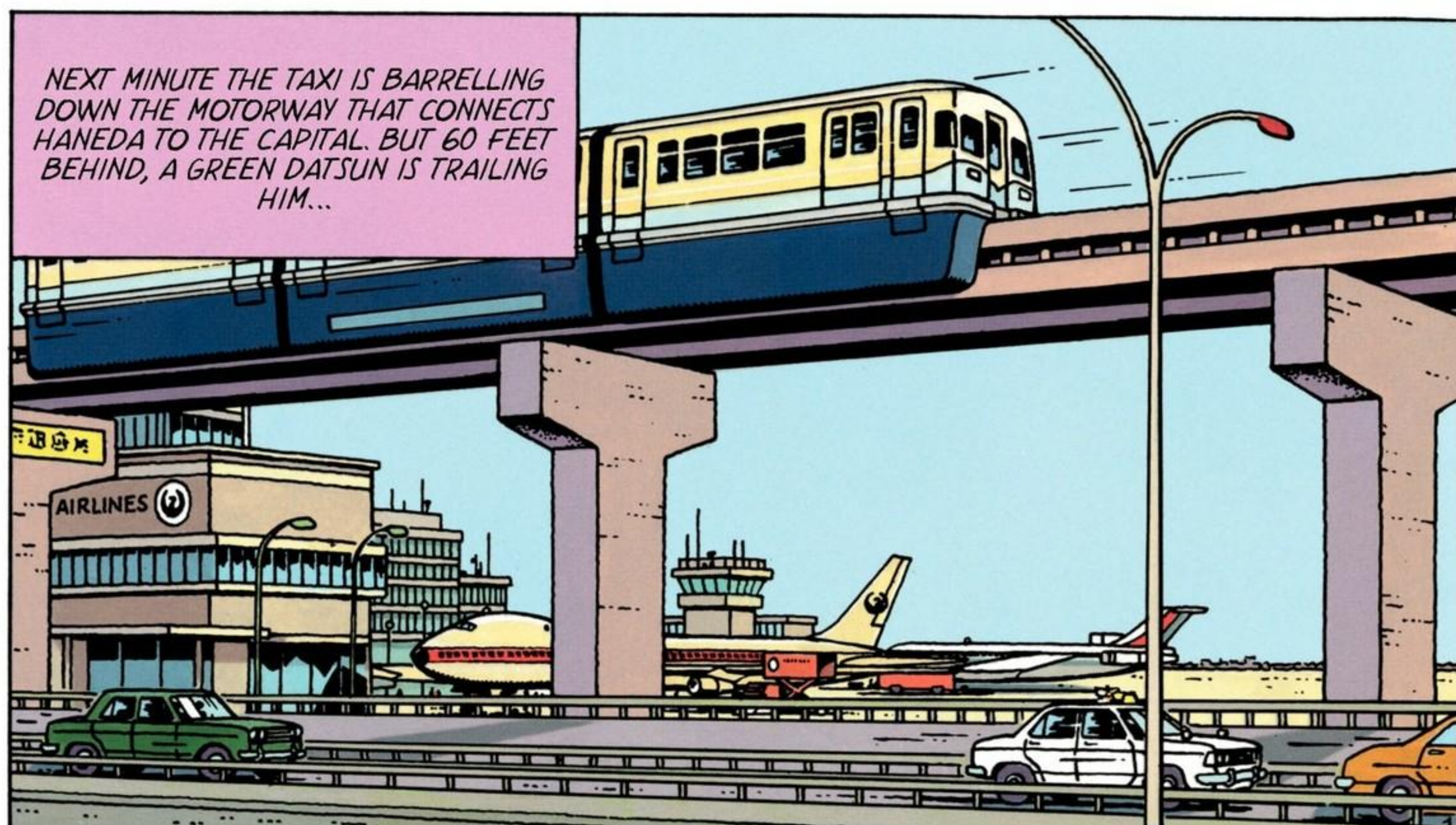


Oh?... Philip isn't here?... Bah. He probably got held up at the last minute...

SO, WITHOUT WAITING, HE LEAVES THE TERMINAL...



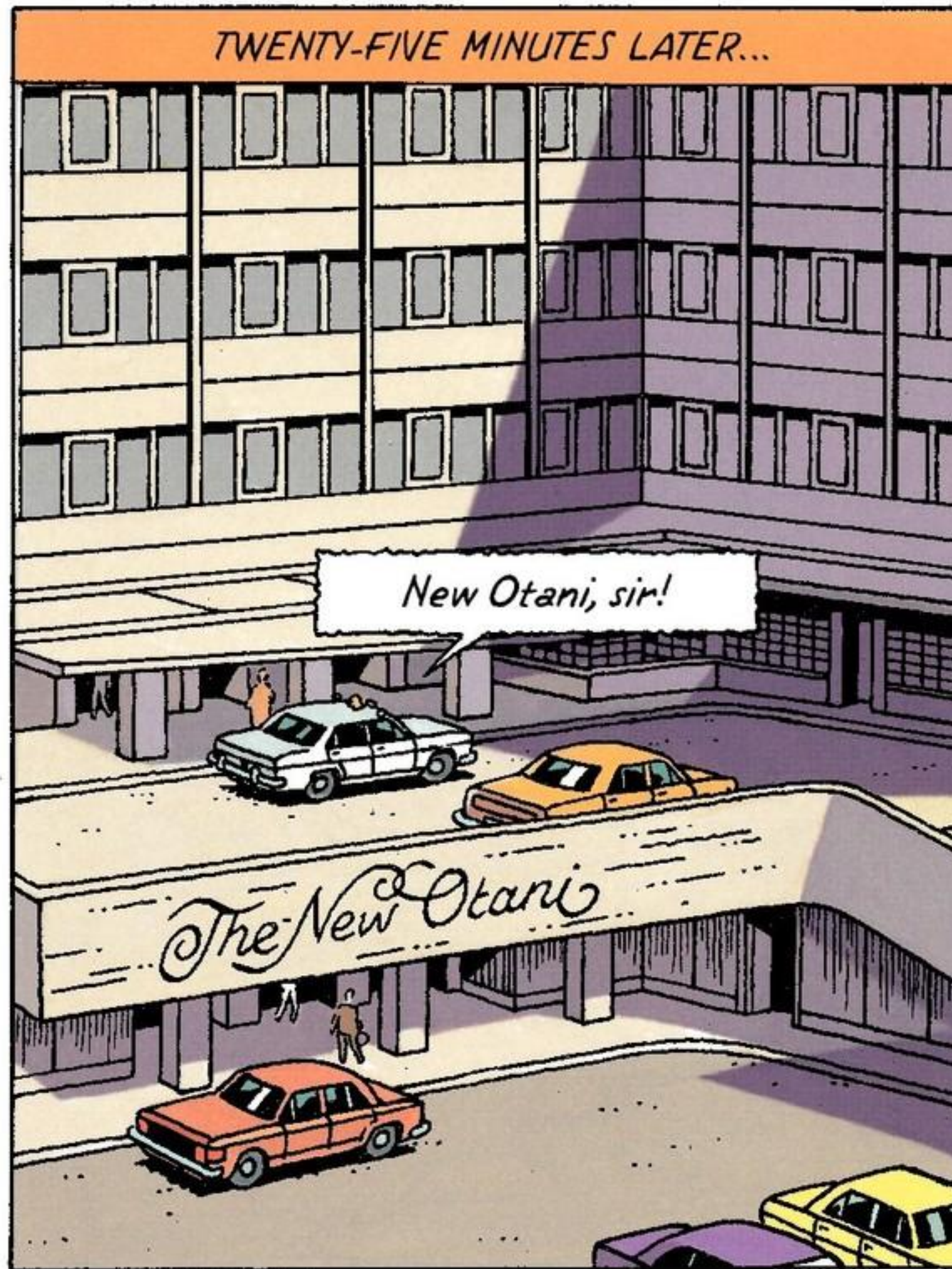
NEXT MINUTE THE TAXI IS BARRELLING DOWN THE MOTORWAY THAT CONNECTS HANEDA TO THE CAPITAL. BUT 60 FEET BEHIND, A GREEN DATSUN IS TRAILING HIM...



*YES, SIR!



Slow down! He might notice us...



TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER...

New Otani, sir!



AND WHILE BLAKE ENTERS THE HOTEL...

Go wait for me in the car park. I'll follow him...

Hai!



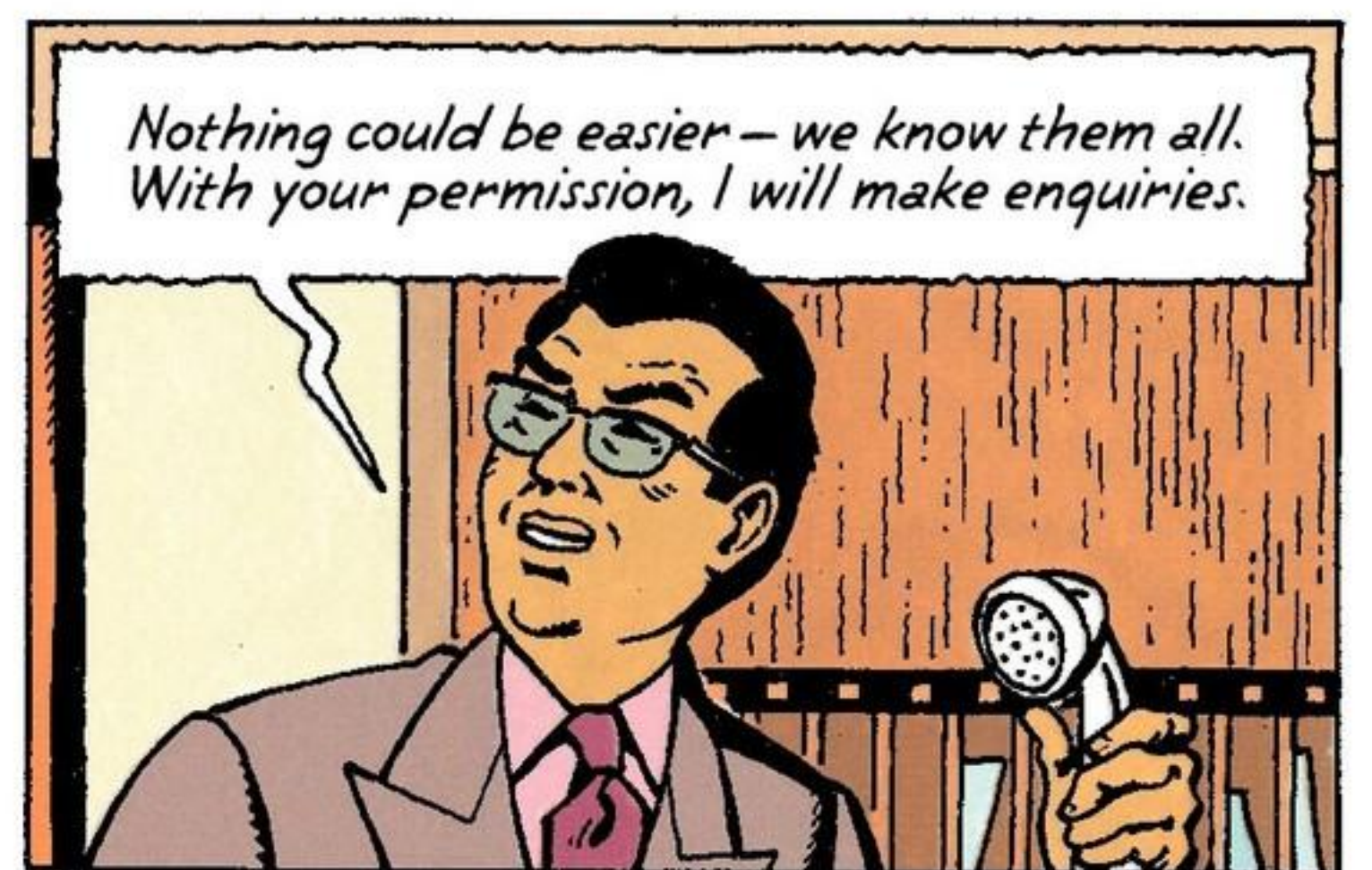
...Professor Mortimer?... I'm sorry, Captain, he left the hotel last Tuesday without mentioning when he'd be back... He did warn us you'd be arriving, though, and had us ready one of the rooms in his suite...

Did he tell you where he intended to go?



I'm afraid not. The doorman who called a taxi for him that day might have been able to tell you, but he hasn't returned to work since...

Oh?... Perhaps the taxi driver who picked him up could be contacted?...

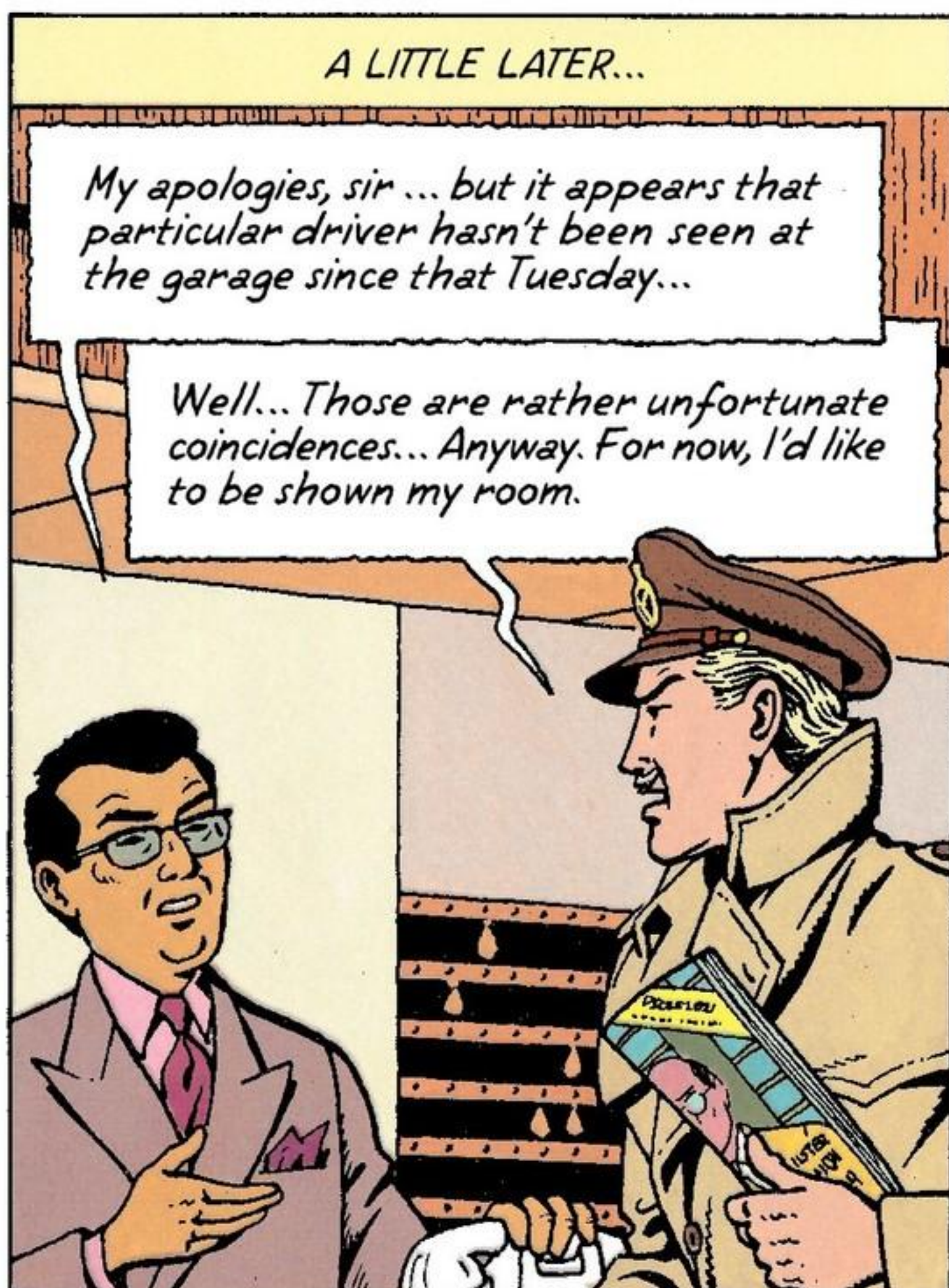


Nothing could be easier - we know them all. With your permission, I will make enquiries.



Moshi moshi*!...

*TELEPHONE GREETING - HELLO



A LITTLE LATER...

My apologies, sir ... but it appears that particular driver hasn't been seen at the garage since that Tuesday...

Well... Those are rather unfortunate coincidences... Anyway, for now, I'd like to be shown my room.



BLAKE, LOST IN THOUGHTS, HEADS FOR THE LIFT...

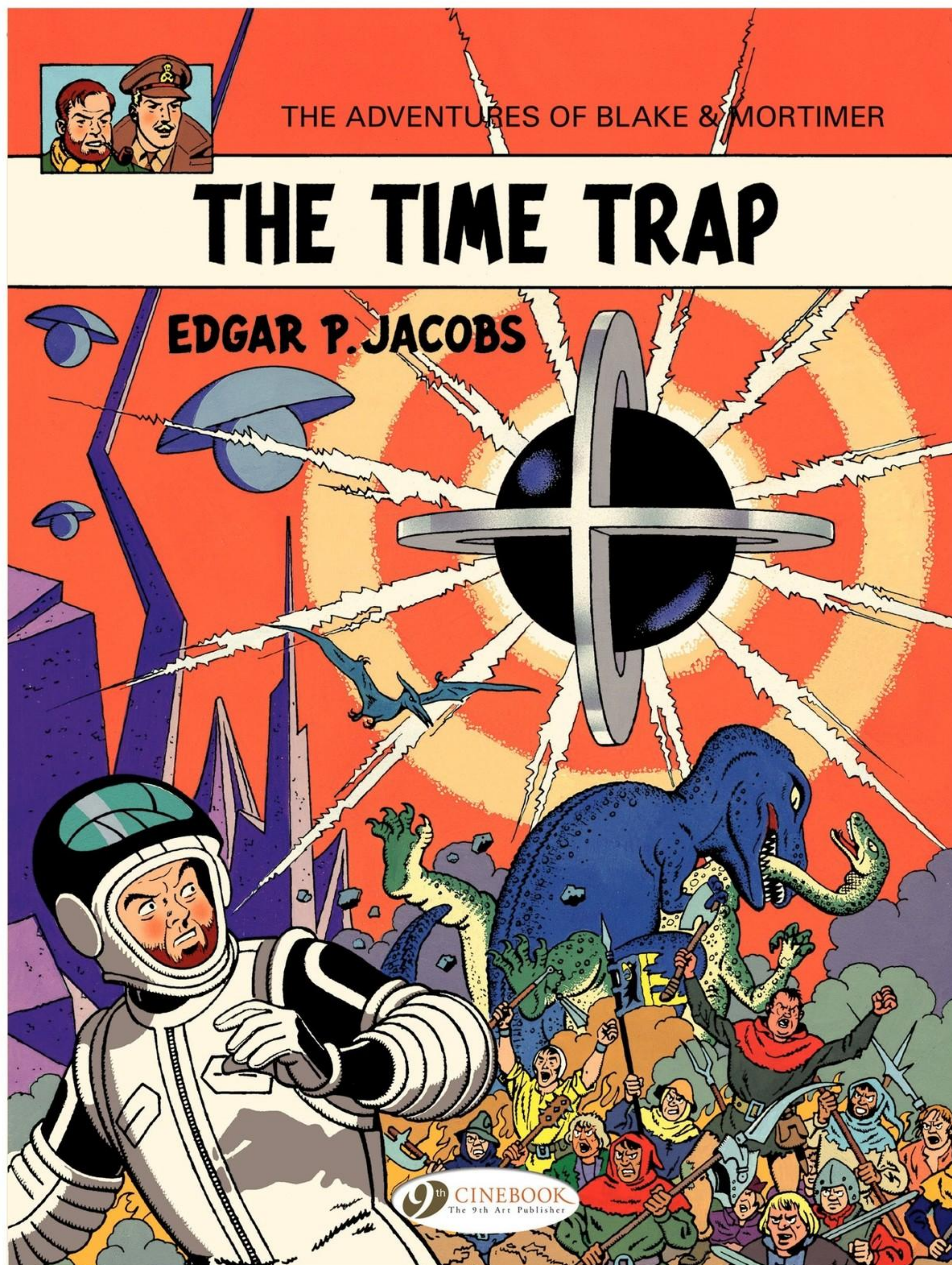
Philip sends me a pressing message ... then disappears without a trace ... and those who might know where he went have vanished?... Strange...



SITTING AT THE OTHER END OF THE HALL, NOBUO HAS FOLLOWED THE ENTIRE CONVERSATION, USING A DIRECTIONAL MICROPHONE HIDDEN INSIDE AN UMBRELLA...

That Englishman doesn't waste any time... I'll have to be on my toes!...

AN ENEMY'S VENGEANCE FROM THE GRAVE TRAPS MORTIMER OUT OF TIME.



WHEN THE PROFESSOR COMES TO, HE FEELS COMPELLED TO CURSE HIS OWN RECKLESSNESS!

What a damned fool I am!... And dead or alive, Milosh really pulled it off!... But if he thinks he's letting me rot in here, he's mistaken! In a couple of days Blake will be here and, knowing him, he'll pull this house apart to find me — one stone at a time if need be!... So it's just a question of time and patience.



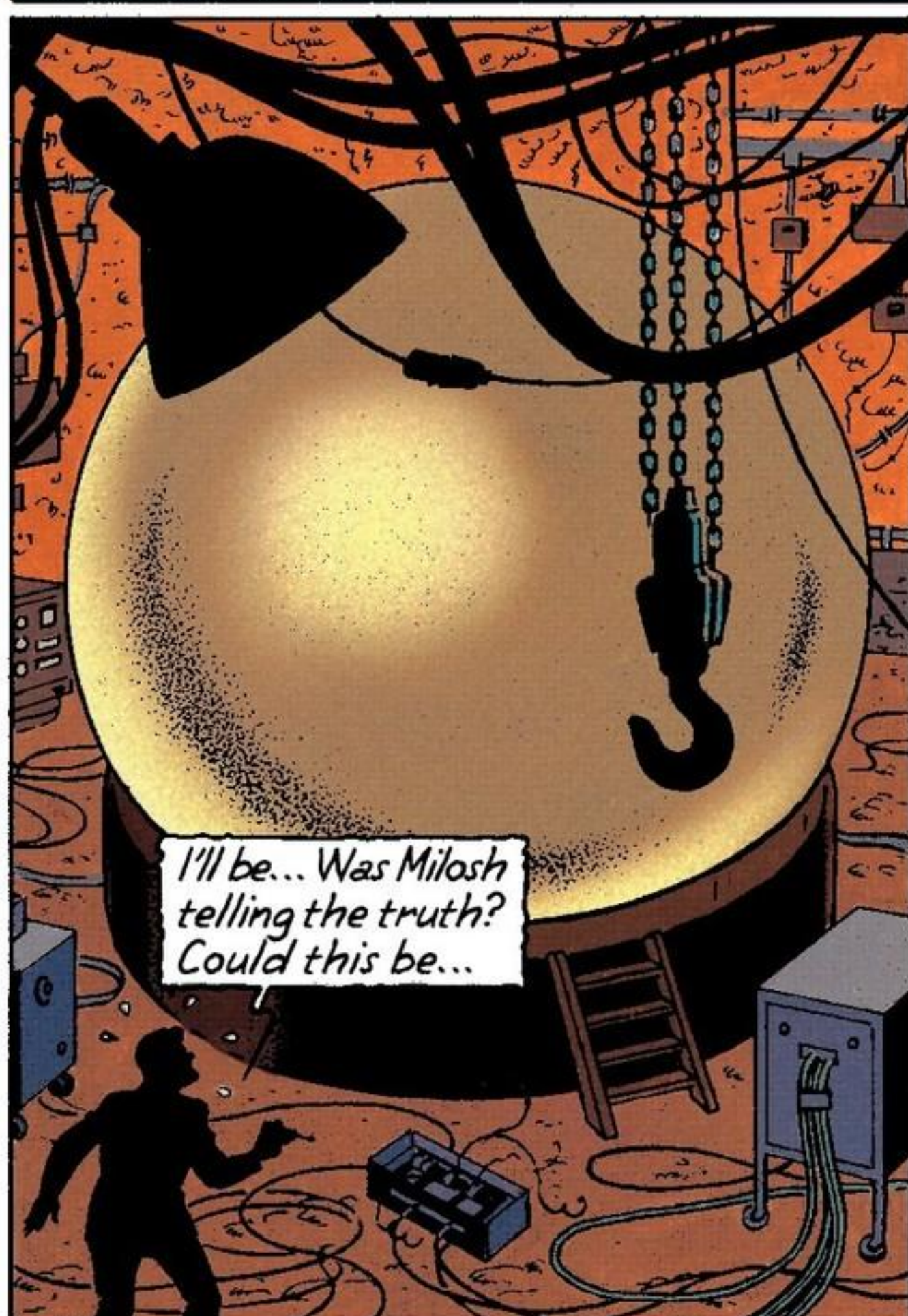
SOMEWHAT COMFORTED BY THIS TRAIN OF THOUGHT, HE CASTS A SURPRISED GLANCE AROUND AND DISCOVERS A VAST CRYPT. BATHED IN A STRANGE, DIM LIGHT, A MULTITUDE OF MACHINES LIE THERE, SAVAGELY SABOTAGED, STILL LINKED TOGETHER BY A JUMBLE OF WIRES AND CABLES...



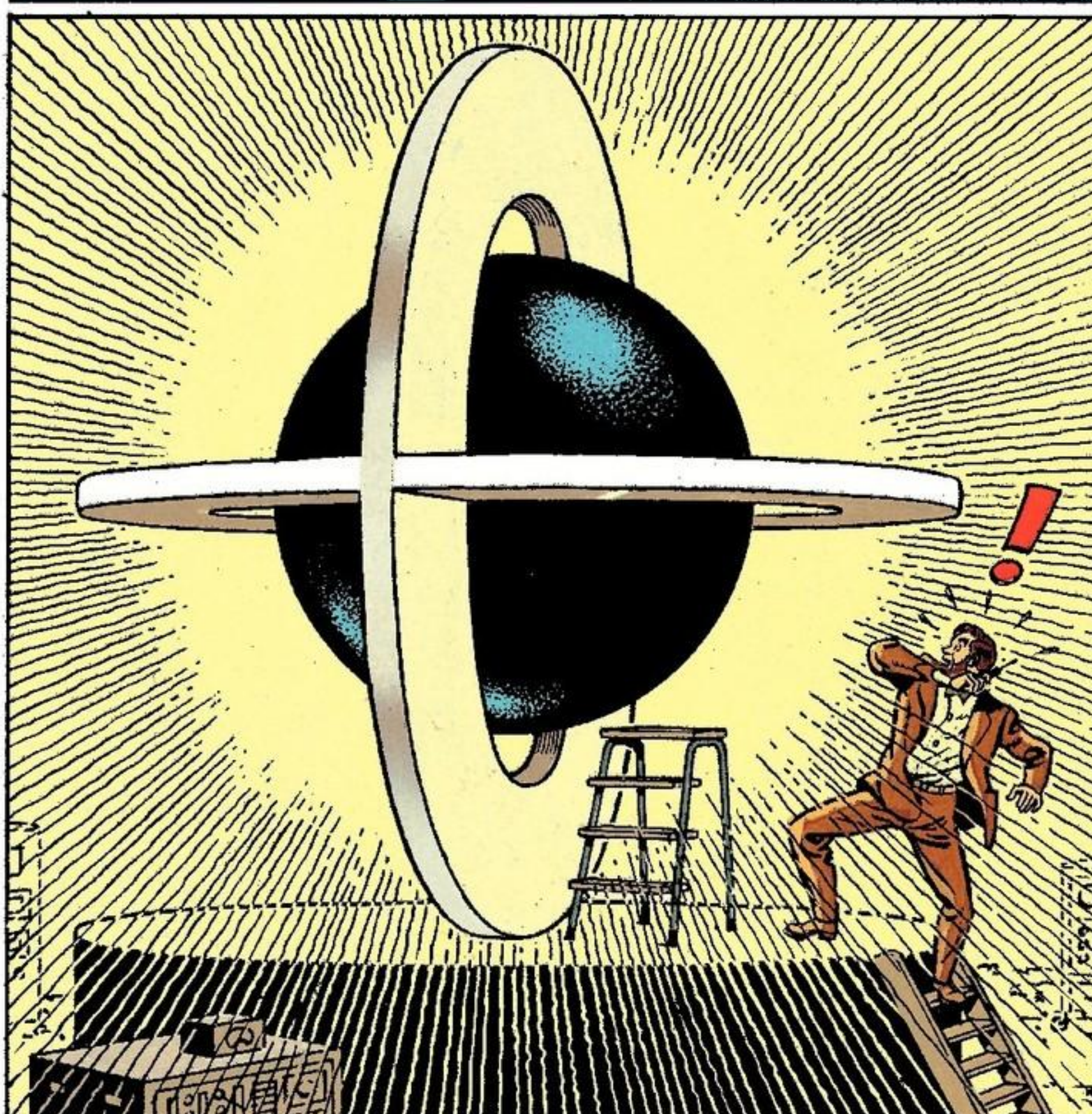
CAREFULLY, PISTOL IN HAND, MORTIMER STEPS FORWARD AMID THE SHATTERED DEBRIS OF THE STRANGE LABORATORY. BUT SUDDENLY, AS HE REACHES A SORT OF TRANSEPT, HE'S ROOTED TO THE SPOT!



THERE, LIKE A GIANT BALL, A GLISTENING, ALMOST UNREAL DOME RESTS ON A METAL PLATFORM...



INTRIGUED BUT CAUTIOUS, MORTIMER APPROACHES THE OBJECT... BUT AS HE SETS FOOT ON THE PLATFORM, THE DOME BURSTS ABRUPTLY, REVEALING A PECULIAR-LOOKING MACHINE... **THE CHRONOSCAPE!**



SIMULTANEOUSLY, A DEEP, LOUD VOICE — THE VOICE OF THE LATE MILOSH GEORGEVICH — CALLS OUT TO HIM:



I'm glad, though hardly surprised, to see that your scientific curiosity was stronger than any caution... Do forgive me for shutting the secret door behind you. It was both a test of your nerves and a necessity. You see, only a man possessed of perfect self-control could safely attempt such a trip. And besides, a secret such as mine — and yours now — can never be sufficiently protected from the curiosity of the layman.

Heavens! I get it... A pre-recorded message on a magnetic tape; I triggered its playback when I stepped on the platform! Phew! That's better!!!



BUT THE VOICE IS ALREADY SPEAKING AGAIN, IN THE TONES OF A PE INSTRUCTOR ON THE RADIO, WHILE THE SPHERE OPENS SILENTLY, REVEALING A COCKPIT...

That said, in your interest, please follow these instructions step by step... To start with, please put on the special equipment that's on the machine's seat. Without it, you would face certain annihilation...



IS IT THE STRANGE LOCATION, THE BIZARRE ATMOSPHERE, THE PERSUASIVE TONE OF THAT VOICE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE?... AT ANY RATE, A SEEMINGLY BEWITCHED MORTIMER OBEYS AND, OVERCOMING HIS DISTRUST...

...BEGINS TO PUT ON THE INDICATED SUIT...

Very good... Very good... Check the seal.

If Blake could see me... But to hell with it — I'll take the risk!



Edgard Félix Pierre Jacobs (1904–1987), better known under his pen name Edgar P. Jacobs, was a comic book creator (writer and artist), born in Brussels, Belgium. It has been said of Jacobs that he didn't remember a time when he hadn't drawn.

Jacobs assisted fellow Belgian Hergé (Georges Prosper Remi) in the recasting of Hergé's *Tintin in the Congo*, *Tintin in America*, *King Ottokar's Sceptre* and *The Blue Lotus* for book publication. He also contributed directly to both the drawing and storylines for the Tintin double-albums *The Secret of the Unicorn/Red Rackham's Treasure* and *The Seven Crystal Balls/Prisoners of the Sun*.

When the comics magazine Tintin was launched on 26th September 1946, it included Jacobs' story *Le secret de l'Espadon* (*The Secret of the Swordfish*). This story would be the first in the Blake and Mortimer series.

The characters of Captain Francis Blake, dashing head of MI5, his friend Professor Philip Mortimer, a nuclear physicist, and their sworn enemy Colonel Olrik became legendary heroes of the 9th art in the long-running series.

After Jacobs' death in 1987, Bob de Moor completed his unfinished last story. In the mid-1990s, the series was continued by the Jacobs Studios with new teams of writers and artists.



ORIGINAL FRENCH EDITION		
1	1950	Le secret de l'Espadon, T1
2	1953	Le secret de l'Espadon, T2
3	1953	Le secret de l'Espadon, T3
4	1954	Le mystère de la Grande Pyramide, T1
5	1955	Le mystère de la Grande Pyramide, T2
6	1956	La marque Jaune
7	1957	L'énigme de l'Atlantide
8	1959	S.O.S. Météores
9	1962	Le piège diabolique
10	1967	L'affaire du collier
11	1971	Les trois formules du professeur Satō, T1
12	1990	Les trois formules du professeur Satō, T2 (Jacobs/De Moor)
13	1996	L'affaire Francis Blake (Van Hamme/Benoit)
14	2000	La machination Voronov (Sente/Juillard)
15	2001	L'étrange rendez-vous (Van Hamme/Benoit)
16	2003	Les sarcophages du Sixième Continent, T1 (Sente/Juillard)
17	2004	Les sarcophages du Sixième Continent, T2 (Sente/Juillard)
18	2008	Le sanctuaire du Gondwana (Sente/Juillard)
19	2009	La malédiction des 30 deniers, T1 (Van Hamme/Sterne/De Spiegeleer)
20	2010	La malédiction des 30 deniers, T2 (Van Hamme/Aubin)
21	2012	Le serment des cinq Lords (Sente/Juillard)
22	2013	L'onde Septimus (Dufaux/Aubin/Schröder)
23	2014	Le bâton de Plutarque (Sente/Juillard)

CINEBOOK EDITION		
15	2013	The Secret of the Swordfish, Part 1
16	2013	The Secret of the Swordfish, Part 2
17	2013	The Secret of the Swordfish, Part 3
2	2007	The Mystery of the Great Pyramid, Part 1
3	2008	The Mystery of the Great Pyramid, Part 2
1	2007	The Yellow "M"
12	2012	Atlantis Mystery
6	2009	S.O.S. Meteors
19	2014	The Time Trap
7	2010	The Affair of the Necklace
22	2016	Professor Satō's Three Formulae, Part 1
23	2016	Professor Satō's Three Formulae, Part 2
4	2008	The Francis Blake Affair
8	2010	The Voronov Plot
5	2009	The Strange Encounter
9	2011	The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent, Part 1
10	2011	The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent, Part 2
11	2011	The Gondwana Shrine
13	2012	The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver, Part 1
14	2012	The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver, Part 2
18	2014	The Oath of the Five Lords
20	2015	The Septimus Wave
21	2015	Plutarch's Staff

Original title: Les 3 formules du professeur Satō

Original edition: © Editions Blake & Mortimer / Studio Jacobs (Dargaud – Lombard s.a.) 1977
by E.P. Jacobs
www.dargaud.com
All rights reserved

English translation: © 2016 Cinebook Ltd

Translator: Jerome Saincantin
Lettering and text layout: Design Amorandi
Printed in Spain by EGEDSA

This edition first published in Great Britain in 2016 by
Cinebook Ltd
56 Beech Avenue
Canterbury, Kent
CT4 7TA
www.cinebook.com

A CIP catalogue record for this book
is available from the British Library

ISBN 978-1-84918-292-8





LYNX-EMPIRE